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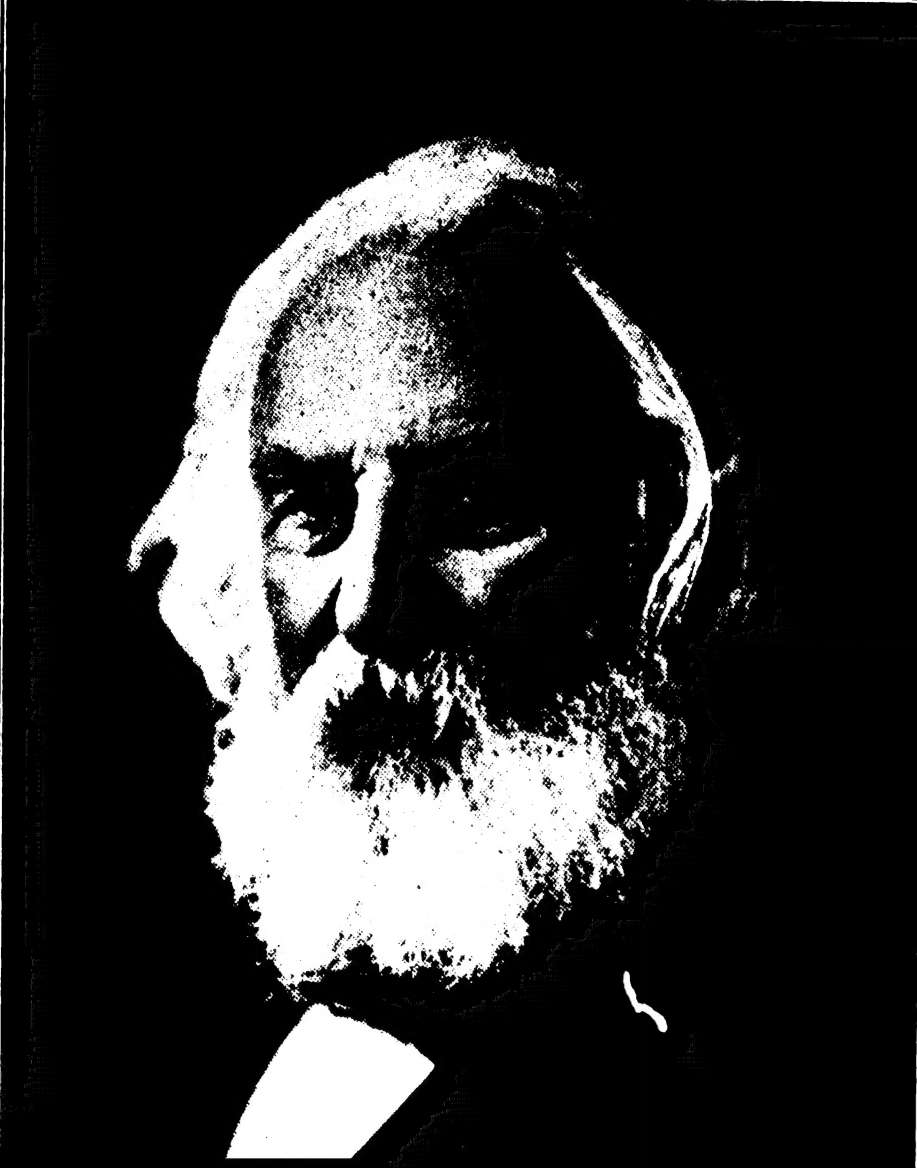

A dictionary of quotations from English and American poets

Henry George Bohn, Anna Lydia Ward

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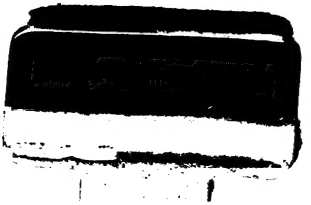

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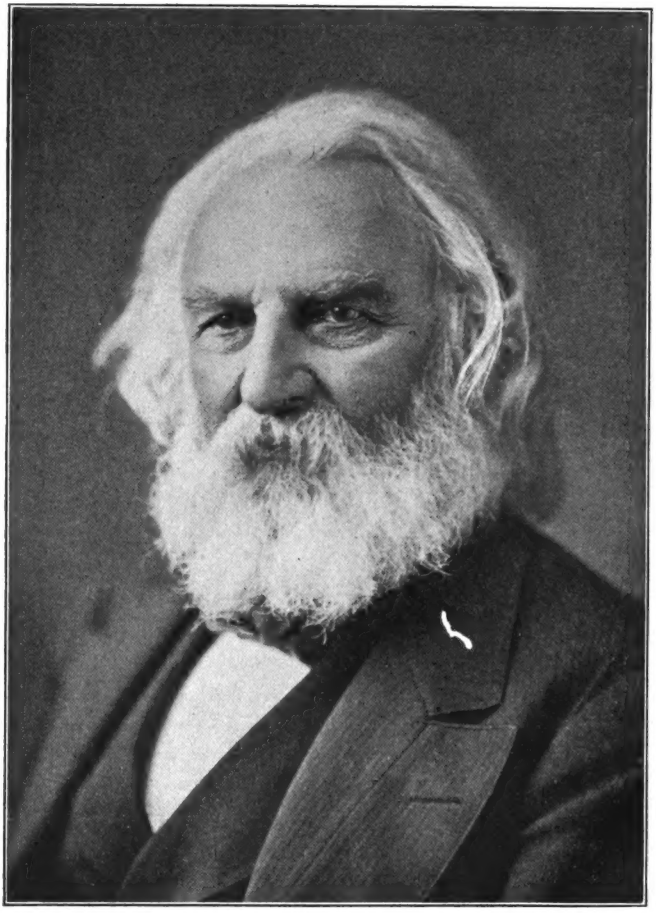

Henry W. Longfellow

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A DICTIONARY OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS. WARD

NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

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A

DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

FROM

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETS

BASED UPON BOHN'S EDITION, REVISED, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED

TWELVE HUNDRED QUOTATIONS ADDED FROM AMERICAN AUTHORS

BY

ANNA L. WARD

"*The multiplicity of facts and writings is become so great that everything must now be reduced to extracts.*" — VOLTAIRE

NEW YORK
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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE present work is the American version of the latest edition of Bohn's Dictionary of Poetical Quotations. It largely represents American authors, and embraces many additions from English writers. All the quotations have been carefully compared with the author's text, not one being included the accuracy of which has not been verified. Full references have been supplied in every instance.

The quotations from Shakespeare's Plays have been verified by Charles Knight's text, and those from his Poems, by Mrs. Horace Howard Furness's Concordance to Shakespeare; those from the Old Dramatists by Routledge's edition; and those from other authors, by the best editions of their works.

Subjects have been grouped, and full cross-references have been made.

Every quotation has been consecutively numbered, and a Concordance Index added, giving the prominent words in each extract twice or more, so that every passage can be readily referred to.

The places, and dates of birth and death are given, with the authors' names, in an Index showing the quotations from each writer. In long poems the lines have been counted, and the extracts verified by a reference to the exact passage.

It is believed that by these methods, and by the great care observed in proof-reading, this volume will approve itself to the tastes and necessities of the ordinary reader, as well as to all literary and studious persons, containing, as it does, so choice a representation of English verse.

ANNA L. WARD.

NEW YORK, July, 1883.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE examined this Dictionary of Poetical Quotations carefully, and, bearing in mind the multitude of difficulties which must have beset the making of it, I can honestly say that, in my opinion, they have been triumphed over by the maker. At first sight, it may seem easy to compile such a work. One has but to go through any dictionary of the language, and select as many of the words which are things as are likely to have inspired the poets, and then proceed to illustrate these words with extracts from the poets, — the expression, *words which are things*, covering what is felt as well as what is seen, — whatever comes home to the business and bosoms of men, as well as whatever surrounds them in the material universe. This seems easy, I say, but a little reflection will show that it involves labor: not merely of the hand in transcription of the extracts to be used, but of the mind in determining what extracts should be used; the labor of reading scores of works similar to the one contemplated, and of devising improvements for them; and the labor of reading hundreds of other works, in order to procure the materials for these improvements. In old Burton's time (the thought is his, not mine), men made books as apothecaries made their medicines, — by pouring out of one bottle into another; but this is no longer possible, for reading has become so general that plagiarism is readily detected, and criticism so outspoken that would-be plagiarists are afraid. If books have not entirely ceased to be drugs in the market, as publishers sometimes complain, it is not because they are still compounded after the old recipes, for every apothecary — I mean every bookmaker — is supplied with essences and flavors and tinctures of his own.

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This Dictionary of Poetical Quotations ought to be the best that has yet been compiled, partly because it is the latest, and partly because it covers more ground and embraces more poets than any other. It may interest the reader to know that the two earliest collections of the kind were published in the last year of the sixteenth century; that the extracts in the first (if it were the first) — "Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muses" — were restricted to one line each, and chiefly to contemporary poets, and that the extracts in the second, — "England's Parnassus," — while not so narrowly restricted, were also from contemporary poets, the only early poet represented therein being Lord Surry, who had been dead but fifty-three years. These collections, though made in the Golden Age of English Poetry, are dreary reading: one reason being that their worthy editors, Bodenham and Allot, were didactic dullards; another, that they failed to comprehend the greatness of the dramatic writing of their time. Five or six similar anthologies followed during the next century and a half, until at last the despised and neglected dramatists had ample justice done them. It was in "The British Muse," which purported to be edited by Thomas Hayward, Gent. Whether the historians of English literature have discovered who Hayward was, I am not scholar enough to know. I only know that they give William Oldys the credit of writing the preface, and that it is an excellent piece of work. He passes judgment upon the earlier anthologies, and, concerning most of them, remarks of one, that the book, bad as it is, suggests one good observation upon the use and advantage of such collections, which is that they may prove more successful in preserving the best parts of some authors than their works themselves. Pursuing this train of thought, Oldys states, in his quaint way, the necessity for such collections. "Hence we have long wanted a compiler, or reader-general for mankind, to digest whatever was most excellent (*the flowers*) in our poets, into the most commodious method for use and application; a person void of all prejudice, who would take no author's character

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upon trust, but would deliberately review such of our poets as had seemed to expire in fame, rather through length of time, and the variation of our language, than want of merit; one who had not only intelligence to know what compositions of value our country had produced, but leisure, patience, and attention to go through a vast diversity of reading; with judgment to discern peculiar beauties amidst the obscurity of antiquated speech, and the great superfluity of matter that surrounds them, like stars in winter nights, with gloom and void: In fine, sagacity to discover the gross and innumerable errors of the press; fidelity, not to obtrude the officious alterations of an editor, under the pretence of restoring the sense of an author; and capacity to dispose a great variety of select readings under their proper heads: All which attributes, as they rarely meet in the same person, seem to account for our not having had one collection of this kind of any great merit and utility. It is, however, by the idea of these qualifications the compiler of this work hath endeavored to conduct himself. How well he has succeeded will appear from the following sheets." I have nothing to add to this, except that I agree with Oldys in regard to the qualifications necessary in an editor of poetic anthologies, and that they are largely possessed by the reader-general for mankind who has digested whatever is most exquisite in our poets into this Dictionary of Poetical Quotations.

R. H. STODDARD

The Century,
NEW YORK, June 20, 1883.

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A DICTIONARY

OF

POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

A.

ABDICATION.

I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.
1 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act iv. Sc. 1

ABILITY.

I profess not talking: only this,
Let each man do his best.
2 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly — angels could no more.
3 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 91.

ABSENCE.

What! keep a week away! Seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
4 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

It so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but, being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack [1] the value.
5 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Though lost to sight, to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain.
6 *George Linley: Song. Though Lost to Sight*

[1] Overrate.

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Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more.
7 *Pope: Eloisa to A.* Line 361.

No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
8 *Pope: Eloisa to A.* Line 47.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
9 *Pope: Eloisa to A.* Line 189

Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring;
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing;
Ye trees that fade, when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?
10 *Pope: Autumn.* Line 27

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
11 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 7

O Love, if you were only here
Beside me in this mellow light,
Though all the bitter winds should blow,
And all the ways be choked with snow,
'Twould be a true Arabian night!
12 *T. B. Aldrich: Latakia*

O last love! O first love!
My love with the true heart,
To think I have come to this your home,
And yet — we are apart!
13 *Jean Ingelow: Sailing Beyond Seas*

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
14 *Thomas Haynes Bayly: Isle of Beauty.*

Oh! couldst thou but know
With what a deep devotedness of woe
I wept thy absence — o'er and o'er again
Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away!
15 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. V. P. of Khorassan.*

ABSTINENCE.

Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue abstinence.
16 *Herrick: Aph. Abstinence.*

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ABUNDANCE.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
Of Vallombrosa.[1]

17 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Book i. Line 302

ABUSE — *see* **Curses.**

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

18 *Shaks.: Com. of Er.* Act iv. Sc. 2

Thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant.

19 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

ACCIDENT.

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

20 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 2.

As the unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

21 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Our wanton accidents take root, and grow
To vaunt themselves God's laws.

22 *Charles Kingsley: Saint's Tragedy.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

ACCOUNT.

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

23 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5.

And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?

24 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

ACHIEVEMENTS.

Great things thro' greatest hazards are achiev'd,
And then they shine.

25 *Beaumont and Fletcher: Loyal Subject.* Act i. Sc. 5.

ACTION — *see* **Industry.**

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

26 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

27 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3

Of every noble action, the intent
Is to give worth reward — vice punishment.

28 *Beaumont and Fletcher: Captain.* Act v. Sc. 5

[1] A beautiful vale about eighteen miles from Florence.

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Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.
29 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 21

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
30 *Fletcher: On an Honest Man's Fortune.* Line 35.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.
31 *James Shirley: Death's Final Conquest.* Sc. iii

ACTIVITY — *see* **Decision, Despatch, Energy, Promptitude.**

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.
32 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 7.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
33 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 4.

Take the instant way; . . .
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost.
34 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc. 3

Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.
35 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act iii. Sc. 7

ACTORS — *see* **Stage.**

A strutting player, — whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage.
36 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act i. Sc. 3

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
37 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Will you see the players well bestowed? . . .
They are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time.
38 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2

The strolling tribe; a despicable race.
39 *Churchill: Apology* Line 206.

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To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age.
40 *Pope: Prol. to Addison's Cato.*

ADAPTABILITY.

All things are ready, if our minds be so.
41 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 3

ADIEU — *see* **Farewell, Parting.**

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
42 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land — good night.
43 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto i. St. 13

ADMONITION — *see* **Advice.**

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul. Watch the decay
And growth of it. If with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind both up. Since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.
44 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 76.

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
45 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire ii. Line 282

ADVERSITY — *see* **Affliction.**

Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! all gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him.
46 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iv. Sc. 2

This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor, unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune.
47 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iv. Sc. 3

The great man down, you mark his favorite flies,
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.
48 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2

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Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
49 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 1

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.
50 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope — to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls as I do.
51 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
52 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

I am not now in fortune's power:
He that is down, can fall no lower.
53 *Butler: Hudibras.* Part I. Canto iii. Line 877.

I have not quailed to danger's brow
When high and happy — need I now?
54 *Byron's Giaour.* Line 1035.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, "I told you so,"
Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the past,
Who, 'stead of saying what you now should do,
Own they foresaw that you would fall at last,
And solace your slight lapse 'gainst "*bonos mores*,"
With a long memorandum of old stories.
55 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiv. St. 50.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crush'd are better still.
56 *Rogers: Jacqueline.* St. 3.

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And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof —
In aught that tries the heart, how few withstand the proof![1]
57 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. 3d. 66.

ADVICE.

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues.
58 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.
59 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3.

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart.
60 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
61 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.
62 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act i. Sc. 1.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burthen'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
63 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve.
64 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Know when to speak — for many times it brings
Danger, to give the best advice to kings.
65 *Herrick: Aph. Caution in Council.*

The worst men often give the best advice.
66 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

[1] Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

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AFFECTATION.

Maids, in modesty, say "No" to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, "Ay."
Fie, fie; how wayward is this foolish love,
That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse.
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
67 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act i. Sc. 2

There affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen;
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside;
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
68 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto iv. Line 31.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation; 'tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
69 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 415.

AFFECTION—*see* **Friendship, Love.**

Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on.
70 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd,
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
71 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 387.

Excellent wretch! perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again.
72 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.
73 *Scott: Lady of the Lake.* Canto ii. St. 22.

Years have not seen — time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee.
74 *Byron: Bride of Ab.* Canto i. St. 11.

AFFLICTION—*see* **Adversity.**

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.
75 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

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We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile —
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
76 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 511.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
77 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ix. Line 406.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.
78 *Coleridge: Ancient Mariner.* Pt. vii. Last St.

AFFRONTS.

Young men soon give and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both.
79 *Addison: Cato.* Act ii. Sc. 5.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
80 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 193.

AFTERNOON.

The sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing.
81 *Bryant: Summer Wind.*

AGE — *see* **Old Age, Years.**

When the age is in, the wit is out.
82 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability of means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.
83 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

His silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds;
It shall be said, — his judgment rul'd our hands.
84 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

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Manhood, when verging into age, grows thoughtful.
85 *Capel Lofft's Aphorisms. Published in* 1812

Full of wise saws and modern instances.
86 *Shak.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7

I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers·
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
87 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 5

I am declin'd into the vale of years.
88 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.
His acts being seven ages.
89 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.
90 *Shaks: Ant. and Cleo.* Act ii. Sc. 2

You are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine.
91 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 4

An old man, broken with the storms of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
92 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 2

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner;
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.
93 *Dryden: Œdipus.* Act iv. Sc. 1

Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?
With av'rice and convulsions, grasping hard?
Grasping at air; for what hath earth beside?
Man wants but little; nor that little long;
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!
94 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Line 114

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Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and ate, and drank your fill,
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.
95 *Pope: Im. of Horace.* Bk. ii. Epis. 2. Line 322

What folly can be ranker? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.
96 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v Line 661

We see time's furrows on another's brow . . .
How few themselves in that just mirror see!
97 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 627.

O, sir! I must not tell my age.
They say women and music should never be dated.
98 *Goldsmith: She Stoops to Con.* Act iii

An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful Day benevolence endears,
Whose Night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favorite as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
99 *Dr. Johnson: Vanity of H. W.* Line 293.

Yet time, who changes all, had altered him
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb:
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
100 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 8

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth as I am now.
101 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 98.

AGGRESSION.

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
102 *Shaks.: M. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

ALACRITY — *see* **Promptitude.**

A willing heart adds feather to the heel,
And makes the clown a winged Mercury.
103 *Joanna Baillie: De Monfort.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

ALARM.

What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley,
The sleepers of the house? — Speak, — speak!
104 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

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ALEXANDRINE.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
105 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Part ii. Line 156

AMAZEMENT—*see* **Astonishment, Surprise.**

In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gaping rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
106 *Goldsmith: The Deserted Village.* Line 211.

But look! Amazement on thy mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
107 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

They spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues, or breathing stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
108 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iii. Sc. 7.

AMBER.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
109 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 169.

AMBITION—*see* **Fame, Glory, Pride.**

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.
110 *Sir Walter Raleigh: Written in a Window*

Fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
111 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2

I have ventur'd
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory.
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me.
112 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
113 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 2

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.
114 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 7

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Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

115 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

116 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Reign, and keep life in this our deep desire —
Our only greatness is that we aspire.

117 *Jean Ingelow: A Snow Mountain*

Ambition has but one reward for all:
A little power, a little transient fame,
A grave to rest in, and a fading name.

118 *William Winter: Queen's Domain*

To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.

119 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 262

But what will not Ambition and Revenge
Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious, first or last,
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.

120 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ix. Line 168

What various wants on power attend!
Ambition never gains its end.
Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeits, and corporeal pain?
He, barr'd from every use of wealth,
Envies the ploughman's strength and health.

121 *Gay:* Pt. ii. Fable 15

Ambition is an idol, on whose wings
Great minds are carry'd only to extreme;
To be sublimely great, or to be nothing.

122 *Southerne: Loyal Brothers.*

The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot, as it makes a knave.

123 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 199

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

124 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 74

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The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievement great;
Where public blessings, public praise attend,
Where glory is our motive, not our end:
Wouldst thou be famed? have those high acts in view,
Brave men would act, though scandal would ensue.
125 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire vii. Line 175

Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd, it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
126 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vii. Line 355

Dream after dream ensues,
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed.
127 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 127.

On the summit, see,
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them. At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
128 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 58

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar.
129 *Beattie: Minstrel.* Bk. i. St. 1.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
130 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 45.

To th' expanded and aspiring soul,
To be but still the thing it long has been,
Is misery, e'en though enthron'd it were
Under the cope of high imperial state.
131 *Joanna Baillie: Ethwald.* Act v. Sc. 5.

AMERICA.

Poor lost America, high honors missing,
Knows nought of Smile and Nod, and sweet Hand-kissing;
Knows nought of golden promises of kings;
Knows nought of coronets, and stars, and strings.
132 *Peter Pindar: The Rights of Kings.* Ode ix

America! half brother of the world!
With something good and bad of every land;
Greater than thee have lost their seat —
Greater scarce none can stand.
133 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *The Surface.*

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ANCESTRY — *see* **Pedigree.**

The sap which at the root is bred
In trees, through all the boughs is spread;
But virtues which in parents shine
Make not like progress through the line.
134 *Waller: To Zelinda*

Nobler is a limited command
Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.
135 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. Line 299

Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
Can make a gentleman scarce a year old,
To be descended of a race
Of ancient kings in a small space,
That we should all opinions hold
Authentic, that we can make old.
136 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto iii. Line 669

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
137 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 215.

He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry, proved valiant or discreet!
138 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire i. Line 123

ANGELS.

Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on;
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel.
139 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
140 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. iii. Line 66.

The angels come and go, the messengers of God.
Nor, though they fade from us, do they depart —
It is the childly heart:
We walk as heretofore,
Adown their shining ranks, but see them nevermore.
Heaven is not gone, but we are blind with tears,
Groping our way along the downward slope of Years.
141 *R. H. Stoddard: Hymn to the Beautiful.*

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, oh! leave the light of hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.
142 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. ii. Line 375

ANGER — *see* **Passion, Rage, Temper.**

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.
143 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act iv. Sc. 2

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Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.
144 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc

What sudden anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafèd lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing.
145 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Never anger made good guard for itself.
146 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act iv. Sc. 1

Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now.
147 *Shaks: Rom. and Jul.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
148 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world.
149 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

You are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
150 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it?
151 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 1.

And her brow clear'd, but not her troubled eye;
The wind was down but still the sea ran high.
152 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto vi. St. 110.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
153 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act v. Sc. 2.

ANGLING.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.
154 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iii. Sc. 1

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Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropt with gold;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.
155 *Pope: Windsor Forest.* Line 141.

Give me mine angle; we'll to the river there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finned fishes; my bended hooks shall pierce
Their slimy jaws.
156 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act ii. Sc. 5.

ANTECEDENT.

Men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been; 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
157 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act v. Sc. 2.

ANTICIPATION.

Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
158 *Milton: Comus.* Line 359.

To swallow gudgeons ere they're catched,
And count their chickens ere they're hatched.
159 *Butler: Hudibras.* Part ii. Canto iii. Line 923.

ANTIPATHY.

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat.
. . . For affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes.
160 *Shaks.: M. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

ANTIQUITY.

O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion.
161 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 3

How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which Joseph never wore!
He shows, on holidays, a sacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Bess' chin.
162 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire iv. Line 119

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Ye distant spires, ye antique towers.
163 *Thos. Gray: On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*

APATHY.

A man, whose blood
Is very snow broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense:
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
164 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act i. Sc. 5.

APOLOGY.

Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
165 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act v. Sc. 4.

APPAREL — *see* **Dress.**

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
166 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iv. Sc. 6.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
167 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
168 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3.

APPEAL.

I have done the state some service, and they know it,
No more of that; I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.
169 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2.

APPEARANCES.

All that glisters is not gold,
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
170 *Shaks.: M. of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 7

There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
171 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act i. Sc. 2

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Appearances to save, his only care;
So things seem right no matter what they are.
172 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 299

By outward show let's not be cheated;
An ass should like an ass be treated.
173 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 11

Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn;
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit, who wears them most.
174 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto iii. St 21

APPETITE — *see* **Eating, Drinking.**

Our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savory.
175 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act iii. Sc. 6

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.
176 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4

Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on.
177 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2

His thirst he slakes at some pure neighboring brook,
Nor seeks for sauce where appetite stands cook.
178 *Churchill: Gotham.* iii. Line 133

APPLAUSE.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.
179 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 3.

Such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud and to as many tunes, — hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost.
180 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 1

Your deeds are known
In words that kindle glory from the stone.
181 *Schiller: The Walk*

Oh popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?
182 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 481

APRIL.

Again the blackbirds sing; the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.
183 *Whittier: The Singer.* St. 20

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Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed:
Nor shall they fail till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

184 *Longfellow: An April Day.* St. 8

April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs brings again,
The whistle of returning birds,
And trumpet-lowing of the herds;
The scarlet maple-keys betray
What potent blood hath modest May;
What fiery force the earth renews,
The wealth of forms, the flush of hues;
What Joy in rosy waves outpoured,
Flows from the heart of Love, the Lord.

185 *Emerson: May-day.* Line 124

I saw the Days deformed and low,
Short and bent by cold and snow;
The merry Spring threw wreaths on them,
Flower-wreaths gay with bud and bell;
Many a flower and many a gem,
They were refreshed by the smell,
They shook the snow from hats and shoon,
They put their April raiment on.

186 *Emerson: May-day.* Line 307

Sweet April's tears,
Dead on the hem of May.

187 *Alexander Smith: A Life Drama.* Sc. viii.

Ah, month that comes with rainbows crowned,
And golden shadows dressed —
Constant to her inconstancy,
And faithful to unrest.

188 *Alice Cary: April.*

Come, loveliest season of the year,
And every quickened pulse shall beat,
Your footsteps in the grass to hear,
And feel your kisses soft and sweet.

189 *Phœbe Cary: Spring After the War.*

Come up, April, through the valley,
In your robes of beauty drest,
Come and wake your flowery children
From their wintry beds of rest.
Come and overblow them softly
With the sweet breath of the south;
Drop upon them, warm and loving,
Tenderest kisses of your mouth.

190 *Phœbe Cary: An April Welcome.*

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ARGUMENT.

O most lame and impotent conclusion.
191 *Shaks.: Othello* Act ii. Sc. 1

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still.
192 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto iii. Line 547

He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse.
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl.
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men or trustees.
193 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 71

Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supplied;
They rail'd, revil'd — as often ends
The contests of disputing friends.
194 *Gay: Fables.* Fable ii. Pt. 16.

Be calm in arguing: for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
195 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 52

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
196 *Pope: Mor. Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 15

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me.
197 *Pope: Mor. Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 1

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining.
198 *Goldsmith: Retaliation.* Line 35

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
199 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 211

ARISTOCRACY.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.
200 *Pope: Mor. Essays.* Epis. i. Line 135

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ARMY — *see* **Soldiers, War, Warrior.**

A braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide.
201 *Shaks.: King John.* Act ii. Sc 1

We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all be-smirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.
There's not a piece of feather in our host.
202 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Remember whom you are to cope withal; —
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
203 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 3.

ART — ARTIST.

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed.
204 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
205 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Induction. Sc. 2.

Painting is welcome!
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside; these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out.
206 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act i. Sc. 1

His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces — his manners our heart.
207 *Goldsmith: Retaliation.* Line 139

A flattering painter who made it his care,
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
208 *Goldsmith: Retaliation.* Line 63

Around the mighty master came
The marvels which his pencil wrought,
Those miracles of power whose fame
Is wide as human thought.
209 *Whittier: Raphael.* St. 8

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Seraphs share with thee
Knowledge: But art, O man, is thine alone!
210 *Schiller: Artists.* St. 2

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
211 *Emerson: The Problem.* Line 19

Art is the child of Nature; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude.
212 *Longfellow: Kéramos.*

He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler needs.
213 *Longfellow: Kéramos*

ASPIRATION.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.
214 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iv. Sc. 5

ASSURANCE.

I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate.
215 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

ASTONISHMENT — *see* **Amazement, Surprise, Fear.**

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
216 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 3.

——Hear it not, ye stars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound.
217 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iii. Line 215.

ASTRONOMERS.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixèd star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
218 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act .. Sc. 1

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Devotion! daughter of astronomy!
An undevout astronomer is mad.
215 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ix. Line 772

ATHEISM.

By night an atheist half believes a God.
220 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 176.

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"
221 *Coleridge: Fears in Solitude.* Line 81

"There is no God," the foolish saith—
But none, "There is no sorrow:"
And Nature oft the cry of Faith
In bitter need will borrow.
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
That ne'er said "God be praised."
222 *Mrs. Browning: Cry of the Human*

ATHENS.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were.
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and pass'd away.
223 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 2

AUDIT.

He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands, who knows save heaven?
224 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 3

I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all;
And leave me but the bran.
225 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act i. Sc. 1

AUGUST.

Dust on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer! on thy livery of green.
A tarnish as of rust,
Dims thy late-brilliant sheen;
And thy young glories,—leaf, and bud, and flower,—
Change cometh over them with every hour.
226 *William D. Gallagher: August*

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And lo! the sun is coming. Red as rust
Between the latticed blind his presence burns,
A ruby ladder running up the wall;
And all the dust, printed with pigeons' feet,
Is reddened, and the crows that stalk anear
Begin to trail for heat their glossy wings,
And the red flowers give back at once the dew,
For night is gone, and day is born so fast,
And is so strong, that, huddled as in flight,
The fleeting darkness paleth to a shade,
And while she calls to sleep and dreams "Come on,"
Suddenly waked, the sleepers rub their eyes,
Which having opened, lo! she is no more.
227 *Jean Ingelow: Afternoon at a Parsonage*

Rejoice! ye fields, rejoice! and wave with gold,
When August round her precious gifts is flinging;
Lo! the crushed wain is slowly homeward rolled:
The sunburnt reapers jocund lays are singing.
228 *Ruskin: The Months.*

AURORA BOREALIS.

The amber midnight smiles in dreams of dawn.
229 *Bayard Taylor: From the North.*

Night's son was driving
His golden-haired horses up;
Over the eastern firths
High flashed their manes.
230 *Charles Kingsley: The Longbeards' Saga.*

AUTHORITY.

Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence — like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep!
231 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
And the creature run from the cur?
There thou might'st behold the great image of authority:
A dog's obeyed in office.
232 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iv. Sc. 6

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud and vain:
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the brave submit.
233 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts* Line 283.

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AUTHORS — *see* **Books, Critics, Poems, Reading.**

How many great ones may remember'd be,
Which in their days most famously did flourish,
Of whom no word we hear, nor sign now see,
But as things wip'd out with a sponge do perish.
234 *Spenser: Ruins of Time.* St. 52

Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
235 *Longfellow: Voices of the Night. Prelude*

No author ever spared a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another.
236 *Gay: Fables. Elephant and Bookseller*

In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.
237 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 55

An author! 'tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unbless'd with sense above their peers refined,
Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind?
Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause,
That sole proprietor of just applause?
238 *Young: Epis. to Pope.* Bk. ii. Line 15

Some write, confin'd by physic; some, by debt;
Some, for 'tis Sunday; some, because 'tis wet;
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.
239 *Young: Epis. to Pope.* Bk. i. Line 75

Great is the dignity of authorship.
240 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Authorship*

Rare is the worthiness of authorship.
241 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Authorship*

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise,
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail;
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
242 *Dr. Johnson: Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 157

We that live to please, must please to live.
243 *Dr. Johnson: Pro. on Opening Drury Lane Theatre*

Some write a narrative of wars and feats,
Of heroes little known, and call the rant
A history. Describe the man, of whom
His own coevals took but little note,
And paint his person, character and views,
As they had known him from his mother's womb.
244 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 139

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None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.
245 *Cowper: Prog. of Error.* Line 516

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
246 *Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire: Essay on Poetry*

Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Pursues its object till 'tis overwrought:
If he describes a house, he shows the face,
And after, walks you round from place to place;
Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
Balconies here are balustred with gold;
Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
The festoons, friezes, and the astragals:
Tired with his tedious pomp, away I run,
And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
247 *Dryden: Art of Poetry.* Canto i. Line 49.

I never dare to write
As funny as I can.
248 *Oliver Wendell Holmes: Height of Ridiculous.* St. 8.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.
249 *Byron: English Bards.* Line 51.

One hates an author that's all author, fellows
In foolscap uniform turn'd up with ink;
So very anxious, clever, fine and jealous,
One don't know what to say to them, or think,
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;
Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs, e'en the pink
Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper.
250 *Byron: Beppo.* St. 75.

But every fool describes, in these bright days,
His wondrous journey to some foreign court,
And spawns his quarto, and demands your praise, —
Death to his publisher, to him 'tis sport.
251 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 52

At Learning's fountain it is sweet to drink,
But 'tis a nobler privilege to think;
And oft, from books apart, the thirsting mind
May make the nectar which it cannot find.
'Tis well to borrow from the good and great;
'Tis wise to learn; 'tis god-like to create!
252 *J. G. Saxe: The Library*

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AUTUMN — *see* **October, November.**

Thrice happy time,
Best portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works.
Lovely, to full perfection wrought!
253 *John Phillips: Cider.* 2

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core.
254 *Keats: To Autumn.*

Divinest autumn! who may paint thee best,
Forever changeful o'er the changeful globe?
Who guess thy certain crown, thy favorite crest,
The fashion of thy many-colored robe?
Sometimes we see thee stretched upon the ground,
In fading woods where acorns patter fast,
Dropping to feed thy tusky boars around,
Crunching among the leaves the ripened mast;
Sometimes at work where ancient granary-floors
Are open wide, a thresher stout and hale,
Whitened with chaff up-wafted from thy flail,
While south winds sweep along the dusty floors;
And sometimes fast asleep at noontide hours,
Pillowed on sheaves, and shaded from the heat,
With Plenty at thy feet,
Braiding a coronet of oaten straw and flowers.
255 *R. H. Stoddard: Autumn.*

Pale in her fading bowers the summer stands,
Like a new Niobe with claspèd hands,
Silent above the flowers, her children lost,
Slain by the arrows of the early frost.
The clouded Heaven above is pale and gray,
The misty Earth below is wan and drear,
The baying winds chase all the leaves away,
As cruel hounds pursue the trembling deer;
It is a solemn time, the Sunset of the Year.
256 *R. H. Stoddard: Ode.*

The Wind moans in the Wood,
The Leaf drops from the Tree;
The cold Rain falls on the graves of the Good,
The cold Mist comes up from the Sea.
257 *Byron Forceythe Willson: Autumn Song*

Autumn wins you best by this its mute
Appeal to sympathy for its decay.
258 *Robert Browning: Paracelsus.* Sc. i

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Earth is all in splendor drest;
Queenly fair, she sits at rest,
While the deep, delicious day
Dreams its happy life away.

259 *Margaret E. Sangster: An Autumn Day.* St. 4

Winds are swelling
Round our dwelling,
All day telling
Us their woe;
And at vesper
Frosts grow crisper,
As they whisper
Of the snow.

260 *Thos. Buchanan Read: Autumn's Sighing*

Autumn's sighing,
Moaning, dying;
Clouds are flying
On like steeds;
While their shadows
O'er the meadows
Walk like widows
Deck'd in weeds.

261 *Thos. Buchanan Read: Autumn's Sighing*

The lands are lit
With all the autumn blaze of Golden Rod;
And everywhere the Purple Asters nod
And bend and wave and flit.

262 *Helen Hunt: Asters and Golden Rod.*

That beautiful season
. . . the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
. . . And the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

263 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Part i. ii. Line 11.

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Shorter and shorter now the twilight clips
The days, as through the sunset gates they crowd.
And Summer from her golden collar slips
And strays through stubble-fields, and moans aloud,
Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,
And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves,
And tries the old tunes over for an hour.

264 *Alice Cary: Autumn.*

This sunlight shames November where he grieves
In dead red leaves, and will not let him shun
The day, though bough with bough be overrun.
But with a blessing every glade receives
High salutation.

265 *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: Autumn Idleness*

Summer is gone on swallows' wings,
And earth has buried all her flowers:
No more the lark, the linnet sings,
But Silence sits in faded bowers.
There is a shadow on the plain
Of Winter ere he comes again.

266 *Hood: Departure of Summer.*

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn.

267 *Hood: Autumn.*

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!
Hues of all flow'rs that in their ashes lie,
Trophied in that fair light whereon they fed,
Tulip, and hyacinth, and sweet rose red, —
Like exhalations from the leafy mould,
Look here how honor glorifies the dead,
And warms their scutcheons with a glance of gold.

268 *Hood: Written in a vol. of Shakespeare.*

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.

269 *William Cullen Bryant: Death of the Flowers*

Glorious are the woods in their latest gold and crimson,
Yet our full-leaved willows are in their freshest green.
Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully dealing
With the growths of summer, I never yet have seen.

270 *William Cullen Bryant: Third of November*

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Fruit-laden Autumn follows.
271 *William Cullen Bryant: Order of Nature*

Autumn's earliest frost had given
To the woods below
Hues of beauty, such as heaven
Lendeth to its bow;
And the soft breeze from the west
Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.
272 *Whittier: The Fountain.* St. 2

AVARICE—*see* **Covetousness.**

The rule, get money, still get money, boy,
No matter by what means.
273 *Ben Jonson: Every Man in his H.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
274 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 131.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
275 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 169.

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd;
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.
276 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 233.

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
277 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iv. Line 1.

The lust of gold succeeds the rags of conquest:
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless!
The last corruption of degenerate man.
278 *Dr. Johnson: Irene.* Act i. Sc. 1.

A thirst for gold,
The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
The meanest hearts.
279 *Byron: Vision of J.* St. 43.

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.
280 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 216

AWKWARDNESS.

Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t'other.
281 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 438

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What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires.
282 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 741

B.

BALL — *see* **Dancing.**

The music, and the banquet, and the wine —
The garlands, the rose-odors, and the flowers —
The sparkling eyes, and flashing ornaments —
The white arms and the raven hair — the braids
And bracelets — swan-like bosoms, and the necklace,
An India itself, yet dazzling not
The eye like what it circled; the thin robes,
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and heaven.
283 *Byron: Mar. Faliero.* Act iv. Sc. 1

I saw her at a county ball;
There when the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle.
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that sets young hearts romancing;
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And then she danced — oh, heaven, her dancing!
284 *Praed: Belle of the Ball-Room.* St. 2

BANISHMENT

Banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word — banished?
285 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iii. Sc. 3

BARBERRIES.

In scarlet clusters o'er the gray stone-wall
The barberries lean in thin autumnal air:
Just when the fields and garden-plots are bare,
And ere the green leaf takes the tint of fall,
They come to make the eye a festival!
Along the road, for miles, their torches flare.
286 *T. B. Aldrich: Barberries.* Sonnet vii

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BARGAIN — *see* **Commerce, Trade.**

I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
287 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

BASHFULNESS.

Of all our parts, the eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness.
288 *Herrick: Aph. Bashfulness*

To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside;
Who fears to ask, doth teach to be deny'd.
289 *Herrick: Aph. No Bashfulness in Begging.*

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn, and undeserv'd disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face,
Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace.
290 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 347.

So bright the tear in beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
E'en pity scarce can wish it less.
291 *Byron: Bride of Ab.* Canto i. St. 8.

BATTLE — *see* **Soldiers, War.**

This day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground.
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolor'd earth.
292 *Shaks.: King John.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation.
293 *Shaks.: King John.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honor.
294 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend.
295 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 711

Those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.[1]
296 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto iii. Line 243

[1] See Notes tracing the pedigree of this distich and its parallels, in Hudibras, Ed. Bohn, pp. 106 and 403.

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When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war;
The labored battle sweat, and conquest bled.
297 *Nathaniel Lee: Alex. the Great.* Act iv. Sc. 2

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-expected squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
298 *Addison: Campaign.* Line 259

A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
299 *Addison: Campaign.* Line 304

'Twas blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,
For one would not retreat, nor t' other flinch.
300 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto viii. St. 77.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest, when Autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay wither'd and strown!
301 *Byron: Destruction of Sennacherib.*

But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth and fowls of the air,
And beasts of the forest, all gathering there;
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay.
302 *Byron: Siege of Cor.* St. 17

Hark to the trump, and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
And the clash, and the shout "they come, they come!"
303 *Byron: Siege of Cor.* St. 22

Hand to hand, and foot to foot:
Nothing there, save death, was mute;
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter, or for victory
Mingle there with the volleying thunder.
304 *Byron: Siege of Cor.* St. 24

No dread of death — if with us die our foes —
Save that it seems even duller than repose:
Come when it will — we snatch the life of life —
When lost — what recks it — by disease or strife.
305 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto i. St. 1

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Then more fierce
The conflict grew; the din of arms, the yell
Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,
The groan of death, commingled in one sound
Of undistinguish'd horrors.
306 *Southey: Madoc.* Pt. ii. *The Battle*

BEARD — *see* **Hair.**

Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.
307 *Shaks.: Troilus and Cress.* Act i. Sc. 2.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and die so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part thereof was whey;
The nether, orange mix'd with grey.
308 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 241.

BEAUTY — *see* **Loveliness, Merit, Ornament.**

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
309 *Shaks.: Sonnet* liv.

My beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
310 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
311 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.
312 *Shaks.: M. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 1.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.
313 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act i. Sc. 2.

And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.
314 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* 485

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.
315 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act i. Sc. 5.

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She looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.
316 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act ii. Sc. 1

She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman; therefore to be won.
317 *Shaks.: 1 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 5.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
318 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act i. Sc. 5.

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven,
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
319 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.
320 *Shaks.: Win. Tale.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies.
321 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.
322 *Shaks.: Pass. Pilgrim.* St. 13.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator.
323 *Shaks.: R. of Lucrece.* St. 5.

Sits here like Beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.
324 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground;
As broken glass no cement can redress;—
So beauty, blemish'd once, 's forever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.
325 *Shaks.: Pass. Pilgrim.* St. 13.

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Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free! —
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.
326 *Ben Jonson: Silent Woman.* Act i. Sc. 1

Eyes that could see her on this summer-day
Might find it hard to turn another way.
She had a pensive beauty; yet not sad;
Rather, like minor cadences that glad
The hearts of little birds amid spring boughs.
327 *George Eliot: How Lisa Loved the King.*

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
328 *Keats: Endymion.* Bk. i. Line 1.

Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
It is for homely features to keep home;
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn? —
There was another meaning in those gifts.
329 *Milton: Comus.* Line 745.

Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself:
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
It withers on the stock with languish'd head.
330 *Milton: Comus.* Line 739.

Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit.
331 *Milton: Comus.* Line 393

Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.
332 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. ii. Line 220.

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Beauty with a bloodless conquest finds
A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.
333 *Waller: Upon her Majesty's repairing to St. Paul*

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
334 *Wm. Cullen Bryant: Scene on the Banks of Hudson*

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.
335 *Dryden: Cym. and Iph.* Line 1

All things of beauty are not theirs alone
Who hold the fee; but unto him no less
Who can enjoy, than unto them who own,
Are sweetest uses given to possess.
For Heaven is bountiful; and suffers none
To make monopoly of aught that's fair.
336 *J. G. Saxe: The Beautiful*

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?
337 *Rowe: Fair Penitent.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
338 *Addison: Cato.* Act i. Sc. 4.

In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts,
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force, and full result of all.
339 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 43

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
340 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 53

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
341 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto ii. Line 15

Beauty's akin to Death.
342 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Millennial Earth.*

The beautiful are never desolate;
But some one alway loves them — God or man.
If man abandons, God himself takes them.
343 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Wood and Water*

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What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen.
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear;
Some none resist, though not exceeding fair.
344 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire vi. Line 141.

What is this thought or thing
Which I call beauty? is it thought or thing?
Is it a thought accepted for a thing?
Or both? or neither — a pretext? — a word?
Its meaning flutters in me like a flame
Under my own breath: my perceptions reel,
For evermore around it, and fall off,
As if it too were holy.
345 *Mrs. Browning: Drama of Ex. Extrem. of Sword-Glare.*

The essence of all beauty, I call love.
The attribute, the evidence, and end,
The consummation to the inward sense,
Of beauty apprehended from without,
I still call love.
346 *Mrs. Browning: Drama of Ex. Extrem. of Sword-Glare.*

Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;
Both are most valued where they best are known.
347 *Lyttelton: Soliloquy of a Beauty.* Line 2.

If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.
348 *Emerson: The Rhodora.*

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.
349 *Byron: Beppo.* St. 45.

Who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
350 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 11.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might — the majesty of loveliness?
351 *Byron: Bride of Ab.* Canto i. St. 6.

Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.
352 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 74.

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She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The morning-star of memory.
353 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 1135

An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue
Is no great matter, so 'tis in request,
'Tis nonsense to dispute about a hue —
The kindest may be taken as a test.
The fair sex should be always fair; and no man,
Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain woman.
354 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiii. St. 3

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting at times to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning.
355 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 61

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.
356 *Byron: She Walks in Beauty*

There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned.
357 *Scott: Rokeby.* Canto iv. St. 5.

There's beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise.
358 *Mrs. Hemans: Our Daily Paths.*

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh, what were man? — a world without a sun!
359 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. ii. Line 23

The Universe is girdled with a chain,
And hung below the Throne
Where Thou dost sit, the Universe to bless,
Thou sovereign Smile of God, Eternal Loveliness.
360 *R. H. Stoddard: Hymn to the Beautiful.*

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What is beauty? Alas! 'tis a jewel, a glass,
A bubble, a plaything, a rose,
'Tis the snow, dew, or air; 'tis so many things rare
That 'tis nothing, one well may suppose,
'Tis a jewel, Love's token; glass easily broken,
A bubble that vanisheth soon;
A plaything that boys cast aside when it cloys,
A rose quickly faded and strewn.
361 *Bohn: Ms.*

There is a spirit in the kindling glance
Of pure and lofty beauty, which doth quell
Each darker passion; and as heroes fell
Before the terror of Minerva's lance
So beauty, arm'd with virtue bows the soul
With a commanding but a sweet control,
Making the heart all holiness and love,
And lifting it to worlds that shine above.
362 *Bohn: Ms.*

There is beauty in the rolling clouds, and placid shingle beach,
In feathery snows, and whistling winds, and dun electric skies:
There is beauty in the rounded woods, dank with heavy foliage,
In laughing fields, and dinted hills, the valley and its lake:
There is beauty in the gullies, beauty on the cliffs, beauty in sun and shade,
In rocks and rivers, seas and plains, — the earth is drowned in beauty.
363 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Beauty.*

BED.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss and human woe.
364 *Isaac De Benserade: Trans. by Dr. Johnson.*

Night is the time for rest; —
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tir'd limbs and lay the head
Down to our own delightful bed.
365 *James Montgomery: Night.*

BEES.

So work the honey-bees;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
366 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act 1. Sc. 2

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The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew,
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend,
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.
367 *Gay: Rural Sports.* Canto i. Line 8.

BEGGARS — *see* **Bashfulness.**

Well whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, — there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, — there is no vice but beggary.
368 *Shaks.: King John.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
369 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act i. Sc. 4

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings but reliev'd their pain;
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.
370 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 145.

A beggar through the world am I, —
From place to place I wander by.
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity.
371 *James Russell Lowell: The Beggar*

BELLS.

Your voices break and falter in the darkness, —
Break, falter, and are still.
372 *Bret Harte: The Angelus.* Last St.

How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet; now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on;
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept.
373 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. vi. Line 6

There's a music aloft in the air,
As if Cherubs were humming a song,
Now it's high, now it's low, here and there,
There's a harmony floating, floating along!
While the steeples are loud in their joy,
To the tune of the bells ring-a-ding,
Let us chime in a peal, one-and-all,
For we all should be able to sing Hullabaloo.
374 *Hood: Song for the Million*

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Dear bells! how sweet the sound of village bells
When on the undulating ear they swim!
Now loud as welcomes! faint now as farewells!
And trembling all about the breezy dells,
As fluttered by the wings of Cherubim.
375 *Hood: Ode to Rae Wilson, Esq.* Line 159

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!
376 *Moore: Those Evening Bells*

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.
377 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. cv.

It is the convent bell; it rings for vespers.
Let us go in; we both will pray for peace.
378 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. vii.

The Sabbath bell,
That over wood, and wild, and mountain-dell
Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy
With sounds, most musical, most melancholy.
379 *Samuel Rogers: Human Life.*

I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
380 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. ii.

He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
381 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt ii

The bells themselves are the best of preachers;
Their brazen lips are learned teachers,
From their pulpits of stone in the upper air,
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the law,
Now a sermon and now a prayer.
The clangorous hammer is the tongue,
This way, that way, beaten and swung;
That from mouth of brass, as from mouth of gold
May be taught the Testaments, New and Old.
382 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend* Pt. iii

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Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more;
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws,
And this shall make in every Christian clime
The Bell of Atri famous for all time.
383 *Longfellow: T. of a Wayside Inn. Bell of Atri*

BENEDICTION — *see* **Compliments.**

Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; . . .
Prosperity be thy page!
384 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act i. Sc. 5.

The heavens rain odors on you!
385 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

The grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
386 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

BENEVOLENCE — *see* **Bounty.**

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
387 *Shaks.: M. of Venice.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.
388 *Pope: Mor. Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 272.

From the prayer of want and plaint of woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man should heaven refuse to hear!
389 *Beattie: Minstrel.* Bk. i. St. 29.

BETTING — *see* **Wagers.**

I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers.
390 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 297.

Most men, till by losing rendered sager,
Will back their own opinions by a wager.
391 *Byron: Beppo.* St. 27

BIBLE.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
392 *Cowper: Olney Hymns.* No. 30.

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Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of Eternity! The only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely.

393 *Pollok: Course of Time.* Bk. ii. Line 270.

Within this[1] awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

394 *Scott: Monastery.* Ch. xii.

BIGOTRY.

Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That grace is founded in dominion.

395 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto iii. Line 1173.

Soon their crude notions with each other fought;
The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught;
And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

396 *Prior: Solomon.* Bk. i. Line 717.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

397 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iii. Line 305.

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

398 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 85.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this.

399 *Moore: Come, Send Round the Wine.*

And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what we've long prov'd perhaps)
That mad as Christians used to be
About the thirteenth century,
There's lots of Christians to be had
In this, the nineteenth, just as mad!

400 *Moore: Twopenny Post Bag.* Letter iv.

[1] Var. *that ample.*

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BIRDS.

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
401 *Shaks.: M. of Venice.* Act v. Sc. 1

Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
402 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. i. Line 200

You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.
403 *Longfellow: Birds of Killingworth.* St. 19

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!
404 *Longfellow: Birds of Killingworth.* St. 15

The birds, great nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,
Rifle the sweets and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.
405 *Rowe: Fair Penitent.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

BIRTH — *see* **Ancestry.**

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing — but merit in a low estate.
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
406 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire i. Line 131.

BIRTHDAY.

Is that a birthday? 'tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.
407 *Pope: To Mrs. M. B.* Line 9.

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My birthday! — what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears;
And how each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears.
408 *Moore: My Birthday*

This is my birthday, and a happier one
Was never mine.
409 *Longfellow: Divine Tragedy. Second Passover.* Pt. ii.

My birthday! — "How many years ago?
Twenty or thirty?" Don't ask me!
"Forty or fifty?" How can I tell?
I do not remember my birth, you see!
410 *Julia C. R. Dorr: My Birthday.*

A birthday: — and now a day that rose
With much of hope, with meaning rife —
A thoughtful day from dawn to close:
The middle day of human life.
411 *Jean Ingelow: A Birthday Walk.*

Thou art my single day, God lends to leaven
What were all earth else, with a feel of heaven.
412 *Robert Browning: Pippa Passes.* Sc. 1.

BLACKGUARDS.

They each pull'd different ways, with many an oath,
"Arcades ambo," id est — blackguards both.
413 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iv. St. 93.

BLASPHEMY.

Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.
. . . . . .
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
414 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 2

And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man, but God?
415 *Pope: Epil. to Satires.* Dialogue ii. Line 194.

BLINDNESS.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon;
Irrecoverably dark! total eclipse,
Without all hope of day.
416 *Milton: Samson Agonistes.* Line 80

O, loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeons, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd.
417 *Milton: Samson Agonistes* Line 67

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Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
418 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iii. Line 40

These eyes, though clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.
419 *Milton: Sonnet* xxii. Line 1

BLISS — *see* **Happiness.**

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing,
Bliss is the same in subject or in king.
420 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 57.

The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.
421 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night i. Line 178.

BLUE — *see* **Sky.**

O, "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"[1]
As some one somewhere sings about the sky.
422 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iv. St. 110.

BLUNTNESS.

Rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.
423 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 2

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.
424 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

These kind of knaves I know, which in their plainness
Harbor more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.
425 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 2

[1] Southey; Madoc in Wales. Y.

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'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.
426 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. iii. Line 13.

BLUSHING — *see* **Bashfulness.**

From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring
To revel in the roses.
427 *Rowe: Tamerlane.* Act i. Sc. 1

The rising blushes, which her cheek o'erspread,
Are opening roses in the lily's bed.
428 *Gay: Dione.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
429 *Pope: Epil. to Satire.* Dialogue i. Line 136.

With every change his features played,
As aspens show the light and shade.
430 *Scott: Rokeby.* Canto iii. St. 5.

Girls blush, sometimes, because they are alive,
Half wishing they were dead to save the shame.
The sudden blush devours them, neck and brow;
They have drawn too near the fire of life, like gnats,
And flare up boldly, wings and all.
What then?
Who's sorry for a gnat . . . or girl?
431 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. ii. Line 732.

BOASTING — *see* **Braggart.**

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.
432 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

The man that once did sell the lion's skin,
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
433 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 3

What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
434 *Shaks.: King John.* Act ii. Sc. 1

Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.
435 *Shaks.: King John.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
436 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 1

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
437 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act ii. Sc. 1

We rise in glory, as we sink in pride:
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.
438 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 510

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BOLDNESS.

In conversation boldness now bears sway,
But know, that nothing can so foolish be
As empty boldness; therefore, first assay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery;
Then march on gallant. Get substantial worth,
Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.
439 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch* St 34

BOND.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
440 *Shaks.: M. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 3

BOOKISHNESS — *see* **Pedantry, Learning.**

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.
441 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. iii. Line 52.

BOOKS — *see* **Authors, Reading.**

They are the books, the arts, the academes, that show, contain, and nourish all the world.
442 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.
443 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act i. Sc. 3.

A book! O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers.
444 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act v. Sc. 4.

Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound.
445 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iii. Sc 2

I read books bad and good — some bad and good
At once; (good aims not always make good books;
Well-tempered spades turn up ill-smelling soils
In digging vineyards, even:) books, that prove
God's being so definitely, that man's doubt
Grows self-defined the other side the line,
Made atheist by suggestion; moral books
Exasperating to license; genial books,
Discounting from the human dignity;
And merry books, which set you weeping when
The sun shines — ay, and melancholy books,
Which make you laugh that any one should weep,
In this disjointed life, for one wrong more.
446 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. i. Line 793

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Mark, there. We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits . . . so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth —
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

447 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. i. Line 718.

That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels.

448 *Beaumont & Fletcher: The Elder Brother.* Act i. Sc. 2.

O books, ye monuments of mind, concrete wisdom of the wisest;
Sweet solaces of daily life, proofs and results of immortality;
Trees yielding all fruits, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations;
Groves of knowledge, where all may eat, nor fear a flaming sword;
Gentle comrades, kind advisers; friends, comforts, treasures,
Helps, governments, diversities of tongues; who can weigh your worth?

449 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Reading.*

When, with gloomy fears oppressed,
The trembling-hearted fain would rest,
No opiate like a book, that charms,
By its deep spell, the mind's alarms.

450 *Mrs. Hale: Three Hours. First Hour.* St. 8.

Bright books! the perspectives to our weak sights,
The clear projections of discerning lights,
Burning and shining thoughts, man's posthume day,
The track of fled souls, and their milky way,
The dead alive and busy, the still voice
Of enlarged spirits.

451 *Henry Vaughan: To His Books.*

By sucking you, the wise, like bees, do grow
Healing and rich though this they do most slow,
Because most choicely; for as great a store
Have we of books as bees of herbs, or more:
And the great task to try, then know, the good
To discern weeds and judge of wholesome food,
Is a rare scant performance.

452 *Henry Vaughan: To His Books*

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Worthy books
Are not companions — they are solitudes.
453 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feas.*

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.
454 *Denham: Of Prudence*

'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age;
The man approving what had charmed the boy,
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy;
And not with curses on his art, who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.
455 *Cowper: Tirocinium.* Line 147

Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.
456 *Crabbe: The Borough.* Letter xxiv

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
457 *Wordsworth: Personal Talk.*

Some books are drenchèd sands,
On which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps,
Like a wrecked argosy.
458 *Alexander Smith: A Life Drama.* Sc. 2.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep as undisturbed as death, the night.
459 *Cowley: Of Myself*

The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces.
460 *Longfellow: Seaside and Fireside. Dedication.* St. 6

Books are sepulchres of thought.
461 *Longfellow: The Wind Over the Chimney.* St. 8

A blessing on the printer's art!
Books are the Mentors of the heart.
The burning soul, the burdened mind,
In books alone companions find.
462 *Mrs. Hale: Three Hours. First Hour.* St. 7

BORES.

Who all in raptures their own works rehearse,
And drawl out measur'd prose, which they call verse.
463 *Churchill: Independence.* Line 295

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O, he's as tedious
As is a tir'd horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house; — I had rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.
464 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Again I hear that creaking step! —
He's rapping at the door! —
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes — but never goes.
465 *J. G. Saxe: My Familiar.*

BORROWING.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, — to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.
466 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3.

BOUNDS.

There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.
467 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

BOUNTY — *see* **Benevolence.**

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
468 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon.
469 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act iii. Sc. 11.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping.
470 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act v. Sc. 2

He that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by chance,
But never out of judgment.
471 *Beaumont and Fletcher: Sp. Curate.* Act i. Sc. 1.

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BOYHOOD — *see* **Children.**

The whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.
472 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7

O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's from the top to toe.
473 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?
474 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 23

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth.
475 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 25.

BRAGGART — *see* **Boasting.**

Who art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.
476 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this: for it will come to pass
That ev'ry braggart shall be found an ass.
477 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth.
478 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 6.

I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scrambling, outfacing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antic'ly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies if they durst;
And this is all.
479 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.
480 *Shaks.: Mer. W. of W.* Act ii. Sc 2.

BRAINS.

The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.
481 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4

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With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.
482 *Churchill: Epis. to Hogarth.*

BRAVERY — *see* **Courage, Daring.**

'Tis more brave
To live, than to die.
483 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. ii. Canto vi. St. 11

A brave soul is a thing which all things serve.
484 *Alexander Smith: A Life Drama.* Sc. 4

None but the brave deserves the fair.
485 *Dryden: Alex. Feast.* St. 1

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
. . . . . .
By fairy hands their knell is sung,
By forms unseen their dirge is rung.
486 *Collins: Lines in* 1746.

His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven.
487 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 675.

The truly brave,
When they behold the brave oppress'd with odds,
Are touch'd with a desire to shield and save.
488 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto viii. St. 106

Fate made me what I am — may make me nothing, —
But either that or nothing must I be;
I will not live degraded.
489 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act i. Sc. 2.

BREEZES.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of a dream;
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
And softly stooped to kiss the stream,
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant stream.
490 *William Cullen Bryant: The Wind and Stream*

Breezes of the South!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not — ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific — have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
491 *William Cullen Bryant: The Prairies.*

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Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow:
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!
492 *William Cullen Bryant: Evening Wind*

BREVITY.

Since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes —
I will be brief.
493 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act ii Sc. 2

For brevity is very good,
When we are, or are not, understood.
494 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 669

Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet
To spin your wordy fabric in the street;
While you are emptying your colloquial pack,
The fiend Lumbago jumps upon his back.
495 *Oliver Wendell Holmes: Rhymed Lesson.* Line 447

BRIBES.

What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
496 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Dead falls the cause, if once the hand be mute;
But let that speak, the client gets the suit.
497 *Herrick: Aph. Bribes and Gifts Get All*

Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
498 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 187.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels.
499 *Tennyson: Locksley Hall.* St. 53.

BRITAIN — *see* **England.**

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
500 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 1

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Be England what she will.
With all her faults she is my country still.
501 *Churchill: Farewell.*

Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
502 *Burns: Dumfries Volunteers*

Without one friend, above all foes,
Britannia gives the world repose.
503 *Cowper: To Sir J. Reynolds*

Oh! when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame;
In living Medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
504 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. v. Line 53.

BROOKS.

A silvery brook comes stealing
From the shadow of its trees,
Where slender herbs of the forest stoop
Before the entering breeze.
505 *William Cullen Bryant: The Unknown Way.*

BROOM.

Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
506 *Burns: Song.*

BUILDING.

Old houses mended,
Cost little less than new before they're ended.
507 *Colley Cibber: Double Gallant.* Prol.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
508 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire 1. Line 163.

BURKE (Edmund).

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
509 *Goldsmith: Retaliation.* Line 2.

BUSY — BUSINESS — *see* **Industry.**

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting, where
And when, and how thy business may be done,
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alights sometimes, still goeth on.
510 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 57

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To business that we love, we rise betimes,
And go to it with delight.
511 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act iv. Sc. 4

BUTTERCUPS.

All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower.
512 *Robert Browning: Home-Thoughts, From Abroad*

BUT YET.

But yet, madam,—
I do not like "but yet." It does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet!"
"But yet" is as a jailor to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.
513 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act ii. Sc. 5

C.

CALAMITY.

Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
514 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iii. Sc. 3

CALMNESS.

Pure was the temp'rate air, an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse.
515 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 823

So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away.
516 *Byron: Lara.* Canto i. St. 10

The wind breathed soft as lovers sigh,
And oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,
With breathless pause between,
O who with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene!
517 *Scott: Lord of the Isles.* Canto iv. St. 13

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity!
518 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Fire Worshippers.*

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CALUMNY.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: what king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
519 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iii. Sc. 2

If I'm traduced by tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing — let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.
520 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 2

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shall not escape calumny.
521 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums, and ha's.
522 *Shaks.: Win. Tale.* Act ii. Sc. 1

CANARY-BIRD.

Bird of the amber beak,
Bird of the golden wing!
Thy dower is thy carolling;
Thou hast not far to seek
Thy bread, nor needest wine
To make thine utterance divine;
Thou art canopied and clothed
And unto Song betrothed!
In thy lone aërial cage
Thou hast thine ancient heritage;
523 *E. C. Stedman: The Songster. A Midsummer Carol.* St. 2

CANDOR.

I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love.
524 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 2

Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.
525 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. iii. Line 8

CANT — *see* Duplicity.

Yes, rather plunge me back in pagan night,
And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,
Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey.
526 *Moore: Intolerance.* Line 68

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CARE.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.
527 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 3

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
528 *Shaks.: 1 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
529 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Care that is enter'd once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession, ere it rest.
530 *Ben Jonson: Tale of a Tub.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Care, whom not the gayest can outbrave,
Pursues its feeble victim to the grave.
531 *Henry Kirke White: Childhood.* Pt. ii. Line 17.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.
532 *Peter Pindar: Ex. Odes.* Ode 15.

When one is past, another care we have;
Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.
533 *Herrick: Aph. Sorrows Succeed.*

Old Care has a mortgage on every estate,
And that's what you pay for the wealth that you get.
534 *J. G. Saxe: Gifts of the Gods.*

CAREFULNESS.

For my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.
535 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 5.

CATHAY.

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
536 *Tennyson: Locksley Hall.* St. 92.

CATHEDRALS — *see* **Church.**

The high embower'd roof,
With antique pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
537 *Milton: Il Penseroso.* Line 157.

CATO.

Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.
538 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto vi. St. 7

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.
539 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto i. Line 1.

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CAUTION—*see* **Advice, Discretion.**

Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent.
540 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act ii. Sc. 1

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd.
541 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 2

Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog.
542 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 3

Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running.
543 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 1

Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.
544 *Shaks.: M. of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 5.

What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
545 *Shaks.: M. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand!
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
546 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Know when to speak; for many times it brings
Danger, to give the best advice to kings.
547 *Herrick: Aph. Caution in Council.*

Look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow y' are like to reap.
548 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 502.

The mouse, that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
549 *Pope: Wife of Bath.* Line 288

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide:
In part is she to blame that has been tried;
He comes too near that comes to be denied.
550 *Lady M. W. Montague: Lady's Resolve*

All's to be fear'd where all is to be gained.
551 *Byron: Werner.* Act ii. Sc. 2

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A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain . . .
I find the fool when I behold the screen,
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.
552 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire ii. Line 193

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.
553 *Franklin: Poor Richard*

CELIBACY — *see* Maidenhood.

Lady, you are the cruelest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.
554 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act i. Sc. 5.

But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.
555 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?
556 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 748.

A bachelor
May thrive, by observation, on a little;
A single life's no burthen: but to draw
In yokes is chargeable, and will require
A double maintenance.
557 *Ford: Fancies Chaste and Noble.* Act i. Sc. 3.

CEREMONY.

Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds — hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis showr;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
558 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act i. Sc. 2.

The sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
559 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

CHALLENGE.

There I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee, to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing.
560 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

CHANCE — *see* Pride.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight,
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both.
561 *Shaks.: M. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 1

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A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.
562 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 4

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
563 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 4

How slight a chance may raise or sink a soul.
564 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town*

All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see.
565 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. i. Line 289.

CHANGE.

Alas! in truth, the man but chang'd his mind, —
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.
566 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 127.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either. They ever go up or go down.
567 *Julia C. R. Dorr: Outgrown.*

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
568 *Byron: Dream.* St. 3.

How chang'd since last her speaking eye
Glanc'd gladness round the glitt'ring room;
Where high-born men were proud to wait,
Where beauty watched to imitate!
569 *Byron: Parisina.* St. 10.

All but God is changing day by day.
570 *Charles Kingsley: Prometheus.*

Weep not that the world changes — did it keep
A stable, changeless state, 't were cause indeed to weep.
571 *William Cullen Bryant: Mutation.*

Not in vain the distance beacons, forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.
572 *Tennyson: Locksley Hall.* St. 91.

CHANGING.

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss,
For master and servant oft changing is loss.
573 *Tusser: 500 Pts. Good Hus. Lessons.*

CHAOS.

Where eldest Night
And chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars.
574 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 894

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For he being dead, with him is beauty slain;
And beauty dead, black chaos comes again.
575 *Shaks.: Venus and Adonis.* Line 1019

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires,
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all.
576 *Pope: Dunciad.* Bk. iv. Line 649

CHARACTER—*see* **Fickleness, Detraction, Reputation.**

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold.
577 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act i. Sc. 1.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
578 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
579 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act ii. Sc. 7.

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.
580 *Shaks.: R. of Lucrece.* Line 1014.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
581 *Dryden: All for Love.* Prologue

Form'd by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
582 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 379.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild!
In wit a man, simplicity a child.
583 *Pope: On Gay.* Line 1.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?
584 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 213.

Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relished a joke and rejoic'd in a pun.
585 *Goldsmith: Retaliation.* Postscript. Line 3

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Describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
586 *Goldsmith: Retaliation.* Line 93

He has done the work of a true man,—
Crown him, honor him, love him.
Weep over him, tears of woman,
Stoop manliest brows above him!
. . . . . .
No duty could overtask him,
No need his will outrun;
Or ever our lips could ask him,
His hands the work had done.
587 *Whittier: To G. L. S.*

Learn to dissemble wrongs, to smile at injuries,
And suffer crimes thou want'st the power to punish;
Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly:
Search, and know all mankind's mysterious ways.
But trust the secret of thy soul to none.
588 *Rowe: Ulysses.* Act i. Sc. *A Palace*

As in a building
Stone rests on stone, and wanting the foundation
All would be wanting, so in human life
Each action rests on the foregoing event,
That made it possible, but is forgotten
And buried in the earth.
589 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. v

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrows' shape was like the aërial bow;
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth.
590 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 61

A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast.
591 *Byron: Two Foscari.* Act ii. Sc. 1

With more capacity for love, than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
His early dreams of good out-stripp'd the truth,
And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth.
592 *Byron: Lara.* Canto i. St. 18

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!
593 *Hannah More: Sensibility*

Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are.
594 *E. C. Stedman: Beyond the Portals.* Pt. 10

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In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.
595 *Addison's Trans. of Martial.* xii. 47

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew; —
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
596 *Emerson: The Problem.* Line 19

Love, hope, fear, faith, — these make humanity;
These are its sign, and note, and character.
597 *Robert Browning: Paracelsus.* Sc. 3

Strong souls
Live like fire-hearted suns, to spend their strength
In furthest striving action.
598 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. iv

Full souls are double mirrors, making still
An endless vista of fair things before
Repeating things behind.
599 *George Eliot: A Minor Prophet.*

CHARITY — *see* **Beggars, Benevolence.**

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping.
600 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act v. Sc. 2.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity;
Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
601 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.
602 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?
603 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

They serve God well
Who serve his creatures.
604 *Mrs. Norton: Lady of La Garaye.*

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
605 *Hood: Bridge of Sighs*

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Your bounty is beyond my speaking;
But though my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you.
606 *Rowe: Jane Shore.* Act ii. Sc. 1

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.
607 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iii. Line 307

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
608 *Pope: Epil. to Satires.* Dialogue i. Line 135

There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.
609 *Armstrong: Art of Preserving Health.* Line 176

True charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green;
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.
610 *Cowper: Charity.* Line 573

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.
611 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto viii. St. 3

CHASTITY — *see* **Purity.**

Chaste as the icicle
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.
612 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act v. Sc. 3

CHATHAM.

His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood, as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
613 *Cowper: Table Talk.* Line 347

CHATTERTON.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride.
Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the mountain side.
614 *Wordsworth: Res. and Indep.* St. 7

CHEATING.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated as to cheat.
615 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto iii. Line 1

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CHEERFULNESS.

Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish?
616 *Shaks.: M. of Venice.* Act i. Sc 1

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
617 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act iv. Sc. 2

It is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood.
618 *James Russell Lowell: Legend of Brittany.* Pt. i. St. 35.

What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good-humor still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear, good-humor can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
619 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto v. Line 29.

CHIDING.

If she do frown 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you;
If she do chide 'tis not to have you gone.
620 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks;
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
621 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth.
622 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

CHILD — CHILDHOOD — CHILDREN.

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
623 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iii. Sc. 7.

O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!
624 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil.
625 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 4

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Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.
626 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
627 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act ii. Sc. 3

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
628 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.
629 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. iv. Line 220.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.
630 *Longfellow: Children.*

Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!
— Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.
631 *Addison: Cato.* Act iv. Sc. 4

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.
632 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 275.

Few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.
633 *Pope: Odyssey.* Bk. ii. Line 305.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
634 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 238.

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child.
635 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 153.

A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.
636 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xv. St. 43

Look how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
To hail his father: while his little form
Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain!
The childless cherubs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent.
637 *Byron: Cain.* Act iii. Sc. 1

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He smiles, and sleeps! — Sleep on
And smile, thou little, young inheritor
Of a world scarce less young: sleep on, and smile!
Thine are the hours and days when both are cheering
And innocent!
638 *Byron: Cain.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Living jewels dropp'd unstained from heaven.
639 *Pollok: Course of Time.* Bk. v. Line 158

But still I dream that somewhere there must be
The spirit of a child that waits for me.
640 *Bayard Taylor: The Poet's Journal. Third Evening.*

Why was my prayer accepted? why did Heav'n
In anger hear me, when I ask'd a son?
641 *Hannah More: Moses.* Pt. i.

The child is father of the man.
642 *Wordsworth: My Heart Leaps.* Line 7.

Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just);
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles.
643 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. i. Line 48.

Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's.
644 *Praed: School and School-fellows.*

If there is anything that will endure
The eye of God, because it still is pure,
It is the spirit of a little child,
Fresh from his hand, and therefore undefiled.
Nearer the gate of Paradise than we,
Our children breathe its airs, its angels see;
And when they pray, God hears their simple prayer,
Yea, even sheathes his sword, in judgment bare.
645 *R. H. Stoddard: The Children's Prayer.*

Who can foretell for what high cause
This Darling of the Gods was born?
646 *Andrew Marvell: Picture of Little T. C*

You hear that boy laughing? — you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!
647 *Oliver Wendell Holmes: The Boys.* St. 9

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Children, ay, forsooth,
They bring their own love with them when they come,
But if they come not there is peace and rest;
The pretty lambs! and yet she cries for more:
Why the world's full of them, and so is heaven —
They are not rare.
648 *Jean Ingelow: Supper at the Mill*

As pure as a pearl,
And as perfect: a noble and innocent girl.
649 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. ii. Canto vi. St. 16.

Children are the keys of Paradise.
They alone are good and wise,
Because their thoughts, their very lives are prayer.
650 *R. H. Stoddard: The Children's Prayer.*

CHOICE.

God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy pow'r; ordained thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity.
Our voluntary service He requires,
Not our necessitated.
651 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. v. Line 524.

Still to ourselves in every place consigned
Our own felicity we make or find.
652 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 431.

Follow thou thy choice.
653 *William Cullen Bryant: Alcayde of Molina.*

CHOLER.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
654 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about.
655 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 1

CHRIST.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.
656 *Julia Ward Howe: Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
Who weareth in his diadem
The yellow crocus for the gem
Of his authority.
657 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. iii.

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Christ — the one great word
Well worth all languages in earth or Heaven.
658 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Heaven*

CHRISTMAS.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
659 *Tusser: 500 Pts. Good Hus.* Ch. xii.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease:
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good will to man!
Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending, and dawn has begun.
660 *Whittier: A Christmas Carmen.* St. 3.

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possess'd the earth.
661 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. lxxvii. St. 1.

The dawn of Christ is beaming blessings o'er the new-born world.
662 *H. H. Boyesen: Earl Sigurd's Christmas Eve.*

Lo! now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly.
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
663 *Wither: Christmas Carol.*

This happy day, whose risen sun
Shall set not through eternity,
This holy day when Christ the Lord,
Took on him our humanity,
For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make,
We bring our precious gifts to them,
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.
664 *Phœbe Cary: Christmas*

At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land.
And none are left to grieve alone,
For Love is heaven and claims its own.
665 *Margaret E. Sangster: Christmas-Tide.*

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Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
666 *Scott: Marmion.* Canto vi. Introduction

No trumpet-blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince of Peace was born;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn;
But, o'er the peaceful plain,
The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded wain.
667 *William Cullen Bryant: Christmas in* 1875

The sun doth shake
Light from his locks, and, all the way
Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.
668 *Henry Vaughan: Christ's Nativity*

CHURCH — *see* **Cathedral, Clergyman, Religion.**

Then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds; all these upwhirl'd aloft
Fly to the rearward of the world far off
Into a limbo large and broad, since called
The paradise of fools.
669 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iii. Line 489.

What makes a church a den of thieves?
A dean and chapter, and white sleeves.
670 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. Line 1285.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
671 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 285.

Church ladders are not always mounted best
By learned clerks and latinists professed.
672 *Cowper: Tirocinium.* Line 381.

"What is a church?" Let truth and reason speak;
They would reply — "The faithful pure and meek,
From Christian folds, the one selected race,
Of all professions, and in every place."
673 *Crabbe: The Borough.* Letter ii.

What is a church? — Our honest sexton tells
'Tis a tall building, with a tower and bells.
674 *Crabbe: The Borough.* Letter ii.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there:
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.
675 *Defoe: True Born Englishman.* Line 1

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CHURCHYARD — *see* **Grave.**

The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labors; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps.
676 *Dyer: Ruins of Rome.* Line 540

CHURLISHNESS.

My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven,
By doing deeds of hospitality.
677 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc 4

CIRCUMSTANCES.

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance.
678 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. lxiii. St. 2.

CITIZEN.

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
And added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's.
679 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 343.

CLEANLINESS.

E'en from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.
680 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 1268

CLERGYMAN — *see* **Church, Preaching.**

Then shall they seek t' avail themselves of names,
Places, and titles, and with these to join
Secular power, though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promised alike and given
To all believers.
681 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. xii. Line 516.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
682 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 127

In his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd, and wept, and felt, and pray'd for all.
683 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 165

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At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
684 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 177

Your Lordship and your Grace, what school can teach
A rhetoric equal to those parts of speech?
What need of Homer's verse, or Tully's prose,
Sweet interjections! if he learn but those?
Let rev'rend churls his ignorance rebuke,
Who starve upon a dog's ear'd Pentateuch,
The Parson knows enough who knows a Duke.
685 *Cowper: Tirocinium.* Line 397

He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech.
686 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 463

I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
687 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 372.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers,
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn:
Object of my implacable disgust.
688 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 414.

There goes the parson, oh illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.
689 *Cowper: On Some Names of Little Note.*

Whate'er
I may have been, or am, doth rest between
Heaven and myself. — I shall not choose a mortal
To be my mediator.
690 *Byron: Manfred.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,
And wrapt a breast bestowed on heaven alone.
691 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto ii. St. 8

What makes all doc'rines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more.
692 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. Line 1277

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Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations,
For charlatans can do no good,
Until they're mounted in a crowd.
693 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 963

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought —
(A living sermon of the truths he taught —)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
694 *Dryden: Character of a Good Parson.* Line 75

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin, an' he's jumpin!
695 *Burns: Holy Fair.* St. 13

CLOUDS.

The clouds consign their treasure to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion o'er a freshen'd world.
696 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 173

Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven —
Their bases on the mountains — their white tops
Shining in the far ether — fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away.
697 *William Cullen Bryant: Summer Wind*

Beautiful cloud! with folds so soft and fair,
Swimming in the pure quiet air!
Thy fleeces bathed in sunlight, while below
Thy shadow o'er the vale moves slow;
Where, midst their labor, pause the reaper train,
As cool it comes along the grain.
698 *William Cullen Bryant: To a Cloud*

The August cloud
. . . suddenly
Melts into streams of rain.
699 *William Cullen Bryant: Sella*

Come watch with me the shaft of fire that glows
In yonder West: the fair frail palaces,
The fading Alps and archipelagoes,
And great cloud-continents of sunset-seas.
700 *T. B. Aldrich: Miracles*

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Clouds on the western side
Grow gray and grayer, hiding the warm sun.
701 *Christina G. Rossetti: Twilight Calm.*

When evening touched the cape's low rim,
And dark fell on the waves,
We only saw processions dim
Of clouds, from shadowy caves;
These were the ghosts of buried ships
Gone down in one brief hour's eclipse.
702 *James T. Fields: Morning and Evening by the Sea.*

Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air,
Thy battlements hang o'er the slopes and the forests,
Seats of the Gods in the limitless ether,
Looming sublimely aloft and afar.
703 *Bayard Taylor: Kilimandjaro.*

They are fair resting-places
For the dear weary dead on their way up to heaven.
704 *Joaquin Miller: Ina.* Sc. 1.

One single cloud, a dusky bar,
Burnt with dull carmine through and through,
Slow smouldering in the summer sky,
Lies low along the fading west.
705 *Celia Thaxter: Song.*

Cloud-walls of the morning's gray
Faced with amber column,
Crowned with crimson cupola
From a sunset solemn.
May-mists, for the casements, fetch,
Pale and glimmering,
With a sunbeam hid in each,
And a smell of spring.
706 *Mrs. Browning: The House of Clouds.*

I loved the Clouds.
Fire-fringed at dawn, or red with twilight bloom,
Or stretched above, like isles of leaden gloom
In heaven's vast deep, or drawn in belts of gray,
Or dark blue walls along the base of day;
Or snow-drifts luminous at highest noon,
Ragged and black in tempests, veined with lightning,
And when the moon was brightening
Impearled and purpled by the changeful moon.
707 *R. H. Stoddard: Carmen Naturae Triumphale.*

Those clouds are angels' robes.— That fiery west
Is paved with smiling faces.
708 *Charles Kingsley: Saint's Tragedy.* Act i. Sc. 3.

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I see in the south uprising a little cloud,
That before the sun shall be set will cover the sky above us as with a shroud.
709 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. iv.

By unseen hands uplifted in the light
Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud
Floats, with its white apparel blown abroad,
And wafted up to heaven.
710 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. ii. 2

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.
711 *Longfellow: Midnight Mass*

COACH.

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be call'd,
And let the man who calleth be the caller,
And in his calling let him nothing call
But coach! coach! coach! oh, for a coach, ye gods!
712 *Carey: Chrononhotonthologos.* Act i. Sc. 3.

COCK-CROWING.

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.
713 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act i. Sc. 2. Song.

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day.
714 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 1

COLLECTOR.

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.
715 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

COMFORT.

O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here but prayers.
716 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 2

COMMENTATORS.

These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.
717 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. i. Line 116

Oh! rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain,
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun.
718 *Crabbe: Parish Register.* Pt. i. Line 89

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How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.
719 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire vii. Line 97

COMPARISONS.

Comparisons are odorous.
720 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iii. Sc. 5.

When the moon shone, we did not see the candle;
So doth the greater glory dim the less.
721 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act v. Sc 1

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!
722 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 17.

COMPASSION — *see* **Pity.**

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue.
723 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

O, heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
724 *Shaks.: Titus And.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? Oh, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.
725 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

COMPENSATION.

Under the storm and the cloud to-day,
And to-day the hard peril and pain —
To-morrow the stone shall be rolled away,
For the sunshine shall follow the rain.
Merciful Father, I will not complain,
I know that the sunshine shall follow the rain.
726 *Joaquin Miller: For Princess Maud.*

The fiercest agonies have shortest reign;
And after dreams of horror, comes again
The welcome morning with its rays of peace.
727 *William Cullen Bryant: Mutation.*

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may hide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
728 *William C. Bryant: Blessed are They that Mourn*

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Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
729 *William C. Bryant: Blessed are They that Mourn*

Here is the longing, the vision,
The hopes that so swiftly remove;
There is the blessed fruition,
The feast, and the fulness of love.
730 *Alice Cary: Here and There*

One launched a ship, but she was wrecked at sea;
He built a bridge, but floods have borne it down;
He meant much good, none came: strange destiny,
His corn lies sunk, his bridge bears none to town,
Yet good he had not meant became his crown;
For once at work, when even as nature, free
From thought of good he was, or of renown,
God took the work for good and let good be.
731 *Jean Ingelow: Compensation.*

They that are sad on earth in Heaven shall sing.
732 *Beaumont & Fletcher. Wife for a Month.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

'Tis toil's reward that sweetens industry,
As love inspires with strength th' enraptur'd thrusn.
733 *Ebenezer Elliott: Corn Law Hymns.*

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.
734 *Tennyson: In Memoriam* Pt. liii.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!
735 *Longfellow: Endymion.* St. 7.

Regret and faith alike enchain;
There was a loss, there comes a gain;
We stand at fault betwixt the twain,
And that is veiled for which we pant.
736 *Jean Ingelow: Scholar and Carpenter* St. 17

And light is mingled with the gloom,
And joy with grief;
Divinest compensations come,
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom
In sweet relief.
737 *Whittier: Anniversary Poem.* St. 15.

COMPLEXION.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
738 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act 1. Sc. 5

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COMPLIMENTS.

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage.
739 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iv. Sc. 4

CONCEALMENT — *see* **Love.**

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
740 *Shaks.: Othello* Act iii. Sc. 3.

CONCLUSION.

O, most lame and impotent conclusion?
741 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

CONDUCT.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest, . . .
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest.
742 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 4.

The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.
743 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 187

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
744 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 2

CONFESSION.

Come, now again thy woes impart,
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin;
We cannot heal the throbbing heart,
Till we discern the wounds within.
745 *Crabbe: Hall of Justice.* Pt. ii.

CONFIDENCE.

I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee.
746 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 3

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Confidence is conqueror of men; victorious both over them and in them;
The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand quail:
A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will turn the tide of battle,
And rally to a nobler strife the giants that had fled:
The tenderest child, unconscious of a fear, will shame the man to danger,
And when he dared it, danger died, and faith had vanquished fear.
747 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Faith.*

CONSCIENCE.

Leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.
748 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.
749 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
750 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 6.

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
751 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.
752 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
753 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 1.

The color of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
754 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 2

Conscience is harder than our enemies,
Knows more, accuses with more nicety.
755 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. 1

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He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.
756 *Milton: Comus.* Line 381.

O conscience, into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
757 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. x. Line 842

Why should not conscience have vacation,
As well as other courts o' th' nation?
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance, and return?
758 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 317.

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas.
759 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 255.

Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice,
And am so clear too of all other vice.
760 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 265.

But, at sixteen, the conscience rarely gnaws
So much, as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accounts of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the devil.
761 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 167

A quiet conscience makes one so serene!
Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the apostles would have done as they did.
762 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 83

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades that will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish.
763 *Byron: Manfred.* Act i. Sc. 1.

There is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
He deals on his own soul.
764 *Byron: Manfred.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through gain's silence, and o'er glory's din:
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God!
765 *Byron: Island.* Canto i. St. 6

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Oh! conscience! conscience! man's most faithful friend,
Him canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend:
But if he will thy friendly checks forego,
Thou art, oh! woe for me, his deadliest foe!
766 *Crabbe: Struggles of Conscience.* Last Lines

Conscience, a terrifying little sprite,
That, bat-like, winks by day, and wakes by night;
Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking vice,
As sharp as weasels hunting eggs or mice.
767 *Peter Pindar: The Lousiad.* Canto ii.

CONSIDERATION.

What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer.
768 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.
769 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act i. Sc. 1.

CONSOLATION.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart.
770 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 3.

CONSPIRACY.

Oh! think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods;
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.
771 *Addison: Cato.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Conspiracies no sooner should be formed
Than executed.
772 *Addison: Cato.* Act i. Sc. 2

CONSTANCY.

I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
773 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 1

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all th' sins.
774 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act v. Sc. 4

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Tell him I love him yet,
As in that joyous time;
Tell him I ne'er forget,
Though memory now be crime.
775 *Praed: Tell Him I Love Him Yet.*

Changeless march the stars above,
Changeless morn succeeds to even;
And the everlasting hills.
Changeless watch the changeless heaven.
776 *Charles Kingsley: Saint's Tragedy.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Oh, the heart, that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
777 *Moore: Believe Me if Those Endearing Young Charms.*

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.
Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.
778 *Longfellow: Annie of Th. Tr. from Simon Dach.* St. 4.

Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, Oh my fair!
Or think of anything, excepting thee.
779 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 19.

CONTEMPT.

What valor were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
780 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act i. Sc. 4.

From no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible to shun contempt.
781 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 194.

Think not . . . there is no smile
I can bestow on thee. There is a smile,
A smile of nature too, which I can spare,
And yet, perhaps, thou wilt not thank me for it.
782 *Joanna Baillie: De Monfort.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string?
I am sham'd through all my nature to have lov'd so slight a thing.
783 *Tennyson: Locksley Hall.* St. 74.

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CONTENTION — *see* **Quarrels.**

Sons and brothers at a strife!
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
— No quarrel, but a slight contention.
784 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act i. Sc. 2

Where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.
785 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

CONTENTMENT.

He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
786 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act i. Sc. 2

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.
787 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
788 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
789 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife:
No, never come over again.
790 *Charles Kingsley: Dolcino to Margaret.*

Nought but God
Can satisfy the soul.
791 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Heaven.*

Let's live with that small pittance which we have;
Who covets more is evermore a slave.
792 *Herrick: Aph. Covetous Still Captives.*

Who with a little cannot be content,
Endures an everlasting punishment.
793 *Herrick: Aph. Poverty and Riches.*

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.
794 *Goldsmith: Edwin and Angelina.* St. 8.

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Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims, to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
795 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. iii. Line 2159

Content thyself to be obscurely good:
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station.
796 *Addison: Cato.* Act iv. Sc. 4

A voice of greeting from the wind was sent,
The mists enfolded me with soft white arms,
The birds did sing to lap me in content,
The rivers wove their charms,
And every little daisy in the grass
Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass.
797 *R. H. Stoddard: Hymn to the Beautiful.*

This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold:
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.
798 *Henry Kirke White: Clifton Grove.* Line 139.

Come, for the soft low sunlight calls,
We lose the pleasant hours;
'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls —
That seat among the flowers.
And I will learn of thee a prayer,
To Him who gave a home so fair,
A lot so blest as ours —
The God who made, for thee and me,
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.
799 *William Cullen Bryant: Song of Pitcairn's Island.*

CONTROVERSY — *see* **Discord.**

He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if divinity had catch'd
The itch on purpose to be scratch'd.
800 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 163.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears
Set folk together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For dame Religion, as for punk.
801 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 1.

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Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain;
The creature's at his dirty work again.
802 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 91

Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both.
803 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 161.

CONVERSATION — *see* **Character, Courtesy, Talking.**

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
804 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 379.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear;
But 'tis a task indeed to learn — to hear:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That shows or makes you both polite and wise.
805 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire v. Line 57

But conversation, choose what theme we may,
And chiefly when religion leads the way,
Should flow, like waters after summer show'rs,
Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers.
806 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 703.

Discourse may want an animated "No"
To brush the surface, and to make it flow;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
807 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 101.

CONVERTS.

More proselytes and converts use t' accrue
To false persuasions than the right and true;
For error and mistake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right.
808 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 113.

COOKS.

Herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses.
809 *Milton: L'Allegro.* Line 85.

Heaven sends us good meat; but the devil sends cooks.
810 *Garrick: Epigr. on Goldsmith's Retal.*

COPYIST.

A barren-spirited fellow: one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion.
811 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

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COQUETTE — *see* **Flirtation.**

Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a springe to snare them all;
All's one to her — above her fan
She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban.
812 *T. B. Aldrich: Coquette.*

From loveless youth to unrespected age
No passion gratified, except her rage;
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
813 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 125.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
814 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 243.

"With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, What can Chloe want?" — she wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one generous thought.
815 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 159

Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
816 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto ii. Line 13.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers in her lips;
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips.
817 *Byron: Beppo.* St. 65

Such is your cold coquette, who can't say "No,"
And won't say "Yes," and keeps you on and offing
On a lee-shore, till it begins to blow;
Then sees your heart wreck'd with an inward scoffing:
This works a world of sentimental woe,
And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin.
818 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xii. St. 63.

CORRUPTION — *see* **Bribes.**

Corruption is a tree, whose branches are
Of an unmeasurable length: they spread
Ev'rywhere; and the dew that drops from thence
Hath infected some chairs and stools of authority.
819 *Beaumont & Fletcher: Hon. Man's For.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes.
820 *Dr. Johnson: Vanity of H. W.* Line 95.

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He who tempts, though in vain, at last asperses
The tempted with dishonor foul, supposed
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation.
821 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ix. Line 296

At length corruption, like a general flood,
(So long by watchful ministers withstood,)
Shall deluge all; and avarice creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun.
822 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 135

Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite,
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white,
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day.
823 *Dr. Johnson: London.* Line 51

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold.
824 *Dr. Johnson: London.* Line 166

Thieves at home must hang; but he that puts
Into his overgorged and bloated purse
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
825 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. i. Line 736

Whoso seeks an audit here
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,
Wild fowl or venison, and his errand speeds.
826 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 610

'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures,
And all are to be sold, if you consider
Their passions, and are dext'rous; some by features
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader;
Some by a place, as tend their years or natures;
The most by ready cash — but all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.
827 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 27

When rogues like these, (a *Sparrow* cries,)
To honors and employments rise,
I court no favor, ask no place;
From such preferment is disgrace.
828 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 2

COTTLE.

O Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name!
829 *Byron: Eng. Bards.* Line 399

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COUNSEL — *see* **Advice.**

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve.
830 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act v. Sc. 1

Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.
831 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 1

And cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heav'nly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they pass'd.
832 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 77

COUNTRY — *see* **Home.**

A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.
833 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. v. Line 294.

God made the country, and man made the town;
What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts,
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound,
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?
834 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. i. Line 749

Scenes must be beautiful which daily view'd,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.
835 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. i. Line 177.

COUNTRY LIFE — *see* **Retirement.**

Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there.
836 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire i. Line 235

How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
And Nature in her cultivated trim,
Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad.
837 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 350

They love the country, and none else, who seek
For their own sake its silence and its shade;
Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
Susceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultured and capable of sober thought?
838 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 32[illegible]

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Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies —
Your milkmaid shocks the graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber,
And wake with a bug in your ear;
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.
839 *N. P. Willis: Love in a Cottage.*

COURAGE — *see* **Activity, Daring, Fortitude, Valor, Ghosts.**

Screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.
840 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 7.

By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavor for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion.
841 *Shaks.: King John.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcanian[1] tiger.
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.
842 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

You must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime.
843 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 7.

I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more is none.
844 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 7.

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe;
And make his wrongs his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
845 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iii. Sc. 5.

It is held
That valor is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd.
846 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

[1] The original reading is "the Hyrcan," but Hyrcanian, the correct term, has been suggested by critics, and is so used in Mer. of Venice, Act iv. Sc. 7, and Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 2.

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I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury.
847 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 7

A valiant man
Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways.
He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
His valor is the salt t' his other virtues,
They're all unseason'd without it.
848 *Ben Jonson: New Inn.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.
849 *Scott: Lady of the Lake.* Canto v. St. 10

What though the field be lost!
All is not lost; the ungovernable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield;
And what is else not to be overcome.
850 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 105

No thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory.
851 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. vi. Line 236

The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause;
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can,
Force is of brutes, but honor is of man.
852 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. iii. Line 2015

Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend
To mean devices for a sordid end.
Courage — an independent spark from Heaven's bright throne,
By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone.
Great in itself, not praises of the crowd,
Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud.
853 *George Farquhar: Love and a Bottle.* Dedication

"You fool! I tell you no one means you harm."
"So much the better," Juan said, "for them."
854 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 82

And tho' I hope not hence unscath'd to go,
Who conquers me, shall find a stubborn foe.
855 *Byron: English Bards.* Line 998

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The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.
856 *Joanna Baillie: Basil.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
857 *Longfellow: A Psalm of Life.* St. 9

Oh fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know erelong,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
858 *Longfellow: Light of Stars.* St. 9.

COURT — COURTIERS — *see* **Kings.**

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Whom I have soon to weed and pluck away.
859 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 3

I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
860 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.
861 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act v. Sc. 4.

Not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
862 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act i. Sc. 1.

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law.
863 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe:
With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
Each smooth as those who mutually deceive,
And for their falsehood each despising each.
864 *Thomson: Liberty.* Pt. v. Line 190

To shake with laughter, ere the jest they hear,
To pour, at will, the counterfeited tear:
And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
865 *Dr. Johnson: London.* Line 130

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A mere court butterfly,
That flutters in the pageant of a monarch.
866 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act v. Sc. 1.

COURTESY — *see* **Politeness.**

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!
867 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act i. Sc. 2.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers, —
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.
868 *James T. Fields: Courtesy.*

COURTSHIP — *see* **Love.**

Bring, therefore, all the forces that you may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart;
Plaints, prayers, vows, ruth, and sorrow, and dismay, —
These engines can the proudest love convert.
869 *Spenser: Amoretti and Epithalamion. Sonnet* xiv.

Most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?
870 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
871 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true.
872 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

By your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter.
873 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.
874 *Shaks.: Titus And.* Act ii. Sc. 1

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Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity.
875 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act iii. Sc. 2

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
876 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she beloved knows naught, that knows not this —
Men prize the thing ungained more than it is.
877 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act i. Sc. 2

Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.
878 *Shaks.: Mer. W. of W.* Act iii. Sc. 4

He that would win his dame must do
As love does when he draws his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
879 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 443

She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
880 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 591

They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake.
881 *Pope: Wife of Bath.* Line 103

Some are soon bagg'd, but some reject three dozen,
'Tis fine to see them scattering refusals
And wild dismay o'er every angry cousin
(Friends of the party) who begin accusals,
Such as — "Unless Miss (Blank) meant to have chosen
Poor Frederick, why did she accord perusals
To his billets? Why waltz with him? Why, I pray,
Look *yes* last night, and yet say *no* to-day.
Why? — why? — Besides, Fred, really was attach'd,
'Twas not her fortune — he has enough without:
The time will come she'll wish she had snatch'd
So good an opportunity, no doubt: —
But the old marchioness some plan has hatch'd
As I'll tell Aurea at to-morrow's rout:
And after all poor Frederick may do better —
Pray did you see her answer to his letter?"
882 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xii. Sts. 34, 35

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But yet she listen'd — 'tis enough —
Who listens once will listen twice,
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
And one refusal no rebuff.
883 *Byron: Mazeppa.* St. 6

Like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.
884 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 12

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs.

. . . . . .

Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes,
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit though told in moving tropes;
Disguise even tenderness, if thou art wise.
885 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 34.

So, with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was married.
886 *Goldsmith: Double Transformation.* Line 19.

COVETOUSNESS.

When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness.
887 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

COWARDICE — *see* **Battle, Fear.**

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!
888 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Induction. Sc. 2.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
889 *Shaks.: M. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2

A coward; a most devout coward; religious in it.
890 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
891 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Milk-liver'd man,
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honor from thy suffering.
892 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iv. Sc. 2

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard.
893 *Shaks.: King John.* Act ii. Sc 1

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Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.
894 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 3

That which in mean man we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
895 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act i. Sc. 2

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
896 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iii Sc. 1

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety.
897 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you.
898 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act i. Sc. 4.

Cowards may fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.
899 *Sir Walter Raleigh: On the Snuff of a Candle the Night before he died.*

Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy and delight to save.
900 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 1

Grac'd with a sword, but worthier of a fan.
901 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. i Line 771

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward.
902 *John Tobin: Honeymoon.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Men lie, who lack courage to tell truth — the cowards.
903 *Joaquin Miller: Ina.* Sc. 3.

The coward never on himself relies,
But to an equal for assistance flies.
904 *Crabbe:* Tale iii. Line 84

Go — let thy less than woman's hand
Assume the distaff — not the brand.
905 *Byron: Bride of Ab.* Canto i. St. 4

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COXCOMB — *see* **Dandy.**

This is he
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honorable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can; the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
906 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act v. Sc. 2

I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.
907 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act i. Sc. 1.

So by false learning is good sense defac'd;
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs, nature meant but fools.
908 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. i. Line 25.

CRAFTINESS.

When the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.
909 *Shaks.:* 3 *Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 7.

That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
910 *Bret Harte: Plain Language from Truthful James.*

CREDIT.

Blest paper credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly.
911 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 39.

CREED — *see* **Religion.**

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
912 *Moore: Come, Send Round the Wine.*

CRIME — *see* **Sin, Vice.**

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.
913 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act ii. Sc. 1

Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.
914 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto i. St. 3.

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CRISIS.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.
915 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 2

CRITICISM — CRITICS.

I am nothing if not critical.
916 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 1

Nature fits all her children with something to do,
He who would write and can't write, can surely review;
Can set up a small booth as critic and sell us his
Petty conceit and his pettier jealousies.
917 *James Russell Lowell: A Fable for Critics.*

No author ever spared a brother;
Wits are game-cocks to one another.
918 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 10

Men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors must the less commit.
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
919 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 59

Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labor, in their place.
920 *Pope: Temple of Fame.* Line 37.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
921 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 53.

Numbers err in this —
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
922 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. i. Line 5

Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
923 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 322.

Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd;
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
924 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. i. Line 36.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at ev'ry line —
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos, and wild heap of wit.
925 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 89

Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well.
926 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. i. Line 15

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Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer:
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.
927 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 201

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves and rapture warms the mind.
928 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 31

Who shall dispute what the reviewers say?
Their word's sufficient; and to ask a reason,
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.
929 *Churchill: Apology.* Line 94.

Not all on books their criticism waste:
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame.
930 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire iii. Line 69.

Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
And be each critic the Good-natured Man.
931 *Goldsmith: The Good-Natured Man. Epilogue.*

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade,
Save censure; critics all are ready made:
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,
A turn for punning — call it Attic salt —
Fear not to lie — 'twill seem a lucky hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy — 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling, pass your proper jest; —
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.
932 *Byron: Eng. Bards.* Line 63.

A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
Condemn'd to drudge the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
Himself a living libel on mankind.
933 *Byron: Eng. Bards.* Line 962.

Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics who themselves are sore.
934 *Byron: Eng. Bards.* Line 77.

Though good things answer many good intents,
Crosses do still bring forth the best events.
935 *Herrick: Aph. Crosses.*

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CRUELTY — *see* **Suffering.**

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
936 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc 1

Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites.
937 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2

I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
938 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child?
939 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act i. Sc. 4.

Neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.
940 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man,
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
941 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. vi. Line 562

CUPID — *see* **Love.**

Cupid is a casuist,
A mystic, and a cabalist, —
Can your lurking thought surprise,
And interpret your device. . . .
Heralds high before him run;
He has ushers many a one;
He spreads his welcome where he goes,
And touches all things with his rose.
All things wait for and divine him, —
How shall I dare to malign him?
942 *Emerson: Dædm. and Celes. Love.* Pt. i.

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:
Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents.
943 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
944 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act i. Sc. 1

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.
945 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 2

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CURIOSITY.

I loathe that low vice, curiosity.
946 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 23.

CURSES — *see* **Oaths.**

O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption;
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man;
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart;
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas.
947 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! — he lies to the heart.
948 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2.

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! — Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blister her pride!
949 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

Whip me, ye devils,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire.
950 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2.

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease!
951 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat that they taste! —
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss!
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
952 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of — Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile!
953 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act i. Sc. 4.

Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
954 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar.
955 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd.
956 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

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If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness.
957 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 2

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace.
958 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 3.

A plague o' both your houses!
959 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
960 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 3.

So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn!
961 *Byron: C. of Minerva.* Line 206.

May the grass wither from thy feet; the woods
Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust
A grave! the sun his light! and heaven her God!
962 *Byron: Cain.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Down to the dust! and as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
963 *Byron: A Sketch.*

CUSTOM — *see* **Habit.**

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
964 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act v. Sc. 4.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
965 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 3.

It is a custom,
More honor'd in the breach than the observance.
966 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 4.

Custom calls me to't; —
What custom wills, in all things should we do't?
967 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act ii. Sc. 3

To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.
968 *Cowper: Tirocinium.* Line 25[illegible]

The slaves of custom and established mode,
With pack-horse constancy, we keep the road
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.
969 *Cowper: Tirocinium.* Line 251.

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Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because deliver'd down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.
970 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. v. Line 298

Man yields to custom as he bows to fate,
In all things ruled — mind, body, and estate;
In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
To them we know not, and we know not why.
971 *Crabbe: The Gentleman Farmer.*

CYNIC.

I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
972 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 2.

CYPRESS.

Dark tree! still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead.
973 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 286.

D.

DAINTIES.

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
974 *Goldsmith: Haunch of Venison.* Line 33.

DAISY.

The daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,
She is of such low degree.
975 *Hood: Flowers.*

DANCERS, DANCING — *see* **Ball, Feet, Soirée.**

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.
976 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
977 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 251.

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Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But, oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.
978 *Suckling: On a Wedding*

Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.
979 *Milton: L'Allegro.* Line 33.

And then he danced; — all foreigners excel
The serious Angles in the eloquence
Of pantomime; — he danced, I say, right well
With emphasis, and also with good sense —
A thing in footing indispensable:
He danced without theatrical pretence,
Not like a ballet-master in the van
Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman.
980 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiv. St. 38

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
981 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 21.

Imperial Waltz! imported from the Rhine
(Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine),
Long be thine import from all duty free,
And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee:
In some few qualities alike — for hock
Improves our cellar — thou our living stock.
The head to hock belongs — thy subtler art
Intoxicates alone the heedless heart:
Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,
And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.
982 *Byron: The Waltz.* Line 29.

Endearing Waltz! to thy more melting tune
Bow Irish jig, and ancient rigadoon.
Scotch reels, avaunt! and country-dance, forego
Your future claims to each fantastic toe!
Waltz — Waltz alone — both legs and arms demands,
Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands.
983 *Byron: The Waltz.* Line 109

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
984 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 22

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Such a dancer!
Where men have souls or bodies she must answer.
985 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iv. St. 84.

The music, and the banquet, and the wine, —
The garlands, the rose-odors, and the flowers, —
The sparkling eyes, and flashing ornaments, —
The white arms, and the raven hair, — the braids
And bracelets — swan-like bosoms — the thin robes.
986 *Byron: Mar. Faliero.* Act iv. Sc. 1

The long carousal shakes th' illumined hall;
Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball:
And the gay dance of bounding Beauty's train
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain.
Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands,
That mingle there in well-according bands;
It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,
And make age smile, and dream itself to youth,
And youth forget such hour was passed on earth, —
So springs th' exulting bosom to that mirth.
987 *Byron: Lara.* Canto i. St. 20

The rout is Folly's circle, which she draws
With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
That none decoy'd into that fatal ring,
Unless by Heaven's peculiar grace, escape.
There we grow early gray, but never wise;
There form connexions, but acquire no friend.
Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success;
Waste youth in occupations only fit
For second childhood, and devote old age
To sports which only childhood could excuse.
988 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 629

And beautiful maidens moved down in the dance,
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance;
And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses fell free
As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree.
989 *Whittier: Cities of the Plain.* St. 4

Dear creature! you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
And she only par complaisance touches the ground.
990 *Moore: Fudge Family.* Letter v

DANGER — *see* **Caution, Fear.**

He that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
991 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iii. Sc. 4

Though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous.
992 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 1

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Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
993 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
994 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 3.

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
She'll close, and be herself! whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
995 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.
996 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

DANDY — *see* **Coxcomb.**

He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose.
997 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 3

DARING.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
998 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 7

He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit,
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit.
999 *Scott: Talisman.* Ch. xxvi.

DARKNESS.

At one stride comes the dark.
1000 *Coleridge: Ancient Mariner.* Pt. iii. St. 13.

Lo! darkness bends down like a mother of grief
On the limitless plain, and the fall of her hair
It has mantled a world.
1001 *Joaquin Miller: From Sea to Sea.* St. 4.

Weep, for the light is dead.
1002 *Schiller: Resignation.*

DAWN — DAYBREAK — *see* **Morning, Sunrise, Twilight.**

The morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness.
1003 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act v. Sc. 1.

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed.
1004 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act i. Sc. 1.

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.
1005 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 3

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Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.
1006 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iii. Sc. 5

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wand'ring here and there,
Troop home to church-yards.
1007 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 2

The eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune, with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
1008 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 2

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
1009 *Shaks.: 1 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
1010 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.
1011 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act v. Sc. 3.

The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
1012 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 3.

The quiet night, now dappling, 'gan to wane,
Dividing darkness from the dawning main.
1013 *Byron: Island.* Canto i. St. 1.

DAY.

One day, with life and heart,
Is more than time enough to find a world.
1014 *James Russell Lowell: Columbus.*

There's one sun more strung on my bead of days.
1015 *Henry Vaughan: Rules and Lessons.* St. 20.

Day is the Child of Time,
And Day must cease to be:
But Night is without a sire,
And cannot expire,
One with Eternity.
1016 *R. H. Stoddard: Day and Night.*

O summer day beside the joyous sea!
O summer day so wonderful and white,
So full of gladness and so full of pain!
Forever and forever shalt thou be
To some the gravestone of a dead delight,
To some the landmark of a new domain.
1017 *Longfellow: Summer Day by the Sea.*

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O gift of God! O perfect day·
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!
1018 *Longfellow: Day of Sunshine.* St. 1.

What is a day to an immortal soul!
A breath, no more.
1019 *T. B. Aldrich: The Metempsychosis.*

DEATH—*see* **Grave, Mourning.**

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.
1020 *Bryant: Thanatopsis.*

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
1021 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.
1022 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?
1023 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
1024 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world.
1025 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
1026 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

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That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear.
1027 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act v. Sc. 1

All that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
1028 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2

To die — to sleep —
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; — 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.
1029 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1

To die! to sleep:
To sleep! perchance, to dream; — ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life.
1030 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc 1.

The dread of something after death
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
1031 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc 1.

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!
1032 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act v. Sc 1.

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away:
O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t' expel the Winter's flaw!
1033 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act v. Sc 1

The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.
1034 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act i. Sc. 4

Kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery.
1035 *Shaks.: 1 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible.
1036 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
1037 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 4

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Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
1038 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 4.

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death.
1039 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 7.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
1040 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iv. Sc. 5.

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death.
1041 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act v. Sc. 3.

He that dies this year is quit for the next.
1042 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

They say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
1043 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

He that no more may say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun and music at the close,
(As the last taste of sweets is sweetest) last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
1044 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
1045 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry; —
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone;
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.
1046 *Shaks.: Sonnet* lxvi

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O, sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her.
1047 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

He that hath a will to die by himself,
Fears it not from another.
1048 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act v. Sc. 2.

There is no death — the thing that we call death
Is but another, sadder name for life,
Which is itself an insufficient name,
Faint recognition of that unknown Life —
That Power whose shadow is the Universe.
1049 *R. H. Stoddard: Hymn to the Sea.*

Behind her death,
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse.
1050 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. x. Line 588.

Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
1051 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 624.

'Tis but to die,
'Tis but to venture on that common hazard,
Which many a time in battle I have run;
'Tis but to do, what, at that very moment,
In many nations of the peopled earth,
A thousand and a thousand shall do with me.
1052 *Rowe: Jane Shore.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Death is the privilege of human nature;
And life without it were not worth our taking.
Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner
Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down.
1053 *Rowe: Fair Penitent.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible, — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony are thine.
1054 *Fitz-Greene Halleck: Marco Bozzaris.*

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Death upon his face
Is rather shine than shade,
A tender shine by looks beloved made.
1055 *Mrs. Browning: The Seraphim.* Pt. ii

Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame,
Hangs quivering on the point, leaps off by fits
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
1056 *Addison: Cato.* Act iii. Sc 2

The prince, who kept the world in awe,
The judge, whose dictate fix'd the law,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are levell'd: death confounds 'em all.
1057 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 16

There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
1058 *Tickell: On the Death of Addison.* Line 81

The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
1059 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iii. Line 75

O Death, all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.
1060 *Pope: Eloisa to A.* Line 335

How loved, how honored once, avails thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
1061 *Pope: Elegy to Mem. of Unfortunate Lady.* Line 71

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honor'd, and by strangers mourn'd.
1062 *Pope: Elegy to Mem. of Unfortunate Lady.* Line 51.

But thousands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat.
1063 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 95.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
1064 *Pope: Dying Christian to His Soul*

Death is the gate of life.
1065 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Colonnade and Lawn*

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
1066 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 633

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Man makes a death, which nature never made.
1067 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Line 15

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep, damp vault, the darkness, and the worm.
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
1068 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Line 10

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
1069 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iii. Line 104.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.
1070 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 1011

Death is the crown of life:
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die.
1071 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iii. Line 526.

Death wounds to cure: we fall; we rise; we reign!
Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies;
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight:
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
1072 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iii. Line 530.

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
1073 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 600.

A death-bed's the detector of the heart:
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene,
Here real and apparent are the same.
1074 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 641.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?
1075 *Gray: Elegy.* St. 10

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
1076 *Gray: Elegy.* St. 9

How shocking must thy summons be, O death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
1077 *Blair: Grave.* Line 350.

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All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower dishevell'd in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream;
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we that worship him, ignoble graves.
1078 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 261

Yet 'twill only be a sleep:
When, with songs and dewy light,
Morning blossoms out of Night,
She will open her blue eyes
'Neath the palms of Paradise
While we foolish ones shall weep.
1079 *Edward Rowland Sill: Sleeping.*

Death, so call'd, is a thing which makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.
1080 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiv. St. 3

Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet.
1081 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 197.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of friends, and that which slays even more,
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath.
1082 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iv. St. 12.

Death is but what the haughty brave,
The weak must bear, the wretch must crave.
1083 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 1032.

What shall he be ere night? Perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing.
1084 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto ii. St. 16.

I live,
But live to die: and living, see no thing
To make death hateful, save an innate clinging,
A loathsome and yet all invincible
Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I
Despise myself, yet cannot overcome —
And so I live.
1085 *Byron: Cain.* Act i. Sc. 1

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to earth!
Though earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.
1086 *Byron: And Thou art Dead, etc.*

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Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.
1087 *Byron: Prisoner of Chillon.* St. 8.

Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd!
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.
1088 *Byron: And Thou art Dead, etc.*

Death is Life's high meed.
1089 *Keats: On Fame.* Sonnet xii

O Death, what art thou? a Lawgiver that never altereth,
Fixing the consummating seal, whereby the deeds of life become established;
O Death, what art thou? a stern and silent usher,
Leading to the judgment for Eternity, after the trial scene of Time;
O Death, what art thou? an husbandman that reapeth always,
Out of season, as in season, with the sickle in his hand.
1090 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Death.*

Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest, —
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace.
1091 *Dinah Mulock Craik: Now and Afterwards*

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
1092 *Macaulay: Lays Anc. Rome. Horatius.* xxvii.

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
1093 *Emerson: Good-Bye.*

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
1094 *Scott: Lady of the Lake.* Canto i. St. 31.

Since, howe'er protracted, death will come,
Why fondly study, with ingenious pains,
To put it off? To breathe a little longer
Is to defer our fate, but not to shun it.
Small gain! which wisdom with indiff'rent eye
Beholds.
1095 *Hannah More: David and Goliath.* Pt. iv.

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Leaves have their times to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death.
1096 *Mrs. Hemans: Hour of Death.*

I think poor beggars court St. Giles,
Rich beggars court St. Stephen;
And Death looks down with nods and smiles,
And makes the odds all even:
I think some die upon the field,
And some upon the billow,
And some are laid beneath a shield,
And some beneath a willow.
1097 *Praed: Brazen Head.* St. 12

Death! to the happy thou art terrible,
But how the wretched love to think of thee,
O thou true comforter, the friend of all
Who have no friend beside.
1098 *Southey: Joan of Arc.* Bk. i. Line 326.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.
1099 *Hood: The Death-Bed.*

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.
1100 *Hood: The Death-Bed.*

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has unchain'd it
To water that Eden where first was its source.
1101 *Moore: Weep not for Those.*

Death is only kind to mortals.
1102 *Schiller: Complaint of Ceres.* St. 4.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.
1103 *James Montgomery: Friends.*

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And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
1104 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Pt. ii, v. Line 88.

There is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
1105 *Longfellow: Reaper and the Flowers.*

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.
1106 *Longfellow: Resignation.* St. 5.

'Tis the cessation of our breath.
Silent and motionless we lie;
And no one knoweth more than this.
1107 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. i.

There is no confessor like unto Death!
Thou canst not see him, but he is near;
Thou needest not whisper above thy breath,
And he will hear;
He will answer the questions,
The vague surmises and suggestions,
That fill thy soul with doubt and fear!
1108 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. v.

The young may die, but the old must.
1109 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. iv.

Death is better than disease.
1110 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. i.

O, what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old!
1111 *Longfellow: Three Friends of Mine.* Sonnet ii.

Death is the chillness that precedes the dawn;
We shudder for a moment, then awake
In the broad sunshine of the other life.
1112 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. ii. 6.

Death is delightful. Death is dawn,
The waking from a weary night
Of fevers unto truth and light.
1113 *Joaquin Miller: Even So.*

DEBT.

You say, you nothing owe; and so I say:
He only owes, who something hath to pay.
1114 *Martial: (Hay).* ii. 3.

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He that dies, pays all debts.
1115 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act iii. Sc. 2

In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay.
1116 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 65.

Oh, how you wrong our friendship, valiant youth.
With friends there is not such a word as debt:
Where amity is ty'd with band of truth,
All benefits are there in common set.
1117 *Lady Carew: Martam.*

You are as a candle, the better part burnt out.
1118 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 2.

DECAY.

Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.
1119 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 68.

All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
1120 *Moore: National Airs.*

DECEIT — *see* Hypocrisy.

O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
1121 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Look to her, Moor; if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
1122 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
1123 *Shaks.: M. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
1124 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act ii. Sc. 3. Song.

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.
1125 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 7.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice.
1126 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act ii. Sc. 2

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Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbors treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
1127 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks.
1128 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4

He seem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow.
1129 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 110

His tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason.
1130 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 112.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
1131 *Addison: Cato.* Act i. Sc. 4

Think'st thou there are no serpents in the world
But those who slide along the grassy sod,
And sting the luckless foot that presses them?
There are who in the path of social life
Do bask their spotted skins in fortune's sun,
And sting the soul.
1132 *Joanna Baillie: De Monfort.* Act i. Sc. 2

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.
1133 *Scott: Marmion.* Canto vi. St. 17.

DECEMBER.

Only the sea intoning,
Only the wainscot-mouse,
Only the wild wind moaning
Over the lonely house.
1134 *T. B. Aldrich: Poems. December*, 1863.

DECISION — *see* **Dispatch, Promptitude.**

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.
1135 *Shaks.: Macoeth.* Act i. Sc. 7

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
1136 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3

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Be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.
1137 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 7

Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
1138 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 19.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified.
1139 *James Russell Lowell: Present Crisis.*

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.
1140 *James Russell Lowell: Present Crisis.*

Decide not rashly. The decision made
Can never be recalled. The Gods implore not,
Plead not, solicit not; they only offer
Choice and occasion, which once being passed
Return no more. Dost thou accept the gift?
1141 *Longfellow: Masque of Pandora.* Pt. iii.

The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion — makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes!
1142 *Hannah More: Daniel.* Pt. i.

DEEDS.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
1143 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

Oh! 'tis easy
To beget great deeds; but in the rearing of them —
The threading in cold blood each mean detail,
And furze brake of half-pertinent circumstance —
There lies the self-denial.
1144 *Charles Kingsley: Saint's Tragedy.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

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Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
1145 *Congreve: Mourning Bride.* Act v. Sc. 12

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
1146 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc 2

DEFEAT.

Such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded.
1147 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 993

DEFENCE.

In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems;
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.
1148 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 4

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe?
1149 *Milton: Samson Agonistes.* Line 560

DEFIANCE.

I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps.
1150 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act i. Sc. 1

I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
1151 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 1

If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
1152 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act iv. Sc. 1

Who sets me else? by heaven I'll throw at all;
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
1153 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act iv. Sc. 1

Thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
1154 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iii. Sc. 1

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Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?
1155 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3

If thou out frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil has come from hell.
1156 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Come one, come all — this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.
1157 *Scott: Lady of the Lake.* Canto v. St. 10

DEITY — *see* **God, Providence.**

Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!
1158 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 217

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of his mind?
1159 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 315

Hail, source of being! universal soul
Of heaven and earth! essential presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
Continual, climb; who, with a master hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
1160 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 556

A Deity believed, is joy begun;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured.
Each branch of piety delight inspires.
1161 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 720.

A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute,
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
1162 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. v. Line 809

DELAY — *see* **Decision, Procrastination, Time.**

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary.
1163 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 3

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Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late. . . .
When the day serves before black-cornered night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offered light.
1164 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act v. Sc. 1

O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comfort here but prayers.
1165 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 2

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.
1166 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc. 3

That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this "would" changes
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing.
1167 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 7

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
1168 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night i. Line 390

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought;
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves.
1169 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night i. Line 417

DELUSION.

For love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place:
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.
1170 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4

DENMARK.

Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.
1171 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 4.

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DEPORTMENT.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Blest with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires.
1172 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 74

DEPRAVITY.

God's love seemed lost upon him.
1173 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Heaven.*

DEPRESSION.

All day the darkness and the cold
Upon my heart have lain,
Like shadows on the winter sky,
Like frost upon the pane.
1174 *Whittier: On Receiving an Eagle's Quill.*

DESIGN.

Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
1175 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

He that intends well, yet deprives himself
Of means to put his good thoughts into deed,
Deceives his purpose of the due reward.
1176 *Beaumont & Fletcher: Honest Man's Fortune.* Acti. Sc. 1

DESIRE — *see* **Disappointment.**

Had doting Priam checked his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.
1177 *Shaks.: R. of Lucrece.* Line 1490.

DESOLATION.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
1178 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 98

Desolate! Life is so dreary and desolate.
Women and men in the crowd meet and mingle,
Yet with itself every soul standeth single,
Deep out of sympathy moaning its moan;
Holding and having its brief exultation;
Making its lonesome and low lamentation;
Fighting its terrible conflicts alone.
1179 *Alice Cary: Life.*

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DESPAIR — *see* **Suicide.**

They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.
1180 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 7

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.
1181 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 1

O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of this world!
1182 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
1183 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee.
1184 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
1185 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act i. Sc. 4.

It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it.
1186 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear;
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good!
1187 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 108.

All hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear.
1188 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. iii. Line 204

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.
1189 *Dr. Johnson: Irene.* Act iv. Sc. 1

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For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little fear;
And, when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death, by dying,
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled like lions rout.
1190 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto iii Line 27

Talk not of comfort — 'tis for lighter ills;
. . . . . .
I will indulge my sorrow, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair.
1191 *Addison: Cato.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.
1192 *Hood: Bridge of Sighs.*

Beware of desperate steps! — the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.
1193 *Cowper: Needless Alarm.* Line 132.

Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath nought to dread from outward blow:
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.
1194 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 1163.

They who have nothing more to fear may well
Indulge a smile at that which once appall'd;
As children at discovered bugbears.
1195 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act v. Sc. 1

Despair defies even despotism; there is
That in my heart would make its way thro' hosts
With levell'd spears.
1196 *Byron: Two Foscari.* Act i. Sc. 1

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!
1197 *Whittier: Snow-Bound*

DESPOTISM.

Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
To their own vile advantages shall turn
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint.
1198 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. xii. Line 509

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DESTINY.

That old miracle — Love-at-first-sight —
Needs no explanations. The heart reads aright
Its destiny sometimes.
1199 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. ii. Canto vi. St. 16

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.
1200 *Whittier: My Soul and I.* St. 87

DETERMINATION — *see* **Resolution.**

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
1201 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act i. Sc. 3

Although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone.
1202 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act iii. Sc. 2

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace.
1203 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2

DETRACTION — *see* **Slander, Scandal.**

Happy are they that hear their detractions,
And can put them to mending.
1204 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
1205 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3

'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality,
Or modest anger of a satiric spirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of a state,
But the sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base
Interpreter, who will distort and strain
The general scope and purpose of an author
To his particular and private spleen.
1206 *Ben Jonson: Poetaster.* Act v. Sc. 1

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A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
1207 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto iii. Line 15

So, naturalists observe, a flea,
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em.
And so proceed ad infinitum.
1208 *Swift: On Poetry. A Rhapsody*

Mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can.
1209 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 502

DEVIL.

The devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;
The devil was well, the devil a saint was he.
1210 *Rabelais: Works.* Bk. iv. Ch. xxiv

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.
1211 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2

He will give the devil his due.
1212 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 2.

DEVOTION.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Savior.
1213 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Pt. ii. v. Line 35.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.
1214 *Moore: As Down in the Sunless Retreats*

DEW.

See how the orient dew
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses
(Yet careless of its mansion new
For the clear region where 'twas born)
Round in itself incloses,
And in its little globe's extent
Frames, as it can, its native element.
1215 *Andrew Marvell: A Drop of Dew*

Within the rose I found a trembling tear,
Close curtained in a gloom of crimson night
By tender petals from the outer light.
I plucked the flower and held it to my ear,
And thought within its fervid breast to hear
A smothered heart-beat throbbing soft and low.
1216 *Boyesen: Within the Rose I Found a Trembling Tear*

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The dew-drop in the breeze of morn,
Trembling and sparkling on the thorn,
Falls to the ground, escapes the eye,
Yet mounts on sunbeams to the sky.
1217 *James Montgomery: A Recollection of Mary F.*

DIFFICULTY.

It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
1218 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act v. Sc. 5.

DIGNITY.

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone
Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air.
1219 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 300

DIMPLES.

In each cheek appears a pretty dimple;
Love made those hollows; if himself were slain
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love lived, and there he could not die.
1220 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 242.

DINNER — *see* **Feasting, Gluttony.**

Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go,
Get it ready.
1221 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 4.

Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me, just at dinner-time.
1222 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 13

He fell upon whate'er was offer'd, like
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.
1223 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 157.

Method's more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul — the dinner bell!
1224 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 49

All human history attests
That happiness for man — the hungry sinner —
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner!
1225 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiii. St. 99

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'Twas a public feast, and public day —
Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
And everybody out of their own sphere.
1226 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xvi. St. 78

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
1227 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act i. Sc 3

My way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
1228 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 3.

Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies.
1229 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 25.

With more capacity for love, than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth.
1230 *Byron: Lara.* Canto i. St. 18

Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!
1231 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

O! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away!
1232 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Fire Worshippers.*

DISCONTENT.

I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit.
1233 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 2

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
1234 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act iv. Sc. 1

O thoughts of men accurs'd!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
1235 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 3

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
1236 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i Sc. 2

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DISCORD — *see* **Controversy, Disputes.**

Discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay.
1237 *Spenser: Faerie Queene.* Bk. iii. Canto ii. St. 15

How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
1238 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act v. Sc. 5

How in one house
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.
1239 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

Discords make the sweetest airs.
1240 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. Line 919

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
1241 *Addison: Cato.* Act v. Sc. 4.

Discord, a sleepless hag, who never dies,
With snipe-like nose and ferret-glowing eyes,
Lean sallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supplied,
Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,
As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin.
1242 *Peter Pindar: The Lousiad.* Canto iii.

DISCRETION — *see* **Caution, Conduct, Prudence, Ruling.**

You are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself.
1243 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.
1244 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

The better part of valor is discretion.
1245 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 4

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill;
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
1246 *Fletcher: Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.* Line 37

Quoth he, That man is sure to lose,
That fouls his hands with dirty foes;
For where no honor's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd.
1247 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 849

It shewed discretion, the best part of valor.
1248 *Beaumont & Fletcher: King and No King.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Even in a hero's heart
Discretion is the better part.
1249 *Churchill: Ghost.* Bk. i. Line 233

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DISCUSSION—*see* **Controversy.**

Leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method.
1250 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 2

DISEASES—*see* **Sickness.**

Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.
1251 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 3

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.
1252 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 133.

DISGUISE.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
Hence false tears, deceits, disguises.
1253 *Pope: Two Choruses to Tragedy of Brutus* Chor. 1.

'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise;
't shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.
1254 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 372.

DISLIKE.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.
1255 *Tom Brown: Trans. of Martial's Ep. I.* 33.

DISOBEDIENCE.

She is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father.
1256 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.
1257 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 1.

DISPARAGEMENT.

They praise, and they admire, they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other,
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise?
1258 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. iii. Line 52

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My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak; yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant, I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
1259 *Shaks.: Sonnet.* CXXX

DISPARITY.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare:
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
1260 *Shaks.: Pass. Pilgrim.* St. 12

DISPATCH — *see* **Decision.**

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.
1261 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act v. Sc. 3

DISPUTE — *see* **Controversy, Discord.**

'Tis strange how some men's tempers suit,
Like bawd and brandy, with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvass'd.
1262 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 1.

Some say, compared to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange that all this diff'rence should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.
1263 *J. Byrom: On the Feuds bet. Handel and Bononcini.*

DISSENSIONS.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government.
1264 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 6

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Alas? how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off.
1265 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem*

Dissensions, like small streams at first begun,
Unseen they rise, but gather as they run.
1266 *Garth: Dispensary.* Canto iii. Line 184

DISSENTERS—*see* **Methodists, Puritans.**

So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant, capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That first run all religion down,
And, after every swarm, its own.
1267 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 7

A little, round, fat, oily man of God.
1268 *Thomson: Castle of Indolence.* Canto i. St. 69.

DISSIMULATION—*see* **Deceit, Discretion, Duplicity.**

Away and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
1269 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 7.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies.
1270 *Shaks.: Sonnet.* cxxxviii.

Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem everything but what they are.
1271 *Goldsmith: Epilogue to The Sisters.*

DISSOLUTION.

Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.
1272 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act iv. Sc. 1

DISTANCE.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
1273 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. i. Line 7

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DISTINCTIONS.

There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war;
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A huffing off'cer and a slave;
A crafty lawyer and a pickpocket,
A great philosopher and a blockhead;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd physician and man-slayer.
1274 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto iii. Line 957.

DISTRUST.

The saddest thing that can befall a soul
Is when it loses faith in God and woman.
1275 *Alexander Smith: A Life Drama.* Sc. 12.

DOCTORS — *see* **Physic, Quacks, Sickness.**

By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.
1276 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act v. Sc. 5.

DOGS.

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are 'clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed.
1277 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

I am his Highness's dog at Kew!
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?
1278 *Pope: On the Collar of a Dog he gave to the Prince.*

DOMINION.

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.
1279 *Milton: Par Lost.* Bk. i. Line 261.

DOUBT — *see* **Irresolution.**

Modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.
1280 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.
1281 *Shaks.: M. for M* Act i. Sc. 5.

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He would not with a peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon his face his own;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes — presumes it may be so.
1282 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 121

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
1283 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. xcv. St. 3

DOVER CLIFFS.

How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice: and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high: I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
1284 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iv. Sc. 6

The dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea, . . .
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
1285 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 4

DRAMA.

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
1286 *Dr. Johnson: Pro. On Opening Drury Lane Theatre*

Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after.
1287 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 23

DREAMS.

I talk of dreams
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind.
1288 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act i. Sc. 4

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If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
1289 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act v. Sc. 1

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie.
1290 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act v. Sc. 4

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes.
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes:
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings:
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad;
Both are the reasonable soul run mad.
1291 *Dryden: Cock and the Fox.* Line 325

Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts;
They take a weight from off our waking toils;
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity.
1292 *Byron: Dream.* St. 1.

When to soft Sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak — little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye can mark
The thin, swift pinion cleaving through the gray.
1293 *T. B. Aldrich: Sonnet. Sleep.*

Dreams full oft are found of real events
The forms and shadows.
1294 *Joanna Baillie: Ethwald.* Act iii. Sc. 5.

One of those passing rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll,
In trance or slumber, round the soul.
1295 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Fire Worshippers*

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.
1296 *Hood: The Haunted House*

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DRESS.

Neat and trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reaped,
Showed like a stubble land at harvest home.
1297 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 3

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
1298 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
1299 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
1300 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
1301 *Thomson: Seasons. Autumn.* Line 202.

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
In short, my deary, kiss me! and be quiet.
1302 *Lady M. W. Montague: Summary of Lord Littleton's Advice.*

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
1303 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 614.

DRINKING — DRUNKENNESS.

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.
1304 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Oh, that men should put an enemy in
Their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we
Should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause,
Transform ourselves into beasts!
1305 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3

They were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet.
1306 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act iv. Sc. 1

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Sweet fellowship in shame;
One drunkard loves another of the name.
1307 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act iv. Sc. 3

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are,
With constant drinking, fresh and fair.
1308 *Anacreon (Cowley): Drinking.*

Why should ev'ry creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?
1309 *Anacreon (Cowley): Drinking.*

I drank; I lik'd it not; 'twas rage, 'twas noise,
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel, and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest.
1310 *Prior: Solomon.* Bk. ii. Line 106.

One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams.
1311 *Milton: Comus.* Line 811.

Give him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care,
There let him bouse and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.
1312 *Burns: Scotch Drink.*

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn.
1313 *Burns: Tam O'Shanter.* Line 105.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication;
Glory, the grape, love, gold — in these are sunk
The hopes of all men, and of every nation.
1314 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 179.

'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious.
1315 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iv. St. 52.

Fill full! Why this is as it should be: here
Is my true realm, amidst bright eyes and faces,
Happy as fair! Here sorrow cannot reach.
1316 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

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DRYDEN.

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
1317 *Pope:* Satire v. Line 267

DUELLING.

Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps.
1318 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto iii. Line 1

Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
1319 *Dr. Johnson: London.*

Men engage in it compell'd by force,
And fear not courage, is its proper source,
The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear
Lest fops should censure us, and fools should sneer.

. . . . . .

Am I to set my life upon a throw
Because a bear is rude and surly?—No—
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
1320 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 179

It has a strange, quick jar upon the ear,
This cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off or so.
1321 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iv. St. 41

DUNCE.

How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce, that has been kept at home.
1322 *Cowper: Prog. of Error.* Line 415

DUNDEE.

Oh! for a single hour of that Dundee,
Who on that day the word of onset gave.
1323 *Wordsworth: Sonnet. In the Pass of Killicranky*

DUPLICITY — *see* **Dissimulation.**

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.
1324 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 201

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O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side.
1325 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iii. Sc. 2

You are liberal in offers;
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.
1326 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1

Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.
1327 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire ii. Line 207

DUTY — *see* **Father, Mother, Parents.**

When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough:
I've done my duty, and I've done no more.
1328 *Fielding: Tom Thumb.* Act i. Sc. 3.

And rank for her meant duty, various,
Yet equal in its worth, done worthily.
Command was service; humblest service done
By willing and discerning souls was glory.
1329 *George Eliot: Agatha.*

Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart.
1330 *Robert Browning: Paracelsus.* Sc. 1.

Hath the spirit of all beauty
Kissed you in the path of duty?
1331 *Anna Katharine Green: On the Threshold.*

New occasions teach new duties.
1332 *James Russell Lowell: The Present Crisis.* St. 18.

E.

EAGLE.

He clasps the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands;
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands,
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.
1333 *Tennyson: The Eagle.*

EARLY RISING.

To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.
1334 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act iv. Sc. 4

EARTH.

Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
1355 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ix. Line 91

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EARTHQUAKES.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers.
1336 *Shaks.:* 1 *Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1

EASE.

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please.
1337 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. Line 27

EASTER.

'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
1338 *Longfellow: Spanish Student.* Act i. Sc. 3

EATING — *see* **Appetite, Dinner.**

He hath eaten me out of house and home.
1339 *Shaks.:* 2 *Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 1

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.
1340 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act v. Sc. 1

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.
1341 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4

A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you; Welcome all.
1342 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 4

Famish'd people must be slowly nurst,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.
1343 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 158

ECHO.

Echo waits with art and care
And will the faults of song repair.
1344 *Emerson: May-day.* Line 439.

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
. . . . . .
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
1345 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Pt. Second. ii. Line 56

Her voice is still living immortal, —
The same you have frequently heard,
In your rambles in valleys and forests,
Repeating your ultimate word!
1346 *J. G. Saxe: The Story of Echo*

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O love, they die, in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
1347 *Tennyson: The Princess.* Pt. iii. Song

ECONOMY.

Economy, the poor man's mint.
1348 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Society*

EDUCATION — *see* **Instruction, Knowledge, Learning.**

Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
1349 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 11

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes — that is, I mean,
When both the teacher, and the taught are young,
As was the case, at least, where I have been;
They smile so when one's right; and when one's wrong
They smile still more.
1350 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 164

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
1351 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 149

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
1352 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 15

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
1353 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. iii. Line 15

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
1354 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 1156

Oh ye, who teach th' ingenuous youth of nations —
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain —
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions;
It mends their morals: never mind the pain.
1355 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 1

She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
1356 *Byron: Sketch*

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EFFEMINACY.

Go! let thy less than woman's hand
Assume the distaff, not the brand.
1357 *Byron: Bride of Ab.* Canto i St. 4

ELYSIUM.

The far Hesperides,
The islands of the blest,
Where no turbulent billows roar, —
Where is rest.
1358 *E. C. Stedman: The Old Admiral.* St. 6

EGG.

The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg.
1359 *Pope:* Satire vi. Line 85

ELOQUENCE—*see* **Oratory, Rhetoric.**

Aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
1360 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.
1361 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act i. Sc. 1.

His tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.
1362 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 113.

Dead falls the cause, if once the hand be mute;
But let that speak, the client gets the suit.
1363 *Herrick: Aph. Bribes and Gifts get All*

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
1364 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 109

Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall throne thee with archangels.
1365 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Speaking.*

Oft the hours
From morn to eve have stol'n unmark'd away,
While mute attention hung upon his lips.
1366 *Akenside: Pl. of Imagination.* Bk. ii. Line 187

While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
1367 *Goldsmith: Deserted Village.* Line 213

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The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.
1368 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xv. St. 13

EMIGRATION—*see* **Exile.**

Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
1369 *Goldsmith: Deserted Village.* Line 403

EMINENCE—*see* **Envy, Fame.**

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapp'd in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
1370 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 45

ENDURANCE—*see* **Perseverance.**

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe;
And make his wrongs his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
1371 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iii. Sc. 5

'Tis not now who's stout and bold?
But who bears hunger best, and cold?
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving.
1372 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto iii. Line 353

ENEMY.

Yourself who are your greatest foe.
1373 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. ii. 3

ENERGY—*see* **Decision.**

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.
1374 *Herrick: Aph. Seek and Find*

Let us, then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
1375 *Longfellow: Psalm of Life*

ENGLAND—*see* **Britain.**

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom, . . .
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
1376 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 4

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O England! — model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart, —
What mightst thou do, that honor would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
1377 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act 1. *Chorus*

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

. . . . . .

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.
1378 *Shaks.: King John.* Act v. Sc 7

England is safe, if true within itself.

. . . . . .

'Tis better using France than trusting France.
1379 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 1

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune.
1380 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 1

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
1381 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Prithee think
There's livers out of Britain.
1382 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act iii. Sc. 4

Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.
1383 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror and delight
Of distant nations: whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.
1384 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 1597

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms.
1385 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 356

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Most brilliant star upon the crest of Time
Is England. England!
1386 *Alexander Smith: An Evening at Home.*

England, a happy land we know,
Where follies naturally grow,
Where without culture they arise,
And tow'r above the common size.
1387 *Churchill: Ghost.* Bk. i. Line 111.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still;
My country! and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bowers.
1388 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 206.

England! my country, great and free!
Heart of the world, I leap to thee!
1389 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *The Surface.*

England, our Mother's Mother! Come, and see
A greater England here! O come, and be
At home with us, your children, for there runs
The same blood in our veins as in your sons;
The same deep-seated love of Liberty
Beats in our hearts. We speak the same good tongue:
Familiar with all songs your bards have sung:
Those large men, Milton, Shakespeare, both are ours.
1390 *R. H. Stoddard: Guests of the State.*

ENMITY—*see* **Envy, Hatred.**

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
1391 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Lands, intersected by a narrow frith,
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
1392 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 16.

ENNUI.

Ennui is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language: we retort
The fact for words, but let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate.
1393 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiii. St. 101.

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ENTHUSIASM.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had:
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
1394 *Pope:* Satire iv. Line 96

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,
Till half mankind were like himself possess'd.
1395 *Cowper: Prog. of Error.* Line 470

Rash enthusiasm, in good society,
Were nothing but a moral inebriety.
1396 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiii. Line 35.

ENVY.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it.
1397 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 3

Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards.
1398 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Envy not greatness; for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm: yet such jealousy
As hurts not others but may make thee better,
Is a good spur.
1399 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 44.

With that malignant envy, which turns pale
And sickens, even if a friend prevail;
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate.
1400 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 127

Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.
1401 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 44.

Envy's a sharper spur than pay,
No author ever spar'd a brother.
1402 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 10.

To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.
1403 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 11

In beauty faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
1404 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 11

Canst thou discern another's mind?
What is't you envy? Envy's blind;
Tell envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.
1405 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 15

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Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.
1406 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 266

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
1407 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 284

So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that's valiant, handsome, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd.
1408 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto ii. Line 23.

Even her tyranny had such a grace,
The women pardon'd all except her face.
1409 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 118.

EPIGRAM.

Two millers thin, called Bone and Skin
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.
1410 *John Byrom: On Two Monopolists.*

EPITAPHS.

From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer:
. . . . . .
And to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give, he died fearing God.
1411 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

Here she lies a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood;
Who, as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth, that lightly covers her.
1412 *Herrick: Aph. Upon a Child that Died.*

Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
1413 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 106.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned.
1414 *Pope: Elegy to Mem. of Unfortunate Lady.* Line 51.

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So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame.
How lov'd, how honor'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee —
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
1415 *Pope: Elegy to Mem. of Unfortunate Lady.* Line 89

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.
1416 *Pope: Epitaph on Harcourt*

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;
A heart within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues loved to dwell:
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind:
Her infant image here below
Sits smiling on a father's woe.
1417 *Gray: Epitaph on Mrs. Jane Clerke*

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere:
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend,
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.
1418 *Gray: Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Epitaph.*

These are two friends whose lives were undivided;
So let their memory be, now they have glided
Under the grave; let not their bones be parted,
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.
1419 *Shelley: Epitaph.*

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?
1420 *Prior: Ep. Extempore.*

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EQUALITY.

Who can in reason, then, or right, assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals, if in pow'r and splendor less,
In freedom equal?

1421 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. v Line 794

The trickling rain doth fall
Upon us one and all;
The south wind kisses
The saucy milkmaid's cheek,
The nun's demure and meek,
Nor any misses.

1422 *E. C. Stedman: A Madrigal.* St 2

EQUIVOCATION.

I do not like "but yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet":
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.

1423 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act ii. Sc. 5

ERROR—*see* Fault.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

1424 *Dryden: All for Love. Prologue.* Line 25

Shall Error in the round of time
Still father Truth?

1425 *Tennyson: Love and Duty*

When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long;
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.

1426 *Prior: Alma.* Canto iii. Line 190

Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil;
In the heart of the wise and good, alike with the wicked and foolish;
For there is no error so crooked, but it hath in it some lines of truth.

1427 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Truth in Things False*

Error is worse than ignorance.

1428 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *A Mountain*

ETERNITY.

Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.

1429 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. xii. Line 555

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

1430 *Addison: Cato* Act v Sc. 1.

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Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried beings,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass.
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
1431 *Addison: Cato.* Act v. Sc. 1

ETIQUETTE.

There's nothing in the world like etiquette
In kingly chambers, or imperial halls,
As also at the race and county balls.
1432 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 103

EVENING — *see* **Night, Sunset, Twilight.**

Now came still evening on; and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
1433 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 598

The pale child, Eve, leading her mother, Night.
1434 *Alexander Smith: A Life Drama.* Sc. 8

The sun has lost his rage, his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth;
And vital lustre, that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy.
1435 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 1378

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
1436 *Longfellow: The Day is Done*

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.
1437 *Longfellow: The Day is Done*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.
1438 *Gray: Elegy.* St. 1

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Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
1439 *Goldsmith: Deserted Village.* Line 113

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
1440 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 36

Come, evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step, slow moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day.
1441 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 243

It was an evening bright and still
As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.
1442 *Moore: Loves of Angels. Second Angel's Story.*

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.
1443 *Moore: How Dear to Me the Hour*

The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the gray air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep;
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its silent dream.
1444 *Shelley: Evening*

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It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
1445 *Byron Parisina.* **St. 1**

EVIL — *see* **Crime, Vice.**

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
1446 *Shaks.: Henry V.* **Act iv. Sc. 1**

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
1447 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* **Act i. Sc. 3**

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
1448 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* **Act iii. Sc. 2**

Nought is so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
1449 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* **Act ii. Sc. 3**

Farewell hope! and with hope, farewell fear!
Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's king I hold.
1450 *Milton: Par. Lost.* **Bk. iv. Line 108.**

Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
Leaving it richer for the growth of truth.
1451 *James Russell Lowell. Prometheus.*

But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.
1452 *Hood: Lady's Dream.*

EXAGGERATION.

Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage.
1453 *Butler: Hudibras.* **Pt. i. Canto i. Line 847**

EXAMPLE.

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.
1454 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* **Act iii. Sc. 2**

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
1455 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* **Act v. Sc. 1**

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Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads.
1456 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i Sc. 3.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.
1457 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act i. Sc. 1.

By his life alone,
Gracious and sweet, the better way was shown.
1458 *Whittier: The Pennsylvania Pilgrim.*

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
1459 *Longfellow: Psalm of Life.*

EXCELLENCE.

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.
1460 *Emerson: Threnody.* Line 266.

EXCESS — *see* **Extremes, Satiety.**

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
1461 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
1462 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 6.

Violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light Vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
1463 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act. ii. Sc. 1.

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A surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.
1464 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act ii. Sc. 3

EXCLAMATIONS.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
1465 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 4.

O, my prophetic soul! mine uncle!
1466 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5.

Think of that, Master Brook.
1467 *Shaks.: Mer. W. of W.* Act iii. Sc. 5.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen.
1468 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 330.

Whence and what art thou, execrable Shape?
1469 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 681.

EXCULPATION.

The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.
1470 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3.

EXCUSES.

Oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patched.
1471 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

EXECUTION.

I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
1472 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

See they suffer death;
But in their deaths remember they are men;
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
1473 *Addison: Cato.* Act iii. Sc. 5.

EXILE—*see* **Emigration.**

Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the Western main.
1474 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 407

Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon:
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.
1475 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. xii. Line 64[illegible]

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O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil? these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods, where I had hop'd to spend;
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both?
1476 *Milton · Par. Lost.* Bk. xi. Line 268.

I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.
1477 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 1.

Home, kindred, friends, and country — these
Are things with which we never part;
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,
We bear them with us in our heart:
And yet! 'tis hard to feel resign'd,
When they must all be left behind!
1478 *Montgomery: Farewell to a Missionary*

EXPANSION.

The small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads.
1479 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 364.

As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance.
1480 *Pope: Temple of Fame.* Line 436.

EXPECTATION.

How slow
This old moon wanes: she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
1481 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act i. Sc. 1.

"Yet doth he live!" exclaims th' impatient heir,
And sighs for sables which he must not wear.
1482 *Byron: Lara.* Canto i. St 3

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EXPEDITION.

Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charged,
That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renewed with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
1483 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 1004.

EXPERIENCE.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
1484 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
1485 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act i. Sc. 3.

To wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their school-masters.
1486 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men experience call;
If wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
1487 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 376.

Experience, join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.
1488 *Matthew Green: Spleen.* Line 312.

To Truth's house there is a single door,
Which is Experience. He teaches best,
Who feels the hearts of all men in his breast,
And knows their strength or weakness through his own.
1489 *Bayard Taylor: Tempt. of Hassan Ben Khaled.* St. 3.

Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
1490 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. i. St. 1.

EXPRESSION.

There's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
1491 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iv. Sc. 5.

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But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
1492 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 115

EXTRAVAGANCE.

Extravagance, the rich man's pitfall.
1493 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Society*

EXTREMES — *see* **Disease, Excess.**

Thus each extreme to equal danger tends,
Plenty, as well as want, can sep'rate friends.
1494 *Cowley: Davideis.* Bk. iii. Line 205

Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use.
1495 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 161

The fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read as well as books, too much.
1496 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 9

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme.
1497 *Pope: Odyssey.* Bk. xv. Line 79

EYES — *see* **Beauty, Face.**

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
1498 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
1499 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
1500 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act iii. Sc. 5

Thou tell'st me, there is murther in mine eye:
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes, — that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies, —
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers!
1501 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act iii. Sc. 5

From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the true Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.
1502 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act iv. Sc. 3

But her's, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.
1503 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 491

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If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces;
The age to come would say, "This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."
1504 *Shaks.: Sonnet.* xvii

Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given
To be ador'd than to adore —
Such eyes as may have look'd from heaven,
But ne'er were rais'd to it before!
1505 *Moore: Loves of the Angels. Third Angel's Story*

In her eyes a thought
Grew sweeter and sweeter, deepening like the dawn, —
A mystical forewarning.
1506 *T. B. Aldrich: Pythagoras.*

Her eyes, fair eyes, like to the purest lights
That animate the sun or cheer the day;
In whom the shining sunbeams brightly play,
Whiles Fancy doth on them divine delights.
1507 *Rob't Greene: From Menaphon. Menaphon's Eclogue*

On women Nature did bestow two eyes,
Like heaven's bright lamps, in matchless beauty shining,
Whose beams do soonest captivate the wise
And wary heads, made rare by art's refining.
1508 *Robert Greene: From Philomela. Sonnet.*

Nature, foreseeing how men would devise
More wiles than Proteus, women to entice,
Granted them two, and those bright shining eyes,
To pierce into man's faults if they were wise;
For they with show of virtue mask their vice:
Therefore to women's eyes belong these gifts,
The one must love, the other see men's shifts.
1509 *Robert Greene: From Philomela. Answer.*

Knowledge stands on my experience: all outside its narrow hem,
Free surmise may sport and welcome.
1510 *Robert Browning: La Saisiaz.* Line 274.

There are eyes half defiant,
Half meek and compliant;
Black eyes, with a wondrous, witching charm
To bring us good or to work us harm.
1511 *Phœbe Cary: Doves' Eyes.*

Thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,
Shine like jewels in a shroud.
1512 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. iv

Within her tender eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light.
1513 *Longfellow: Spirit of Poetry*

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Dear eyes! — do not my heart forsake!
Shine, like the stars within the lake, —
Shine, and the darksome shadows break.
1514 *Augustine J. H. Duganne: Love's Eyes.*

Her eye (I am very fond of handsome eyes),
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either; and there would arise,
A something in them which was not desire,
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul,
Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole.
1515 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 60.

Say, what other metre is it
Than the meeting of the eyes?
Nature poureth into nature
Through the channels of that feature
Riding on the ray of sight,
Fleeter far than whirlwinds go,
Or for service, or delight,
Hearts to hearts their meaning show.
1516 *Emerson: The Visit.*

True eyes
Too pure and too honest in aught to disguise
The sweet soul shining thro' them.
1517 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. St. 3.

Those dark eyes — so dark and so deep!
1518 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. i. Canto vi. St. 4.

Eyes that were fountains of thought and song!
1519 *Bayard Taylor: Epicedium.* St. 4.

Thine eyes are springs in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen.
1520 *William Cullen Bryant: Oh! Fairest of the Rural Maids.*

Eyes that shame the violet,
Or the dark drop that on the pansy lies.
1521 *William Cullen Bryant: Spring in Town.*

Soul-deep eyes of darkest night.
1522 *Joaquin Miller: Californian.* Pt. iv.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.
1523 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. xxxii. St. 1.

The bright black eye, the melting blue, —
I cannot choose between the two.
1524 *Oliver Wendell Holmes: The Dilemma.*

These poor eyes, you called, I ween,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."
1525 *Mrs. Browning: Catarina to Camoens.*

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F.

FACE — *see* **Beauty, Eyes.**

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
1526 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc 4

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every several lineament,
. . . . . .
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
1527 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act i. Sc 3

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
1528 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto ii. Line 17

Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
The women pardoned all, except her face.
1529 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 113.

His face was of that doubtful kind,
That wins the eye but not the mind.
1530 *Scott: Rokeby.* Canto v. St. 16.

Unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,
. . . . . .
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads.
1531 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act v. Sc. 2.

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
1532 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in it: tho' thy tackle's torn,
Thou showest a noble vessel.
1533 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act iv. Sc. 5.

Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters.
1534 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 5

Her face betokened all things dear and good,
The light of somewhat yet to come was there
Asleep, and waiting for the opening day,
When childish thoughts, like flowers, would drift away.
1535 *Jean Ingelow: Margaret in the Xebec.* St. 57

A cheek, whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray.
1536 *Byron: Pris. of Chillon.* St. 8

The light upon her face
Shines from the windows of another world.
Saints only have such faces.
1537 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. ii. 6

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Faces! — O my God,
We call those, faces? men's and women's . . . ay,
And children's; — babies, hanging like a rag
Forgotten on their mother's neck — poor mouths,
Wiped clean of mother's milk by mother's blow,
Before they are taught her cursing. Faces? . . . phew.
We'll call them vices festering to despairs,
Or sorrows petrifying to vices: not
A finger-touch of God left whole on them;
All ruined, lost — the countenance worn out
As the garments, the will dissolute as the act,
The passions loose and draggling in the dirt
To trip the foot up at the first free step!
1538 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. iv. Line 593

FAIRIES.

This is the fairy land; O spite of spites,
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites.
1539 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Faery elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest-side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
1540 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 781

FAITH — *see* **Confidence, Religion.**

If faith produce no works, I see
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow,
No separate life they e'er can know:
They're soul and body, hand and heart; —
What God hath join'd, let no man part.
1541 *Hannah More: Dan and Jane*

His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right.
1542 *Cowley: On Crashaw*

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
1543 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iii. Line 305

The great world's altar-stairs,
That slope thro' darkness up to God.
1544 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. liv. St. 4

Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form.
1545 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. xxxiii. St. 1

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Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.
1546 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act ii Sc. 1

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun.
1547 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Line 721

Faith is the subtle chain
That binds us to the infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within.
1548 *Elizabeth Oakes Smith: Faith*

Faith is a higher faculty than reason.
1549 *Bailey: Festus.* Proem. Line 84

FAITHFULNESS.

He's true to God who's true to man.
1550 *Jas. Russell Lowell: On Capt. of Fugitive Slaves.* St. 7

FALL.

Some falls are means the happier to arise.
1551 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

FALSITY — *see* **Deceit, Hypocrisy, Lies.**

As false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth;
As fox to lamb; as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son.
1552 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Had she been true,
If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
1553 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes.
1554 *Addison: Cato.* Act iv. Sc 4

FAME — *see* **Glory, Honor, Reputation.**

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs.
1555 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act i. Sc. 1

Then shall our names
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
. . . . . .
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
1556 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 3

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.
1557 *Shaks.: Titus A.* Act i. Sc. 2

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Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
1558 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.
1559 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 2

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
1560 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
1561 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?
1562 *Cowley: Motto.*

Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds:
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.
1563 *Milton: Samson Agonistes.* Line 971.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.
1564 *Milton: Lycidas.* Line 70.

There is a tall long-sided dame, —
But wondrous light — ycleped Fame,
That like a thin chameleon boards
Herself on air, and eats her words;
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist.
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies.
1565 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 45

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind;
Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!
1566 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 281

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, even before our death.
1567 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 287

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As yet a child, nor yet a rook to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
1568 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 127

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call:
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.
1569 *Pope: Temple of Fame.* Line 513

Men the most infamous are fond of fame;
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.
1570 *Churchill: The Author.* Line 233

Fame is a public mistress, none enjoys,
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys.
1571 *Young: Epis. to Pope.* Epis. i. Line 25

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
The man that makes a character, makes foes.
1572 *Young: Epis. to Pope.* Epis. i. Line 27

For what is fame
But the benignant strength of One, transformed
To joy of Many?
1573 *George Eliot: Armgart.* Sc. 1

There was a morning when I longed for fame,
There was a noontide when I passed it by,
There is an evening when I think not shame
Its substance and its being to deny;
For if men bear in mind great deeds, the name
Of him that wrought them shall they leave to die;
Or if his name they shall have deathless writ,
They change the deeds that first ennobled it.
1574 *Jean Ingelow: The Star's Monument.* St. 81

He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
1575 *Dr. Johnson: Van. of Hum. Wishes.* Line 221

The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor and the laurell'd bard,
Those bold insurancers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
1576 *Blair: Grave.* Line 185

Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,
With all-subduing time; his cankering hand
With calm, deliberate malice wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
1577 *Blair: Grave.* Line 200

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?
1578 *Beattie: Minstrel.* Bk. i. St. 1

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Fame is the thirst of youth, — but I am not
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
I stood and stand alone, remember'd or forgot.
1579 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 112

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.
1580 *Byron: From his Life by Moore.* Chap. xiv.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.
1581 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto viii. St. 3.

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper;
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapor;
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.
1582 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 218.

'Tis as a snowball, which derives assistance
From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow;
But after all 'tis nothing but cold snow.
1583 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iv. St. 100.

What of them is left, to tell
Where they lie, and how they fell?
Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves;
But they live in the verse that immortally saves.
1584 *Byron: Siege of Corinth.* St. 25.

Who grasp'd at earthly fame,
Grasp'd wind; nay worse, a serpent grasp'd, that through
His hand slid smoothly, and was gone; but left
A sting behind which wrought him endless pain.
1585 *Pollok: Course of Time.* Bk. iii. Line 533.

Fame lulls the fever of the soul, and makes
Us feel that we have grasp'd an immortality.
1586 *Joaquin Miller: Ina.* Sc. 4.

Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds.
1587 *Longfellow: Tales of a Wayside Inn. Bell of A.* Line 113.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time; —

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
1588 *Longfellow: Psalm of Life.*

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FAMILIARITY.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.

1589 *Cowper: Friendship.* 22

FAMILY.

A lady with her daughters or her nieces,
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.

1590 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 60

FANCY — *see* **Imagination.**

Tell me, where is fancy bred;
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishéd?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed: and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

1591 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2. *Song*

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.

1592 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 3

Two meanings have our lightest fantasies,
One of the flesh, and of the spirit one.

1593 *James Russell Lowell: Sonnet* xxxiv. *Ed.* 1844

Fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

1594 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 118.

Woe to the youth whom fancy gains,
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,
Pity and woe! for such a mind
Is soft, contemplative, and kind.

1595 *Scott: Rokeby.* Canto i. St. 31.

FAREWELL — *see* **Adieu, Haste, Parting.**

Farewell! Farewell! Through keen delights
It strikes two hearts, this word of woe.
Through every joy of life it smites, —
Why, sometime they will know.

1596 *Mary Clemmer: Farewell*

Farewell! The lonely word that parts
Binds two in silence ever fast;
Each throbs to each, these sundered hearts,
One in the sacred past.

1597 *Mary Clemmer: Farewell*

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Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.
1598 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort.
1599 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For others' weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
1600 *Byron: Farewell! If Ever Fondest Prayer.*

Let's not unman each other — part at once;
All farewells should be sudden, when forever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.
1601 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act v. Sc. 1

Farewell!
For in that word, — that fatal word, — howe'er
We promise — hope — believe, — there breathes despair.
1602 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto i. St. 15

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor hope nor memory yield their aid,
But time may teach me to forget thee.
1603 *Byron: To a Lady*

One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
1604 *Byron: One Struggle More and I am Free.*

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well:
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
1605 *Byron: Fare Thee Well.*

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for ev'ry fate.
1606 *Byron To Tom Moore*

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Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been:
A sound which makes us linger; — yet — farewell!
1607 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 186

FASHION — *see* **Dress.**

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.
1608 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iii. Sc. 3

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers!
1609 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Nothing is thought rare
Which is not new and follow'd: yet we know
That what was worn some twenty years ago
Comes into grace again.
1610 *Beaumont and Fletcher. Prologue to Noble Gent.*

And as the French we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers.
1611 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto iii. Line 923

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
1612 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 135

Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may use,
Their knavery and folly to excuse.
1613 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 455

FATE — *see* **Fortune, Futurity, Providence.**

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
1614 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 3

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
1615 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 2.

He must needs go that the devil drives.
1616 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit;
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row — w'are steer'd by fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
1617 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 877

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
1618 *Dryden: MacFlecknoe.* Line 1

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Whatever is, is in its causes just,
Since all things are by fate; but purblind man
Sees but a part o' th' chain, — the nearest link,
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
That poises all above.
1619 *Dryden: Œdipus.* Act iii. Sc. 3

Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done,
And better bear like men, than vainly seem to shun.
1620 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. i. Line 249.

Those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.
1621 *Dryden: Hind and Panther.* Pt. iii. Line 2387.

Fate holds the strings, and Men like Children, move
But as they're led: Success is from above.
1622 *Lord Lansdowne: Heroic Love.* Act v. Sc. 1.

This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin.
1623 *Whittier: The Crisis.* St. 10.

Who can answer where any road leads to?
1624 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. i. Canto vi. St. 21.

Alas, by what rude fate
Our lives, like ships at sea, are instant meet,
Then part forever on their courses fleet!
1625 *E. C. Stedman: Blameless Prince.* St. 51.

Fulfil thy fate! Be — do — bear — and thank God.
1626 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Heaven.*

The heart is its own
Fate.
1627 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Wood and Water.*

Man, tho' limited
By fate, may vainly think his actions free,
While all he does, was at his hour of birth,
Or by his gods, or potent stars ordain'd.
1628 *Rowe: Royal Convert.* Act i. Sc. 1

Heaven from all creatures hides the Book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh! blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n,
Who sees, with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.
1629 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. i. Line 77

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Seek not thou to find
The sacred counsels of almighty mind;
Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.
1630 *Pope: Iliad.* Bk. i. Line 704.

My fate depends alone on you,
I am but what you make me:
Divinely blest if you prove true,
Undone if you forsake me.
1631 *Bohn: Ms.*

Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread;
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.
1632 *Cowper: Raven.* Line 36.

O beautiful, awful Summer day,
What hast thou given, what taken away?
Life and death, and love and hate,
Homes made happy or desolate,
Hearts made sad or gay!
1633 *Longfellow: Sundown.*

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time:
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
1634 *Longfellow: The Builders.* St. 1.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.
1635 *Longfellow: T. of a Wayside Inn. Elizabeth.* Pt. iv.

He must needs go that the devil drives.
1636 *George Peele: Edward I.*

Fair or foul the lot apportioned life on earth, we bear alike.
1637 *Robert Browning: La Saisiaz.* Line 199.

Things are where things are, and, as fate has willed,
So shall they be fulfilled.
1638 *Robert Browning: Agamemnon.*

FATHER—*see* **Child, Mother, Parents.**

It is a wise father that knows his own child.
1639 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table.
1640 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act iv. Sc. 3

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To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
1641 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act i. Sc. 1

Fathers that wear rags do make their children blind:
But fathers that bear bags shall see their children kind.
1642 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

If there be a human tear
From passion's dross refin'd and clear,
. . . . . .
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.
1643 *Scott: Lady of the Lake.* Canto ii. St. 22

The child is father of the man.
1644 *Wordsworth: My Heart Leaps Up.* Line 7.

FAULTS—*see* **Error.**

Oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more, in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
1645 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun;
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud;
All men make faults.
1646 *Shaks.: Sonnet* xxxv.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find:
To our own stronger errors blind.
1647 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable xxxviii.

FAVOR.

Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
1648 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iii. Sc. 4

Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve.
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favors.
1649 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act v. Sc. 4

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'Tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first.
1650 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 1

'Tis ever thus when favors are denied;
All had been granted but the thing we beg;
And still some great unlikely substitute,
Your life, your soul, your all of earthly good,
Is proffer'd in the room of one small boon.
1651 *Joanna Baillie: Basil.* Act ii. Sc. 2

FAWNING — *see* **Flattery, Hypocrisy.**

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.
1652 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2

You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
1653 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act v. Sc. 2

FEAR — *see* **Alarm, Danger.**

In time we hate that which we often fear.
1654 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act i. Sc. 3

What read you there
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?
1655 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature?
1656 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 3

Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
1657 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 4.

When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
1658 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

Those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear.
1659 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 3.

There is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.
1660 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 1

Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd.
1661 *Shaks.: 1 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 2

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So, though he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste;
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
1662 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto iii. Line 63

The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.
1663 *Dryden: Theodore and Honoria.* Line 336

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens ev'ry power.
1664 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 286

Must I consume my life — this little life,
In guarding against all may make it less?
It is not worth so much! — it were to die
Before my hour, to live in dread of death.
1665 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act i. Sc. 1

'Tis well, my soul shakes off its load of care;
'Tis only the obscure is terrible,
Imagination frames events unknown,
In wild fantastic shapes of hideous ruin,
And what it fears creates.
1666 *Hannah More: Belshazzar.* Pt. i

FEASTING — *see* **Dinner.**

The latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.
1667 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 2

Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is — to dine.
1668 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire iii. Line 75

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale.
1669 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 17

FEELING.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till wak'd and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts — touch them but lightly — pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.
1670 *Rogers: Human Life*

The deepest ice which ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close;
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows, and cannot cease to flow.
1671 *Byron: Parisina.* St. 20

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But spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.
1672 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 961

Their cause I plead, — plead it in heart and mind,
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.
1673 *Garrick: Prologue on Quitting the Stage. June*, 1776

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
1674 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Pt. Second. ii. Line 112.

FEET — *see* **Dancing.**

Like snails did creep her pretty feet
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.
1675 *Herrick: Aph. Upon Her Feet.*

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flow'r dash'd the dew;
Ev'n the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.
1676 *Scott: Lady of the Lake.* Canto i. St. 18

FICKLENESS — *see* **Deceit, Flirtation.**

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
1677 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. Line 545

Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades — "How charming is a park?"
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears — "O odious, odious trees!"
1678 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 37

FICTION — *see* **Books.**

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
1679 *Churchill: Epis. to Hogarth.* Line 291

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FIDELITY — *see* **Constancy, Faith.**

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
1680 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act ii. Sc. 7.

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
1681 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.
1682 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

Well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And, for the testimony of truth, hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence.
1683 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. vi. Line 29

Faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrified
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind.
1684 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. v. Line 896.

Flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone, thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.
1685 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ix. Line 914.

Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him.
1686 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto ii. Line 369.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.
1687 *Henry Vaughan: Rules and Lessons.* St. 8.

Where is honor,
Innate and precept-strengthen'd, 'tis the rock
Of faith connubial: where it is not — where
Light thoughts are lurking, or the vanities
Of worldly pleasure rankle in the heart,
Or sensual throbs convulse it.
1688 *Byron: Mar. Faliero.* Act ii. Sc. 1

Years have not seen, Time shall not see,
The hour that tears my soul from thee.
1689 *Byron: Bride of Ab.* Canto i. St. 11

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Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away!
Thou would'st still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And, around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!
1690 *Moore: Believe Me if All Those, etc.*

FIGHTING — *see* Battle, Duelling.

I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
1691 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc 3

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crabtree and old iron rang;
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline.
1692 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto ii. Line 831.

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
1693 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 34.

He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.
1694 *Goldsmith: Art of Poetry*

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
1695 *Campbell: Hohenlinden.* St. 7

FIRES.

Fire, that's closest kept, burns most of all.
1696 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act i. Sc. 2

FLAGS.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?
1697 *Joseph Rodman Drake: The American Flag*

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A song for our banner? The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
"United we stand — divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes — the union of lands —
The union of States none can sever —
The union of hearts — the union of hands —
And the Flag of our Union forever!
1698 *George P. Morris: Flag of Our Union*

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
1699 *Oliver Wendell Holmes: Metrical Essay.*

Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.
1700 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 535.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
1701 *Campbell: Mariners of England.*

FLATTERY — *see* **Courtship.**

By heav'n I cannot flatter: I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself;
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
1702 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
1703 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.
1704 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!
1705 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act i. Sc. 2.

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident;
Or Jove for his power to thunder.
1706 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
1707 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

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No vizor does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.
1708 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act iv. Sc. 4

When I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flatter'd.
1709 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act ii. Sc. 1

Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant;
And, of all tame — a flatterer.
1710 *Ben Jonson: Sejanus.* Act i. Sc 2

Leave flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom when they praise the world believes no more,
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
1711 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. iii. Line 33

But flattery never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word.
Impossibilities seem just,
They take the strongest praise on trust;
Hyperboles, tho' ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.
1712 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 18

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet, now and then, your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
1713 *Swift: Cadenus and Vanessa.* Line 755

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And, (stranger still,) of blockheads' flattery;
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.
1714 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire i. Line 89

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
1715 *Goldsmith: Retaliation.* Line 109

Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,
Save he who courts the flattery.
1716 *Hannah More: Daniel.* Pt. iii.

FLIRTATION — *see* **Coquette, Fickleness.**

Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing,
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.
1717 *Campbell: Maid's Remonstrance.*

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The trifling of his favors,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.
1718 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But, while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say.
1719 *Gay: Beggar's Opera.* Act ii. Sc. 2

FLOWERS.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower, —
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound, —
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
1720 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act ii. Sc. 2

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
1721 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act ii. Sc. 2

The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds.
1722 *William Cullen Bryant: Death of the Flowers.*

Flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered.
1723 *William Cullen Bryant: Antiquity of Freedom.*

Whence come the beauteous progeny of spring!
— They hear a still, small voice, "Awake!"
And while the lark is on the wing,
From dust and darkness break;
Flowers of all hues
Laugh in the gale,
Sparkle with dews,
And dance o'er hill and dale.
1724 *James Montgomery: In Mem. of Rev. Jas. Harvey*

As timid violets lade the ambient air
With their heart's richest fragrance, unaware
The fragrance whispers that the flower is there.
1725 *Anna Katharine Green: Isabel Maynor*

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.
1726 *Chris. G. Rossetti: Consider the Lilies of the Field.*

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Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.
1727 *Longfellow: Flowers*

May-flowers blooming around him.
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness.
1728 *Longfellow: Courtship of M. Standish.* Pt. iii. Line 26

Thanks to the human heart, by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
1729 *Wordsworth: Intimations of Immortality.* St. 11.

These children of the meadows, born
Of sunshine and of showers!
1730 *Whittier: Flowers in Winter.*

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears.
1731 *J. G. Percival: Language of the Flowers.*

In every flower that blooms around,
Some pleasing emblem we may trace;
Young love is in the myrtle found,
And memory in the pansy's grace.
Peace in the olive-branch we see,
Hope in the half-shut iris glows,
In the bright laurel victory!
And lovely woman in the rose.
1732 *Chazet: Ms*

FOE — *see* **Enemy, Friendship.**

Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend.
1733 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 205

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.
1734 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 283

He makes no friend who never made a foe.
1735 *Tennyson: Elaine.* Line 1083

Wits are safe things; there's danger in a fool.
1736 *Churchill: The Journey.* Line 98

FOLLY.

Fools, to talking ever prone
Are sure to make their follies known.
1737 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 4.

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This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
1738 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool.
1739 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act ii. Sc. 1

In his brain —
Which is as dry as the remainder-biscuit
After a voyage — he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.
1740 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen.
1741 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act ii. Sc. 1

She was a wight, — if ever such wights were, —
. . . . . .
To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.
1742 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 1

Every inch that is not fool, is rogue.
1743 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. ii. Line 463

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise.
1744 *Dryden: Cymon and Iphigenia.* Line 107

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
1745 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire iv. Line 105

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.
1746 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Line 842.

'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,
A fool must now and then be right by chance.
1747 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 95

A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask;
. . . . . .
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home.
1748 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 297

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Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
1749 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 15

No creature smarts so little as a fool.
1750 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 84.

FOP — *see* **Coxcomb, Dandy.**

Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.
1751 *Pope:* Satire viii. Line 258.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
1752 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 315

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard:
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
1753 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. iii. Line 62.

FORBEARANCE.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your padlock on her mind.
1754 *Prior: English Padlock.* Line 78

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
1755 *Cowper: Mutual Forbearance*

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
1756 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 648.

FORESIGHT — *see* **Futurity.**

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
1757 *Campbell: Lochiel's Warning.* Line 55

FOREST.

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever-new delight;
They give us peace, and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong:
So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease
Under the trees, under the trees.
1758 *R. H. Stoddard: Under the Trees*

This is the forest primeval.
1759 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Introduction

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Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,
Hills that once had stood
Down their sides the shadows throwing
Of a mighty wood.
1760 *Whittier: The Fountain.* St. 13

FORGETFULNESS.

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.
1761 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act v. Sc. 3

FORGIVENESS — *see* **Mercy, Pardon.**

Let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe.
1762 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. x. Line 958

Pardon, not Wrath, is God's best attribute.
1763 *Bayard Taylor: Tempt. of Hassan Ben Khaled.* St. 11.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts:
Old age is slow in both.
1764 *Addison: Cato.* Act ii. Sc. 5

Good-nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.
1765 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 324.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
1766 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Home*

O ye good women, it is hard to leave
The paths of virtue, and return again.
What if this sinner wept, and none of you
Comforted her? . . . But I beseech
Your patience. Once in old Jerusalem
A woman kneeled at consecrated feet,
Kissed them, and washed them with her tears. What then?
I think that yet our Lord is pitiful:
I think I see the castaway e'en now!
1767 *Jean Ingelow: Brothers and a Sermon.* Line 696.

Good, to forgive;
Best to forget!
1768 *Robert Browning: La Saisiaz.* Prologue.

I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
1769 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 2

FORMALITY — *see* **Quakers.**

Oh, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart!
1770 *Tennyson: Locksley Hall.* St. 47

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There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
1771 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 1

FORTITUDE.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
1772 *Addison: Cato.* Act ii Sc. 1

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolate bosoms: mute
The camel labors with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence: Not bestow'd
In vain should such examples be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear — it is but for a day.
1773 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 21

A minute past, and she had been all tears,
And tenderness, and infancy; but now
She stood as one who champion'd human fears:—
Pale, statue-like, and stern, she woo'd the blow.
1774 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iv. St. 43

FORTUNE — *see* **Decision, Misfortune, Unfortunate.**

This accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust.
1775 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food, —
Such as are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach, — such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
1776 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 4

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load.
1777 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iii. Sc. 7

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When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
1778 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iii. Sc. 4

Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.
1779 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please.
1780 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,
Hath divers ways t' enrich her followers:
To some she honor gives without deserving;
To other some, deserving without honor;
Some, wit — some, wealth — and some, wit without wealth;
Some, wealth without wit — some, nor wit nor wealth.
1781 *Chapman: All Fools.*

I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
1782 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto iii. Line 877

His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end
Or turn about again, and mend.
1783 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 39.

Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.
1784 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 195.

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
1785 *Pope:* Satire ii. Line 123.

Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay,
And those who prize the trifling things,
More trifling still than they.
1786 *Goldsmith: Edwin and Angelina.* St. 18.

All our advantages are those of fortune;
Birth, wealth, health, beauty, are her accidents;
And when we cry out against Fate, 'twere well
We should remember Fortune can take nought
Save what she gave.
1787 *Byron: Two Foscari.* Act ii. Sc. 1

Fortune is female: from my youth her favors
Were not withheld, the fault was mine to hope
Her former smiles again at this late hour.
1788 *Byron: Mar. Faliero.* Act v. Sc. 1

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Who would trust slipp'ry chance? —
They that would make
Themselves her spoil, and foolishly forget
When she doth flatter, that she comes to prey.
Fortune, thou hadst no deity, if men
Had wisdom; we have placed thee so high,
By fond belief in thy felicity.
1789 *Ben Jonson: Sejanus.* Act v. Sc. 10

All human projects are so faintly fram'd,
So feebly plann'd, so liable to change,
So mix'd with error in their very form,
That mutable and mortal are the same.
1790 *Hannah More: Daniel.* Pt. v.

FORTUNE-TELLER — *see* **Gipsy.**

Curse on your shallow arts, your lying science!
'Tis thus you practise on the credulous world,
Who think you wise because themselves are weak!
1791 *Hannah More: Belshazzar.* Pt. ii.

FRAILTY — *see* **Woman.**

Frailty, thy name is Woman!
1792 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.
1793 *Shaks.: Sonnet* xciv.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away? —
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom — is to die.
1794 *Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. xxiv

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.
1795 *Percy: Friar of Orders Gray*

FRANCE.

'Tis better using France, than trusting France;
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
1796 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 1

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FRATERNITY—*see* **Children.**

I think, am sure, a brother's love exceeds
All the world's loves in its unworldliness.
1797 *Robert Browning: Blot in the 'Scutcheon.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

FREEDOM—*see* **Liberty.**

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?
1798 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 76.

Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won.
1799 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 123.

Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires,
And he, who in the strife expires,
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear!
1800 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 116.

They never fail who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.
1801 *Byron: Mar. Faliero.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspere spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.
1802 *Wordsworth: Sonnet. It is not to be thought of, etc.*

Oh, FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailèd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars.
1803 *William Cullen Bryant: Antiquity of Freedom.*

My angel,—his name is Freedom,—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.
1804 *Emerson: Boston Hymn.*

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Freedom all winged expands,
Nor perches in a narrow place;
Her broad van seeks unplanted lands;
She loves a poor and virtuous race.
Clinging to a colder zone
Whose dark sky sheds the snow-flake down,
The snow-flake is her banner's star,
Her stripes the boreal streamers are.
Long she loved the Northman well;
Now the iron age is done,
She will not refuse to dwell
With the offspring of the Sun.
1805 *Emerson: Voluntaries.* St. 2

And lo! the fulness of the time has come,
And over all the exile's Western home,
From sea to sea the flowers of freedom bloom!
1806 *Whittier: Pennsylvania Pilgrim.* St. 18

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won.
1807 *Whittier: The Watchers.*

The nations lift their right hands up, and swear
Their oath of freedom.
1808 *Whittier: Garibaldi.*

FRENCHMEN.

The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk,
Give him his lass, his fiddle, and his frisk,
Is always happy, reign whoever may,
And laughs the sense of mis'ry far away.
1809 *Cowper: Table Talk.* Line 237.

FRIENDLESS.

Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couched.
1810 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.
1811 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act i. Sc. 2

Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
1812 *Dryden: Alex. Feast.* Line 80

FRIENDSHIP — *see* **Familiarity, Foe.**

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends.
1813 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 3

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Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
1814 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act ii. Sc. 1

In companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.
1815 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 4

We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.
1816 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Call you that backing of your friends?
A plague upon such backing!
1817 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 4

The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.
1818 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy.
1819 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act i. Sc. 2.

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand,
Over your friend that loves you.
1820 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 2

Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies.
1821 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act y. Sc. 4

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade.
1822 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3

So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack.
1823 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5

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The great man down, you mark his favorite flies,
The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
1824 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Thy presence sweet
Still through long years of vigil I may share,
For if from that enchanted spirit-land
Thy healthful thought into my soul may shine
(E'en though thy voice be still, and cold thy hand,)
To lift my life and make it pure as thine;
Then, though thy place on earth a void must be,
Beloved friend, thou art not dead to me.
1825 *H. H. Boyesen: Elegy on A. G. L.*

O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er!
1826 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. i.

Some tears fell down my cheeks and then I smiled,
As those smile who have no face in the world
To smile back to them. I had lost a friend.
1827 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. ii. Line 799.

A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend life is too short.
1828 *Emerson: Considerations by the Way.*

Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!
1829 *Emerson: Forbearance.*

O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.
1830 *Emerson: Friendship.*

You'll never hope
To be such friends, for instance, she and you,
As when you hunted cowslips in the woods,
Or played together in the meadow hay.
Oh yes — with age, respect comes, and your worth
Is felt, there's growing sympathy of tastes,
There's ripened friendship, there's confirmed esteem.
1831 *Robert Browning: Blot in the 'Scutcheon.* Act ii. Sc. i

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You're my friend —
What a thing friendship is, world without end!
How it gives the heart and soul a stir-up,
As if somebody broached you a glorious runlet,
And poured out all lovelily, sparkling, and sunlit,
Our green Moldavia, the streaky syrup,
Cotnar as old as the time of the Druids —
Friendship's as good as that monarch of fluids
To supple a dry brain, fill you its *ins-and-outs.*
1832 *Robert Browning: Flight of the Duchess.* Pt. xvi.

Hand
Grasps hand, eye lights eye in good friendship,
And great hearts expand,
And grow one in the sense of this world's life.
1833 *Robert Browning: Saul*

What joy is better than the news of friends
Whose memories were a solace to me oft,
As mountain-baths to wild fowls in their flight.
1834 *Robert Browning: Paracelsus.* St. 8

A sweeter, sadder thing
My life, for having known you;
Forever with my sacred kin,
My soul's soul I must own you.
Forever mine, my friend,
From June to life's December;
Not mine to have or hold,
But to pray for and remember.
1835 *Mary Clemmer: Words for Parting*

Oh, what shall I do, dear,
In coming years, I wonder,
When our paths, which lie so sweetly near,
Shall lie so far asunder?
Oh, what shall I do, dear,
Through all the sad to-morrows,
When the sunny smile has ceased to cheer
That smiles away my sorrows?
1836 *Mary Clemmer: Words for Parting*

What shall I do, my friend,
When you are gone forever?
My heart its eager need will send
Through the years to find you never,
And how will it be with you,
In the weary world, I wonder,
Will you love me with a love as true,
When our paths lie far asunder?
1837 *Mary Clemmer: Words for Parting*

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The way is short, O friend,
That reaches out before us;
God's tender heavens above us bend,
His love is smiling o'er us;
A little while is ours
For sorrow or for laughter;
I'll lay the hand you love in yours
On the shore of the Hereafter.
1838 *Mary Clemmer: Words for Parting*

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice.
1839 *Ben Jonson: Cynthia's Revels.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Friendship's an abstract of this noble flame,
'Tis love refin'd, and purged from all its dross,
'Tis next to angel's love, if not the same,
As strong in passion is, though not so gross.
1840 *Catherine Philips: Friendship*

Thick waters show no images of things;
Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
Clearer than crystal, or the mountain-springs,
And free from clouds, design, or flattery.
For vulgar souls no part of friendship share;
Poets and friends are born to what they are.
1841 *Catherine Philips: Friendship*

The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.
1842 *Addison: Cato.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.
1843 *Addison: Campaign.* Line 101

Who friendship with a knave hath made
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
1844 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 23

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
1845 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 50

'Tis thus that on the choice of friends,
Our good or evil name depends.
1846 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 23

Friends I have made, whom envy must commend,
But not one foe whom I would wish a friend.
1847 *Churchill: Conference.* Line 297

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A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
One should our interests and our passions be,
My friend must hate the man that injures me.
1848 *Pope: Iliad.* Bk. ix. Line 725

Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much: thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
1849 *Blair: The Grave.* Line 88

The deepest hunger of a faithful heart
Is faithfulness.
1850 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. v

First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen: fixing, fix;—
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
1851 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 567.

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.
1852 *Goldsmith: Retaliation.* Line 107.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?
1853 *Goldsmith: Edwin and Angelina.* St. 1½

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet — perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend.
1854 *Canning: New Morality*

Let no man grumble when his friends fall off,
As they will do like leaves at the first breeze:
When your affairs come round, one way or 'tother,
Go to the coffee-house, and take another.
1855 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiv. St. 48

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth.
Tho' rooted in esteem's deep soil, the slow
And gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection.
1856 *Joanna Baillie: De Monfort.* Act iii. Sc. 2

I take of worthy men whate'er they give:
Their heart I gladly take, if not, their hand;
If that too, is withheld, a courteous word,
Or the civility of placid looks.
1857 *Joanna Baillie: De Monfort.* Act iii. Sc. 2

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What spectre can the charnel send,
So dreadful as an injured friend?
1858 *Scott: Rokeby.* **Canto ii. St. 22**

Love, a plant of fragile form,
Fir'd by ardent suns to birth,
Shrinks before the whelming storm,
Withering, dies and sinks to earth.
Friendship, like a nobler river,
Rolls its stately waters by;
Tempest toss'd and troubled never,
Gliding to eternity.
1859 *Bohn: Ms*

FROST.

These winter nights, against my window-pane
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
Which she will make when summer comes again —
Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,
Like curious Chinese etchings.
1860 *T. B. Aldrich: Frost-Work.*

All the panes are hung with frost
Wild wizard-work of silver lace.
1861 *T. B. Aldrich: Latakia.*

Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
1862 *Emerson: The Snow-Storm.*

What miracle of weird transforming
Is this wild work of frost and light,
This glimpse of glory infinite!
1863 *Whittier: The Pageant.* **St. 8.**

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! — from the frozen Labrador, —
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er, —
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luck less forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble stat ues grow!
1864 *Whittier: The Frost Spirit*

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FUNERAL — *see* **Death, Grave.**

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead.
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad.
1865 *Blair: The Grave.* Line 156

Of all
The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,
Who car'd about the corpse? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the woe;
There throbb'd not there a thought which pierc'd the pall.
1866 *Byron: Vision of Judgment.* St. 16

FUTURITY — *see* **Fate.**

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favors nor your hate.
1867 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 3.

O heavens! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolutions of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself
Into the sea.
1868 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
1869 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.
1870 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act v. Sc. 1.

The dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
1871 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1

We know what we are, but know not what we may be.
1872 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 5

O Death, O Beyond,
Thou art sweet, thou art strange!
1873 *Mrs. Browning: Rhapsody of Life's Progress*

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Is there a rarer being,
Is there a fairer sphere
Where the strong are not unseeing,
And the harvests are not sere;
Where, ere the seasons dwindle
They yield their due return;
Where the lamps of knowledge kindle
While the flames of youth still burn?
1874 *E. C. Stedman: Beyond the Portals.* Pt. vi.

What after all remains, when life is sped,
And man is gathered to the silent dead?
Home to the narrow house, the long, long sleep,
Where pain is stilled, and sorrow doth not weep.
1875 *William Winter: Emotion of Sympathy.* Pt. iii.

Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.
1876 *Tennyson: Maud.* Pt. xxvi. St. 3.

Oh, could we lift the future's sable shroud.
1877 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Wood and Water.*

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
1878 *Longfellow: Psalm of Life.*

G.

GAIN.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in a storm.
1879 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 4

GAMBLING.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart;
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore.
1880 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 33

Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom could gamesters thrive?
1881 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 12

Look round, the wrecks of play behold,
Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!
Their owners now to jails confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind.
1882 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 12.

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Dice will run the contrary way,
As well is known to all who play,
And cards will conspire as in treason:
And what with keeping a hunting-box,
Following fox—
Friends in flocks,
Burgundies, Hocks,
From London Docks;
Stultz's frocks,
Manton and Nock's
Barrels and locks,
Shooting blue rocks,
Trainers and jocks,
Buskins and socks,
Pugilistical knocks,
And fighting-cocks,
If he found himself short in funds and stocks,
These rhymes will furnish the reason!
1883 *Hood: Miss Kilmansegg. Her Misery.*

GARDEN — *see* **Flowers, Trees.**

A garden, sir,
Wherein all rainbowed flowers were heaped together.
1884 *Charles Kingsley: Saint's Tragedy.* Act v. Sc. 1.

God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain.
1885 *Cowley: The Garden.* Essay v.

His gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain, never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade.
1886 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iv. Line 113.

Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too.
1887 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 565.

GARRICK.

Our Garrick's a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree.
1888 *Goldsmith: Retaliation.* Line 11.

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Here lies David Garrick — describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart.
The man had his failings — a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting:
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.
1889 *Goldsmith: Retaliation.* Line 93

If manly sense; if nature link'd with art;
If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
If powers of acting vast and unconfin'd;
If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
If strong expression, and strange powers which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye;
If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
And which no face so well as his can show,
Deserve the preference; Garrick! take the chair,
Nor quit it till thou place an equal there.
1890 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 1031.

GENERALSHIP.

Those that save themselves and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' th' victory;
And sometime, when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all;
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in gazettes;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a gun,
Have done't with bonfires, and at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome.
1891 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto iii. Line 269

GENEROSITY — *see* **Benevolence, Bounty, Charity.**

He that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by chance,
But never out of judgment.
1892 *Beaumont and Fletcher: Spanish Curate.* Act i. Sc. 1

GENIUS.

Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
1893 *Dryden: Epis. to Congreve.* Line 52

Steady work
Turns genius to a loom.
1894 *George Eliot: Stradivarius.*

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Talent should minister to genius.
1895 *Robert Browning: Two Poets of Croisic.* St. 91.

One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
. . . . . .
Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more.
1896 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. i. Line 66.

GENTLEMAN — *see* **Character, Man.**

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow),
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
1897 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
1898 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 1.

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt right royal;
The spacious world cannot again afford.
1899 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 2.

He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
1900 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act i. Sc. 5.

We are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.
1901 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.
1902 *Ben Jonson: Every Man in his Humor.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written — Gentleman.
1903 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ix. St. 83.

He had then the grace, too rare in every clime,
Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
A finish'd gentleman from top to toe.
1904 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xii. St. 84.

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And thus he bore without abuse
THE GRAND OLD NAME of gentleman.
1905 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. 110. St. 6

GENTLENESS.

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
1906 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7

GEOGRAPHY.

Geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
1907 *Swift: On Poetry. A Rhapsody.* Line 177.

GHOSTS — *see* **Spirits.**

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!
1908 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
1909 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.
1910 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us! —
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee.
1911 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 4.

He shudder'd, as no doubt the bravest cowers
When he can't tell what 'tis that doth appal.
How odd a single hobgoblin's nonentity
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity.
1912 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xvi. St. 120.

Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure.
1913 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 423.

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Some have mistaken blocks and posts,
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
With saucer-eyes and horns; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum.
1914 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 129

Many ghosts, and forms of fright,
Have started from their graves to-night;
They have driven sleep from mine eyes away.
1915 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. iv.

GIFTS.

Wear this for me, — one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
1916 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act i. Sc. 2.

She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.
1917 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.
1918 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

To the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
1919 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1

He ne'er consider'd it as loth,
To look a gift horse in the mouth,
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
1920 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 489.

Saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
1921 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 495.

A man may be a legal donor
Of anything whereof he's owner.
1922 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 679.

This, and in this, my soul I give,
Lodg'd where I know 'twill ever live,
For never could myself or mine
Fall into kinder hands than thine.
1923 *Bohn: Ma*

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GIPSIES.

Gipsies, who every ill can cure,
Except the ill of being poor,
Who charms 'gainst love and agues sell,
Who can in hen-roost set a spell,
Prepar'd by arts, to them best known
To catch all feet except their own,
Who, as to fortune, can unlock it,
As easily as pick a pocket.

1924 *Churchill: Ghost.* Bk. i. Line 123

GIRDLE.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair!
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

1925 *Waller: On a Girdle.*

GLOOM.

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

1926 *Milton: Il Penseroso.* Line 79.

GLORY — *see* **Fame.**

When the moon shone we did not see the candle,
So doth the greater glory dim the less.

1927 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

1928 *Shaks.: 1 Henry VI.* Act i. Sc. 2

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd at near, have neither heat nor light.

1929 *Webster: Duchess of Malfi.* Act iv. Sc. 2

Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same.
No Indian Prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows.

1930 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 271

Great conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than slain;
The laurels that adorn their brows,
Are pulled from living, not dead, boughs.

1931 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto ii. Line 1065.

Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

1932 *Pope:* Satire v. Line 300.

In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

1933 *Pope:* Satire i. Line 67

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Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.
1934 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire iv. Line 65.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame;
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks:
They know a thousand lords, behind their backs.
1935 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire iii. Line 87.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour: —
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
1936 *Gray: Elegy.* St. 9

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
1937 *Scott: Old Mortality.* Ch. xxxiv.

Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind.
1938 *Bulwer-Lytton: Richelieu.* Act v. Sc. 3.

GLOW-WORM — *see* **Morning.**

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
1939 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles.
1940 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 1684.

GLUTTONY — *see* **Dinner, Greediness.**

He's a very valiant trencher-man.
1941 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.
1942 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Some men are born to feast, and not to fight;
Whose sluggish minds, e'en in fair honor's field,
Still on their dinner turn —
Let such pot-boiling varlets stay at home,
And wield a flesh-hook rather than a sword.
1943 *Joanna Baillie: Basil.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Their various cares in one great point combine,
The business of their lives — that is, to dine.
1944 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire iii. Line 75.

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Swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted, base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder.
1945 *Milton: Comus.* Line 776

GOD — *see* **Deity, Providence.**

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow.
1946 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.
1947 *James Russell Lowell: The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings.
1948 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. xii. Line 48.

God never made his work for man to mend.
1949 *Dryden: Epis. to John Dryden.* Line 95

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.
1950 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. i. Line 267.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
1951 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. i. Line 87

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
1952 *Moore: Thou Art, O God*

God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love.
1953 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Immortality*

GODS.

Immortal gods! I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
1954 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act i. Sc. 2

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In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.
1955 *Longfellow: The Builders.*

GOLD—*see* **Apparel, Avarice, Money, Riches**

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold;
But my outside to behold.
1956 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 7.

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care.
Their bones with industry.
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achievéd gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets;
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murther'd for our pains.
1957 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That sold'rest close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and, by thy virtue,
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!
1958 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iv. Sc. 3

'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do, and undo?
1959 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act ii. Sc. 3

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Gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
1960 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act v. Sc. 1

Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
1961 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 187

O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come!
1962 *Blair: Grave.* Line 347

Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Even virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade.
1963 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 6.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace, or wisdom, from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
To make our fortune, than our happiness.
1964 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire vi. Line 279.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled:
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary —
To save — to ruin — to curse — to bless —
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary.
1965 *Hood: Miss Kilmansegg. Her Moral*

GOLDEN-ROD.

I lie amid the Golden-rod,
I love to see it lean and nod;
I love to feel the grassy sod
Whose kindly breast will hold me last,
Whose patient arms will fold me fast —
Fold me from sunshine and from song,
Fold me from sorrow and from wrong.
Through gleaming gates of Golden-rod
I'll pass into the rest of God.
1966 *Mary Clemmer: Golden-Rod.*

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GOODNESS — *see* **Benevolence, Bounty.**

May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!
1967 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act ii. Sc. 1

'Tis a kind of good deed to say well,
And yet words are no deeds.
1968 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Good, the more
Communicated, the more abundant grows.
1969 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. v. Line 71.

And grant the bad what happiness they would;
One they must want, which is, — to pass for good.
1970 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 91.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
1971 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 91.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crush'd are sweeter still.
1972 *Rogers: Jacqueline.* St. 3.

Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
For all their luxury was doing good.
1973 *Garth: Claremont.* Line 148.

Oh, sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust,
Burn to the socket.
1974 *Wordsworth: The Excursion.* Bk. i. Line 504.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.
1975 *Charles Kingsley: A Farewell.*

Evil and good are God's right hand and left.
1976 *Bailey: Festus.* Proem. Line 271.

GOOD NIGHT.

At once, good night: —
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
1977 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4

Good night! good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.
1978 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2

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Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, — 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds, that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.
1979 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 529

To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.
1980 *Scott: Marmion.* Canto vi. L'Envoy

GOVERNMENT — *see* **Kings.**

Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents, how to shift his sails;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers;
Where her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop 'em;
What strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her.
1981 *Ben Jonson: Catiline.* Act iii. Sc. 1

All countries are a wise man's home,
And so are governments to some,
Who change them for the same intrigues
That statesmen use in breaking leagues;
While others in old faiths and troths,
Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes.
1982 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 1293

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.
1983 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iii. Line 303

May you, may *Cam* and *Isis*, preach it long!
The right divine of kings to govern wrong.
1984 *Pope: Dunciad.* Bk. iv. Line 187

'Tis government that makes them seem divine.
1985 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act i. Sc. 4.

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil.
1986 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 371.

GRACE — *see* **Beauty.**

To some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies.
. . . . . .
O what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it.
1987 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 3

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When once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right.
1988 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks.
1989 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iv. Sc. 5

See where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring;
Graces her subjects.
1990 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act i. Sc 1

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
1991 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. viii. Line 488

'Cause grace, and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
They should be suffer'd to espouse.
1992 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. Line 1293

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew.
1993 *Scott: Lady of the Lake.* Canto i. St. 18

That caressing and exquisite grace — never bold,
Ever present — which just a few women possess.
1994 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. i. Canto iii. St. 9.

An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance, —
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance.
1995 *Whittier: Among the Hills.* St. 23

GRASSHOPPER.

O thou that swing'st upon the waving ear
Of some well-filled oaten beard, —
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropp'd thee from heaven, where thou wast rear'd!
The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.
1996 *Richard Lovelace: The Grasshopper*

GRATITUDE.

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings!
1997 *Longfellow: Belisarius*

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I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on:
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on.

And having in Thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops his pebble small
Down some deep well, and hears it fall
Smiling — so I. THY DAYS GO ON.

1998 *Mrs. Browning: De Profundis.* Sts. 23 and 24

GRAVE — *see* **Churchyard, Death, Funeral, Sexton.**

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye,
Give him a little earth for charity.

1999 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

One destin'd period men in common have,
The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave.

2000 *Lansdowne: On Death.*

Grass grows at last above all graves, you say?

2001 *Julia C. R. Dorr: Grass-Grown.*

The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.

2002 *Blair: The Grave.* Line 9

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd.

2003 *Blair: The Grave.* Line 208

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind;
The grave gainsays the smooth complexion'd flattery,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

2004 *Blair: The Grave.* Line 232

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders; and, when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new, unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and, quick as thought, escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.

2005 *Blair: The Grave.* Line 501

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Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.
2006 *Blair: The Grave.* Line 229

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.
2007 *James Montgomery: The Grave*

Where is the house for all the living found?
Go ask the deaf, the dumb, the dead;
All answer, without voice or sound,
Each resting in his bed;
Look down and see,
Beneath thy feet,
A place for thee;
— There all the living meet.
2008 *James Montgomery: In Mem. of the Rev. James Harvey.*

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground, God's Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.
. . . . . .
Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.
2009 *Longfellow: God's Acre.*

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
2010 *Longfellow: Psalm of Life.*

The most magnificent and costly dome,
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb;
No spot on earth but has supplied a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
2011 *Young: Poem on the Last Day.* Bk. ii. Line 87

Body hides — where?
Ferns of all feather,
Mosses and heather,
Yours be the care!
2012 *Robert Browning: La Saisiaz.* Prologue

GREATNESS'— *see* **Ambition, Authority, Farewell, Honor.**

Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them.
2013 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act ii. Sc. 5

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Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.
2014 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them,
But in the less, foul profanation.

. . . . . .

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
2015 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Heaven knows, I had no such intent;
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss.
2016 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars.
2017 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 1

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too. What the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.
2018 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc. 3

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
2019 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 2

Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honor's at the stake.
2020 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honored, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon, being clouded, presently is missed,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire.
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
2021 *Shaks.: R. of Lucrece.* Line 1004

No great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
2022 *George Eliot: The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. i.

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He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower.
2023 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 589

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads.
2024 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 34.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
2025 *Pope: Prologue to Addison's Cato.* Line 21.

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
2026 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 377.

What is station high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
2027 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vi. Line 287.

He, who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
Their loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds of snow;
He, who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Tho' high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head.
2028 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 45.

Great truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are portions of Eternity.
2029 *James Russell Lowell: Sonnet* vi.

In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
Great always, without aiming to be great.
2030 *Roscommon: Dr. Chetwood to the Earl.* Line 67.

Great hearts have largest room to bless the small;
Strong natures give the weaker home and rest.
2031 *Lucy Larcom: Sonnet. The Presence.*

Are not great
Men the models of nations?
2032 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. ii. Canto vi. St. 29.

GREECE.

The mountains look on Marathon —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free.
2033 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 86

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Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land, from plain to mountain-cave,
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave;
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
2034 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 113

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
2035 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 73

GREEDINESS — *see* **Gluttony.**

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.
2036 *Shaks.: R. of Lucrece.* Line 134.

GRIEF — *see* **Consolation, Sorrow, Tears, Weeping.**

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.
2037 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Weep I cannot;
But my heart bleeds.
2038 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief.
2039 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.
2040 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects.
2041 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
2042 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act iii. Sc. 2

My grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance.
2043 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act iv. Sc. 1

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The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.
2044 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

Sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.
2045 *Shaks.: R. of Lucrece.* Line 1493.

Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
2046 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iii. Sc. 5.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
2047 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
So runs the world away.
2048 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2

What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers?
2049 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 1.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended.
2050 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3.

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.
2051 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.
2052 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 1007.

She shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamor moisten'd: — then away she started
To deal with grief alone.
2053 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
2054 *Milton: Comus.* Line 362.

O brothers! let us leave the shame and sin
Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,
The holy name of GRIEF! — holy herein,
That, by the grief of ONE, came all our good.
2055 *Mrs. Browning: Sonnets. Exaggerativ* 1.

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Grief is a tattered tent
Wherethrough God's light doth shine.
2056 *Lucy Larcom: Hints*

Good is that darkening of our lives,
Which only God can brighten;
But better still that hopeless load,
Which none but God can lighten.
2057 *Frederick William Faber: Deep Grief.* St. 15

Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest —
Inhuman or effeminate his heart.
2058 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ix. Line 501.

Grief should be the instructor of the wise;
Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.
2059 *Byron: Manfred.* Act i. Sc. 1.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
And Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.
2060 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto iii. St. 22.

Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
2061 *Byron: Dream.* St. 5.

There comes
For ever something between us and what
We deem our happiness.
2062 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Alas! the breast that inly bleeds,
Hath nought to dread from outward blow:
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.
2063 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 1165.

No future hour can rend my heart like this,
Save that which breaks it.
2064 *Maturin: Bertram.* Act iii. Sc. 2

A malady
Preys on my heart that med'cine cannot reach.
2065 *Maturin: Bertram.* Act iv. Sc. 2

GRUDGE.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
2066 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 3

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GUESTS — *see* **Welcome.**

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
2067 *Shaks.:* 1 *Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 2

For I who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.
2068 *Pope:* Satire ii. Line 159

GUILT — *see* **Conscience, Crime.**

Who has that breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?
2069 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Guiltiness will speak
Though tongues were out of use.
2070 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act v. Sc. 1

How guilt, once harbor'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
2071 *Dr. Johnson: Irene.* Act iv. Sc. 8

But many a crime, deemed innocent in earth,
Is registered in Heaven, and these, no doubt,
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.
2072 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. vi. Line 489

To what gulfs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads even those who claim
The homage of mankind as their born due,
And find it, till they forfeit it themselves.
2073 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act iv. Sc. 1

H.

HABIT — *see* **Custom.**

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
2074 *Dryden: Ovid's Metamorphoses.* Bk. xv. Line 155

My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are; even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.
2075 *Byron: Pris. of Chillon.* St. 14

Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.
2076 *Hannah More: Floris.* Pt. i. Line 85

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HAIR — *see* **Beard.**

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.
2077 *Dryden: From Persius.* Satire v. Line 246

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck,
With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey.
2078 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto ii. Line 19

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
2079 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto ii. Line 27.

Golden hair, like sunlight streaming
On the marble of her shoulder.
2080 *J. G. Saxe: The Lover's Vision.* St. 3.

Time has touched it in his flight,
And changed the auburn hair to white.
2081 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. 4

The glittering tresses which, now shaken loose,
Shower'd gold.
2082 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. ii. Canto iv. St. 12

Her locks are plighted like the fleece of wool
That Jason with his Grecian mates achiev'd,
As pure as gold, yet not from gold deriv'd;
As full of sweets as sweet of sweets is full.
2083 *Robert Greene: From Menaphon. Menaphon's Eclogue.*

When you see fair hair
Be pitiful.
2084 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. 4

HAND.

Let my hand —
This hand, lie in your own — my own true friend!
Hand in hand with you.
2085 *Robert Browning: Paracelsus.* Sc. 5.

'Twas a hand
White, delicate, dimpled, warm, languid, and bland.
The hand of a woman is often, in youth,
Somewhat rough, somewhat red, somewhat graceless in truth;
Does its beauty refine, as its pulses grow calm,
Or as Sorrow has crossed the life-line in the palm?
2086 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. i. Canto iii. St. 13

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HANGING.

Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.
2087 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act i. Sc 1

HAPPINESS — *see* **Bliss, Cheerfulness, Pleasure.**

O, how bitter a thing it is to look
Into happiness through another man's eyes!
2088 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Happy, in that we are not over-happy:
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.
2089 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere.
2090 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 15.

The happy have whole days, and those they choose;
The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose.
2091 *Cibber: Double Gallant.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Our aim is happiness, 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said; 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attained.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who through the flowery path of sauntering joy
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
2092 *Armstrong: Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. iv. Line 238.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow. —
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.
2093 *Cotton: Fireside.* St. 3.

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.
2094 *Hood: Ode to Melancholy.*

All who joy would win
Must share it — Happiness was born a twin.
2095 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 172.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast survived the Fall!
2096 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 41

But what are past or future joys?
The present is our own;
And he is wise who best employs
The passing hour alone.
2097 *Heber: From Pindar*

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I with you, and you with me,
Miles are short with company.
2098 *George Eliot: Agatha*

To be good is to be happy — Angels
Are happier than mankind, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow! 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind,
With whips and stings.
2099 *Nicholas Rowe: The Fair Penitent.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Hence we may learn,
That though it be a grand and comely thing
To be unhappy, — (and we think it is,
Because so many grand and clever folk
Have found out reasons for unhappiness),
. . . . yet, since we are not grand,
O, not at all, and as for cleverness,
That may be or may not be, — it is well
For us to be as happy as we can!
2100 *Jean Ingelow: Gladys and her Island. Moral.*

I opened the doors of my heart.
And behold,
There was music within and a song,
And echoes did feed on the sweetness, repeating it long.
I opened the doors of my heart. And behold,
There was music that played itself out in æolian notes;
Then was heard, as a far-away bell at long intervals tolled.
2101 *Jean Ingelow: Contrasted Songs. A Lily and a Lute.*

HASTE.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
2102 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles.
2103 *Milton: L'Allegro.* Line 25.

Running together all about,
The servants put each other out,
Till the grave master had decreed,
The more haste, ever the worst speed.
2104 *Churchill: Ghost.* Bk. iv. Line 1159

HATRED — *see* **Defiance.**

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead!
2105 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
2106 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

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I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors.
2107 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
2108 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 1.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
2109 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
2110 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.
2111 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 744.

Never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep.
2112 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 98.

I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To pray'rs than winds and seas. Yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.
2113 *Milton: Samson Agonistes.* Line 960.

Hate furroweth the brow, and a man may frown till he hateth.
2114 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Estimating Character.*

He, who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.
2115 *Gay:* Epis. iv. Line 81.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.
2116 *Congreve: Mourning Bride.* Act iii. Sc. 8.

Disgust conceal'd
Is oft-times proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.
2117 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 38.

They did not know how hate can burn
In hearts once changed from soft to stern;
Nor all the false and fatal zeal
The convert of revenge can feel.
2118 *Byron: Siege of Corinth.* St. 12.

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There is no passion
More spectral or fantastical than Hate;
Not even its opp'site, Love, so peoples air
With phantoms, as this madness of the heart.
2119 *Byron: Two Foscari.* Act iv. Sc. 1

There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That rais'd emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sigh'd farewell!
2120 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto i. St. 9.

Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.
2121 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiii. St. 6.

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live.
2122 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 137.

HAWTHORN.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
2123 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 13.

HEALTH — *see* **Sickness.**

Nor love, nor honor, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.
2124 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 31.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O Virtue! peace is all thy own.
2125 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 79.

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health.
2126 *Thomson: Castle of Ind.* Canto ii. St. 55.

HEART — *see* **Beauty, Cruelty, Love.**

With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want? She wants a heart.
2127 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 159.

Heaven's sovereign saves all beings but himself,
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.
2128 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iii. Line 226

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The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
But changes, night and day, too, like the sky:
Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
And darkness and destruction as on high;
But when it hath been scorch'd and pierc'd and riven,
Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
Pours forth, at last, the heart's blood turn'd to tears.
2129 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 214.

His heart was one of those which most enamor us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.
2130 *Byron: Beppo.* St. 34.

HEAT.

Hither rolls the storm of heat;
I feel its finer billows beat
Like a sea which me infolds;
Heat with viewless fingers moulds,
Swells, and mellows, and matures,
Paints, and flavors, and allures,
Bird and brier inly warms,
Still enriches and transforms,
Gives the reed and lily length,
Adds to oak and oxen strength,
Transforming what it doth infold,
Life out of death, new out of old.
2131 *Emerson: May-Day.* Line 179.

HEAVEN — *see* **Providence, Stars.**

Shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves.
2132 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

It is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
2133 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.
2134 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Heaven
Is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works.
2135 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. viii. Line 66.

In hope to merit Heaven, by making earth a Hell.
2136 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto i. St. 20.

For as one star another far exceeds,
So souls in heaven are placèd by their deeds.
2137 *Robert Greene: A Maiden's Dream.*

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HEEDLESSNESS.

Oh, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.
2138 *Scott: Lord of the Isles.* Canto v. St. 18

HERITAGE.

"Yet doth he live!" exclaims th' impatient heir,
And sighs for sables which he must not wear.
2139 *Byron: Lara.* Canto i. St. 3

To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.
2140 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 149

HELL.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self-place; for where we are is Hell;
And where Hell is, there must we ever be;
And to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be Hell that are not Heaven.
2141 *Marlowe: Faustus.* (*From Quarto*, 1616.)

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end.
2142 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 61

Hell is the wrath of God — His hate of sin.
2143 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Hell.*

Hell is more bearable than nothingness.
2144 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Heaven*

A dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and highth,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos — ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
2145 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 891

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
2146 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iv. Line 149.

And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes.
2147 *Dr. Johnson: London.* Line 116.

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Hell is paved with good intentions.
2148 *Boswell: Johnson. An.* 1775

Hell is a city much like London —
A populous and a smoky city;
There are all sorts of people undone,
And there is little or no fun done;
Small justice shown, and still less pity.
. . . . . .
Lawyers — judges — old hobnobbers
Are there — bailiffs — chancellors —
Bishops — great and little robbers —
Rhymesters — pamphleteers — stock-jobbers —
Men of glory in the wars.
2149 *Shelley: Peter Bell the Third.* Pt. iii.

HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business — all his pleasure praise.
2150 *Parnell: The Hermit.* Line 1.

HEROES.

Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
2151 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. Line 638.

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.
2152 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 219.

I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.
2153 *Byron: Manfred.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay.
2154 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto i. St. 42.

Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes.
2155 *Swift: Cadenus and Vanessa.* Line 729

To the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Death's voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be!
2156 *Halleck: Marco Bozzaris*

The hero is the world-man, in whose heart
One passion stands for all, the most indulged.
2157 *Bailey: Festus.* Proem. Line 114

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HESPERUS.

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things
Home to the weary, to the hunger cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabor'd steer.
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
And gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

2158 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 107

HISTORY — *see* **Authors, Books.**

There is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
First freedom, and then glory — when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption — barbarism at last,
And history, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but one page.

2159 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 108

HOBBIES.

One master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

2160 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 131.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

2161 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 153.

HOLIDAY — *see* **Birthday, Christmas, New Year.**

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

2162 *Shaks.:* 1 *Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 2.

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows; —
The happy days unclouded to their close;
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!

2163 *Longfellow: Holidays*

We speak of a Merry Christmas,
And many a Happy New Year;
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here.

2164 *Longfellow: The Meeting.* St. 4.

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HOLINESS.

Whoso lives the holiest life
Is fittest far to die.
2165 *Margaret J. Preston: Ready.*

HOLLY.

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an intelligence so wise
As might confound an atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.
2166 *Southey: The Holly Tree.*

HOME — *see* **Absence, Welcome.**

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
2167 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act i. Sc. 1.

The whole world, without a native home,
Is nothing but a prison of larger room.
2168 *Cowley: To the Bishop of Lincoln.*

The little smiling cottage! where at eve
He meets his rosy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labor hard.
2169 *Dyer: The Fleece.* i. 120.

Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
2170 *Thomson: Seasons. Autumn.* Line 65.

There's a strange something which, without a brain,
Fools feel, and which e'en wise men can't explain,
Planted in man, to bind him to that earth,
In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth.
2171 *Churchill: The Farewell.* Line 63.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
2172 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 930.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
2173 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 73.

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This fond attachment to the well-known place
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.
2174 *Cowper: Tirocinium.* Line 314

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught, that's kindred, cheer the welcome hearth.
2175 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 92

He enter'd in the house — his home no more;
For without hearts there is no home; — and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome.
2176 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 52

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
2177 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 123.

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man? — a world without a sun.
2178 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. ii. Line 21.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
2179 *Scott: Lay of Last Minstrel.* Canto vi. St. 1.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view: —
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every lov'd spot which my infancy knew.
2180 *Woodworth: The Old Oaken Bucket.*

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
2181 *J. Howard Payne: Home, Sweet Home.*

The Cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes;
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the birds beneath their eaves.
2182 *Mrs. Hemans: Homes of England.*

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The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
2183 *Mrs. Hemans: Homes of England*

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Belov'd of heaven o'er all the world beside:
His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
2184 *James Montgomery: West Indies.* Pt. iii. Line 63

Who hath not met with home-made bread, —
A heavy compound of putty and lead, —
And home-made wines that rack the head,
And home-made liqueurs and waters?
Home-made pop that will not foam,
And home-made dishes that drive one from home.
Not to name each mess
For the face or dress,
Home-made by the homely daughters?
2185 *Hood: Miss Kilmansegg. Her Misery.*

HOMER.

I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those who say the sun hath never shin'd;
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want sight who taught the world to see.
2186 *Denham: Progress of Learning*

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse may seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
2187 *Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire: Essay on Poetry.*

HONESTY — *see* **Sincerity.**

Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?
2188 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 3

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.
2189 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3

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Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of two thousand.
2190 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2

An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
2191 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2

Heav'n that made me honest, made me more
Than ever king did, when he made a lord.
2192 *Rowe: Jane Shore.* Act ii. Sc. 1

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
2193 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 247.

An honest man, close button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.
2194 *Cowper: Epistle to Joseph Hill.*

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings:
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
2195 *Burns: Cotter's Saturday Night.*

HONEYMOON — *see* **Moon.**

The moon — the moon, so silver and cold,
Her fickle temper has oft been told,
Now shady — now bright and sunny —
But of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shows most fickle and strange,
And takes the most eccentric range
Is the moon — so called — of honey!
2196 *Hood: Miss Kilmansegg. Her Honeymoon*

HONOR — *see* **Greatness, Integrity, Reputation.**

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honor! and how much honor
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd.
2197 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 9

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
When great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor.
2198 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act ii. Sc. 3

Mine honor is my life; both grow in one;
Take honor from me, and my life is done.
2199 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act i. Sc. 1

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That is honor's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honor's born,
And is not like the sire. Honors best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers; the mere word's a slave,
Deboshed on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honored bones indeed.
2200 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act ii. Sc. 3

New honors . . .
Like our strange garments, cleave not their mould
But with the aid of use.
2201 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 3.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is — spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
2202 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Too much honor:
O, 'tis a burthen, . . . 'tis a burthen,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
2203 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
2204 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 9.

By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks:
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities.
2205 *Shaks.:* 1 *Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor; but honor for those honors
That are without him, as place, riches, favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that leaned on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.
2206 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc. 3

Honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path.
2207 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc. 3

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Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honor far more precious dear than life.
2208 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act v. Sc. 3

Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men.
2209 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.
2210 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 2

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it.
2211 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act v. Sc. 5.

If you were born to honor, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.
2212 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act iv. Sc. 6.

This, above all, — To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
2213 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3.

He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
2214 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honor by't.
Honor's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battle.
2215 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto iii. Line 1041.

Honor is like that glassy bubble
That finds philosophers such trouble;
Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.
2216 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 385

Quoth Ralpho, Honor's but a word,
To swear by only in a lord:
In other men 'tis but a huff
To vapor with, instead of proof;
That like a wen looks big and swells,
Is senseless, and just nothing else.
2217 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 389

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If he, that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of honor lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honor's truckle-bed.
2218 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto iii. Line 1047

Honor is, like a widow, won
With brisk attempt, and putting on;
With ent'ring manfully and urging;
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.
2219 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 913

Honor's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.
2220 *Addison: Cato.* Act ii. Sc. 5.

Honor's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not.
It ought not to be sported with.
2221 *Addison: Cato.* Act ii. Sc. 5.

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honor.
2222 *Addison: Cato.* Act i. Sc. 4.

Bid me for honor plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
2223 *Addison: Cato.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station.
2224 *Addison: Cato.* Act iv Sc. 4.

Give me, kind Heav'n, a private station,
A mind serene for contemplation:
Title and profit I resign;
The post of honor shall be mine.
2225 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 2

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
2226 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 193

True, conscious honor is to feel no sin:
He's arm'd without that's innocent within.
2227 *Pope:* Satire iii. Line 93

If honor calls, where'er she points the way
The sons of honor follow, and obey.
2228 *Churchill: Farewell.* Line 67

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The strongest passion which I have is honor.
2229 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Garden and Bower by the Sea.*

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border.
2230 *Burns: Ep. to a Young Friend.* St. 8.

I've scann'd the actions of his daily life
With all the industrious malice of a foe;
And nothing meets my eye but deeds of honor.
2231 *Hannah More: Daniel.* Pt. I.

His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.
2232 *Tennyson: Idyls. Elaine.* Line 884.

HOPE.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
2233 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.
2234 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
2235 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope.
2236 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.
2237 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

The night is long that never finds the day.
2238 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward.
2239 *Milton: Sonnet* xxii.

Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear.
2240 *Milton: Comus.* Line 410.

So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell fear,
Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost.
2241 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 108

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Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair,
Were ever able to despatch by fear.
2242 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 483.

Full many a vessel threads the gates of morn,
With spreading sails, and gold upon its prow,
That ere the eve will bend beneath the storm,
And we — how know we if our moments run
To break on joy or sorrow? We can hope,
But hope itself is born of doubt, my friends,
Always in bud but never quite a flower.
2243 *Anna Katharine Green: Paul Isham.*

What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the net:
'Tis not here — still yonder, yonder;
Never urchin found it yet.
2244 *Carlyle: Cui Bono.*

Hope in our hearts doth only stay
Like a traveller at an inn,
Who riseth up at the break of day
His journey to begin.
2245 *Alice Cary: Thanksgiving.*

Hope newborn one pleasant morn
Died at even;
Hope dead lives nevermore,
No, not in heaven.
2246 *Christina G. Rossetti: Dead Hope.*

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his Hope with all!
2247 *Whittier: Dream of Summer.*

Life's fairest things are those which seem,
The best is that of which we dream.
2248 *Whittier: Seeking of the Waterfall.* St. 21.

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes.
2249 *Whittier: Maud Muller.* St. 54.

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height;
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.
2250 *Prior: To the Hon. Charles Montague*

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While there is life, there's hope, (he cried,)
Then why such haste?—so groan'd and died.
2251 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 27

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined, from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.
2252 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. i. Line 95.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
2253 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. i. Line 91

See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
2254 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 273.

Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,
All present blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.
2255 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vii. Line 107.

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here:
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes,
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.
2256 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vii. Line 1450.

Who bids me hope! and, in that charming word,
Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.
2257 *Ld. Lyttelton: Progress of Love. Hope.* Ecl. ii. Line 41.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope, where reason would despair.
2258 *Lord Lyttelton: Epigram.*

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.
2259 *Goldsmith: Captivity.* Act ii. Song.

The wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.
2260 *Goldsmith: Captivity.* Act ii. Song. (Orig. Ms.)

Hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race.
2261 *Scott: Rokeby.* Canto vi. St. 2

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But while hope lives
Let not the generous die. 'Tis late before
The brave despair.
2262 *Thomson: Sophonisba.* Act i. Sc. 1

White as a white sail on a dusky sea,
When half th' horizon's clouded and half free,
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
Is hope's last gleam in man's extremity.
2263 *Byron: Island.* Canto iv. St. 1.

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shriek'd, as Koskiusko fell!
2264 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. i. Line 381.

Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
2265 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. i. Line 45.

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy kingdom comes! immortal power!
2266 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. ii. Line 234.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.
2267 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. ii. Line 375.

HORSE — HORSEMANSHIP — *see* **Hunting.**

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.
2268 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 295

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
2269 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 4

With flowing tail and flying mane,
Wide nostrils — never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse — the wild — the free —
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on.
2270 *Byron: Mazeppa.* St. 17

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The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd and champ'd the golden bit.
2271 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Pt. iii. Line 1733

Then peers grew proud in horsemanship to excel,
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell.
2272 *Pope:* Satire v. Line 143

HOSPITALITY—*see* **Beggars, Charity, Dinner, Welcome.**

I charge thee, invite them all; let in the tide
Of knaves once more: my cook and I'll provide.
2273 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
2274 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
2275 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 13.

He kept no Christmas-house for once a year;
Each day his boards were fill'd with lordly fare:
He fed a rout of yeomen with his cheer,
Nor was his bread and beef kept in with care:
His wine and beer to strangers were not spare;
And yet beside to all that hunger griev'd
His gates were ope, and they were there reliev'd.
2276 *Robert Greene: A Maiden's Dream.*

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;

. . . . . .

All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
2277 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Pt. I. iv. Line 15.

HUMILITY—*see* **Birth.**

You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time much like his master's ass,
For naught but provender; and, when he's old, cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves.
2278 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 1

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Be wise;
Soar not too high, to fall; but stoop to rise.
2279 *Massinger: Duke of Milan.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Lowliness is the base of every virtue:
And he who goes the lowest, builds the safest.
2280 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

My favored temple is an humble heart.
2281 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Colonnade and Lawn.*

The heart grows richer that its lot is poor,—
God blesses want with larger sympathies,—
Love enters gladliest at the humble door,
And makes the cot a palace with his eyes.
2282 *James Russell Lowell: Legend of Brittany.* St. 4.

Give me the lowest place: or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low
Where I may sit and see
My God and love Thee so.
2283 *Christina G. Rossetti: The Lowest Place.*

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility!
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.
2284 *Coleridge: Devil's Thoughts.*

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And he owned with a grin
That his favorite sin
Is pride that apes humility.
2285 *Southey: The Devil's Walk.* St. 8.

Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.
2286 *Moore: Loves of the Angels. Third Angel's Story.*

HUMOR.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.
2287 *Shaks.: Sonnet* xci.

HUNGER—*see* **Appetite, Eating.**

Famish'd people must be slowly nurst,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.
2288 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 158.

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Man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals, at least one meal a day;
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey.
Although his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
Your laboring people think beyond all question,
Beef, veal, and mutton better for digestion.
2289 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 67

HUNTING — *see* **Horsemanship.**

Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
2290 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iv. Sc. 1

The healthy huntsman, with a cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs and greets the dappled Morn.
The jocund thunder wakes the enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds.
2291 *Gay: Rural Sports.* Canto ii. Line 96

In vain malignant streams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts;
The huntsman, ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapor, and confides
In this delightful exercise to raise
His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.
2292 *Somerville: Chase.* 1. Line 97.

Fields, woods, and streams,
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice; my hounds shall wake
The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.
2293 *Somerville: Chase.* 4. Line 533

Hark! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
The gallant chiding loads the trembling air.
2294 *Somerville: Chase.* 4. Line 402

Poor Jack, — no matter who, — for when I blame
I pity, and must therefore sink the name, —
Liv'd in his saddle, lov'd the chase, the course,
And always ere he mounted, kiss'd his horse.
2295 *Cowper: Retirement.* Line 575.

He thought at heart like courtly Chesterfield,
Who, after a long chase o'er hills, dales, bushes,
And what not, though he rode beyond all price,
Ask'd next day, "if men ever hunted *twice?*"
2296 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiv. St. 35

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Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
2297 *Pope: Windsor Forest.* Line 61.

He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws
Of hunting — for the sagest youth is frail;
Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
And once o'er several country gentlemen.
2298 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiv. St. 33.

When huntsmen wind the merry horn,
And from its covert starts the fearful prey;
Who, warm'd with youth's blood in his swelling veins,
Would, like a lifeless clod, outstretched lie,
Shut up from all the fair creation offers?
2299 *Joanna Baillie: Ethwald.* Pt. i. Act i. Sc. 1

HURRICANE.

What roar is that? — 'tis the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.
Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,
With the very clouds! — ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space.
2300 *William Cullen Bryant: The Hurricane.*

The hurricane's distant voice is heard
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.
He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!
2301 *William Cullen Bryant: The Hurricane.*

Know ye no sadness when the hurricane
Has swept the wood and snapped its sturdy stems
Asunder, or has wrenched, from out the soil,
The mightiest with their circles of strong roots,
And piled the ruin all along his path?
2302 *William Cullen Bryant: Among the Trees.*

Wilder grow the hurricanes
Of all the winds.
2303 *Bryant's Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. v. Line 364.

HUSBAND — *see* **Marriage, Wife.**

To all married men, be this a caution,
Which they should duly tender as their life,
Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a wife.
2304 *Massinger: Picture.* Act v. Sc. 3

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See, what a grace was seated on his brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command:
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.
2305 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

But, O ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?
2306 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 22.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.
2307 *Tennyson: Locksley Hall.* St. 24.

HYMNS.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.
2308 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 1.

HYPOCRISY — *see* Deceit, Dissimulation, Falsity, Knavery, Lies.

This outward-sainted deputy, —
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, — is yet a devil.
2309 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
2310 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.
2311 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint.
2312 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it.
2313 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 5.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long-traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
2314 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

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Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
2315 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Why, I can smile, and murther while I smile:
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
2316 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 2

But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them — that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With odd old ends, stol'n forth of holy writ:
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
2317 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 3

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides!
Who cover faults, at last with shame derides.
2318 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 1.

O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honorable villain!
2319 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iii. Sc. 2

'Tis too much prov'd, that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
2320 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
2321 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.
2322 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3

Neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By His permissive will, through Heaven and Earth;
And oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.
2323 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iii. Line 682

And was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.
2324 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 121

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All live by seeming.
The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming;
The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier
Will eke with it his service. — All admit it,
All practise it; and he who is content
With showing what he is, shall have small credit
In church, or camp, or state. — So wags the world.
2325 *Scott: Ivanhoe.* Ch. xxxvii. Old Play

Thou hast prevaricated with thy friend,
By underhand contrivance hast undone me;
And while my open nature trusted in thee,
Thou hast stepp'd in between me and my hopes,
And ravish'd from me all my soul held dear;
Thou hast betray'd me.
2326 *Rowe: Lady Jane Grey.* Act ii. Sc. 1

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner — then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without.
2327 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 77

The world's all title-page; there's no contents;
The world's all face; the man who shows his heart
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
2328 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 341

The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at picquet;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
2329 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire v. Line 355

Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wronged her yet,)
May claim this merit still, that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause.
2330 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 100.

Few men dare show their thoughts of worst or best;
Dissimulation always sets apart
A corner for herself; and therefore fiction
Is that which passes with least contradiction.
2331 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xv. St. 3.

He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat!
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought.
2332 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 41.

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An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.
2333 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 17

A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave
With flowers bestrew'd.
2334 *Pollok: Course of Time.* Pt. viii. Line 641

The hypocrite had left his mask, and stood
In naked ugliness. He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
To serve the devil in.
2335 *Pollok: Course of Time.* Pt. viii. Line 615.

In sermon style he bought,
And sold, and lied; and salutations made
In scripture terms. He pray'd by quantity,
And with his repetitions, long and loud,
All knees were weary.
2336 *Pollok: Course of Time.* Pt. viii. Line 628

A man may cry Church! Church! at ev'ry word
With no more piety than other people—
A daw's not reckoned a religious bird
Because it keeps a cawing from a steeple.
2337 *Hood: Ode to Rae Wilson, Esq.* Line 171

Hypocrisy infects the holy priest!
2338 *Robt. Greene: Looking-Glass for London and England*

I.

ICE.

Look! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That glimmer with an amethystine light.
But round the parent-stem the long, low boughs
Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbors hide
The glassy floor. Oh! you might deem the spot
The spacious cavern of some virgin mine.
2339 *William Cullen Bryant: A Winter Piece*

IDLENESS—*see* **Sloth.**

What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused.
2340 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 4

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A lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever listless loit'rers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
2341 *Pope: Dunciad.* Bk. iv. Line 337

Life's cares are comforts; such by heaven designed;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and without employ
The soul is on a rack; the rack of rest,
To souls most adverse.
2342 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 162

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as when it stands.
2343 *Cowper: Retirement.* Line 681

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
2344 *Cowper: Retirement.* Line 628

Come hither, ye that press your beds of down
And sleep not: see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it. — 'Tis the primal curse,
But soften'd into mercy: made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.
2345 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. i. Line 362

Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires — an idol, at whose shrine
Who oftenest sacrifice are favored least.
2346 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. i. Line 409

How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly, in return,
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
2347 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 350

Of those forlorn and sad, thou might'st have marked,
In number most innumerable stand
The indolent: too lazy these to make
Inquiry for themselves.
2348 *Pollok: Course of Time.* Pt. viii. Line 298

IGNORANCE — *see* **Knowledge.**

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
2349 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 7

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
2350 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act ii. Sc. 1

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Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
2351 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 315

From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.
2352 *Prior: To Hon. C. Montague.*

Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.
2353 *Gray: Ode on Eton College.*

With just enough of learning to misquote.
2354 *Byron: English Bards* Line 66

Where blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,
On all things all day long.
2355 *Tennyson: Vivien.* Line 515

What mortal knows
Whence come the tint and odor of the rose?
What probing deep
Has ever solved the mystery of sleep?
2356 *T. B. Aldrich: Human Ignorance*

IMAGINATION — *see* **Fancy.**

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
2357 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act v. Sc 1

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
2358 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act 1. Sc. 3.

Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
Which o'er informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom again!
2359 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 122

Imagination is the air of mind.
2360 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Another and a Better World*

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O Fancy, if thou flyest, come back anon,
Thy fluttering wings are soft as love's first word,
And fragrant as the feathers of that bird,
Which feeds upon the budded cinnamon.
2361 *Jean Ingelow: Fanc*

Do what he will, he cannot realize
Half he conceives — the glorious vision flies;
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty pictur'd in his mind.
2362 *Rogers: Human Life.* Line 113

IMITATION.

To copy beauties forfeits all pretence
To fame; to copy faults is want of sense.
2363 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 457

We love in others what we lack ourselves,
And would be everything but what we are.
2364 *R. H. Stoddard: Arcadian Idyl*

IMMORTALITY.

It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well! —
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
2365 *Addison: Cato.* Act v. Sc. 1

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
2366 *Addison: Cato.* Act v. Sc. 1

Immortal! Ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! A race without a goal!
Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
Futurity forever future! Life
Beginning still, where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a deity!
2367 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vi. Line 542

Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for ever?
Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?
This is a miracle, and *that* no more.
2368 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vii. Line 1396

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Can it be?
Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
2369 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vi. Line 701

IMPLACABILITY.
Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
2370 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 4

IMPLORING.
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For, where a heart is hard, they make no battery.
2371 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 425

IMPOSSIBILITY.
And what's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass.
2372 *Colman, jr.: Maid of the Moor*

IMPRISONMENT.
Captivity,
That comes with honor, is true liberty.
2373 *Massinger: Fatal Dowry.* Act i. Sc. 2

IMPUDENCE.
For he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.
2374 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 17.

With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,
Ne'er blushed, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares.
2375 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 135

INCOME — *see* **Money, Prosperity.**
I've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end.
2376 *Pope: Im. of Horace.* Bk. ii. Satire vi. Line 1.

INCONSTANCY — *see* **Change.**
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
2377 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act ii. Sc. 3. *Song*

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Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love,
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
2378 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act ii. Sc. 4

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again;
Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows;
Commanded always by the greater gust:
Such is the lightness of you common men.
2379 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Wives in their husbands' absences grow subtler,
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.
2380 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 22

There are three things a wise man will not trust,—
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith.
2381 *Southey: Madoc.* Pt. ii. *Caradoc and Senena.* Line 51.

INDEPENDENCE.

Bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.
2382 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2

The man who by his labor gets
His bread in independent state,
Who never begs, and seldom eats,
Himself can fix or change his fate.
2383 *Prior: The Old Gentry*

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' nature up to nature's God.
2384 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 331.

Hail! independence, hail! heaven's next best gift,
To that of life and an immortal soul!
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
2385 *Thomson: Liberty.* Pt. v. Line 124.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
2386 *Smollett: Ode to Independence*

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Hail! independence! — by true reason taught,
How few have known, and priz'd thee as they ought!
Some give thee up for riot; some, like boys,
Resign thee, in their childish moods, for toys;
Ambition some, some avarice, misleads,
And, in both cases, Independence bleeds.
2387 *Churchill: Independence.* Line 495.

Gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.
2388 *Burns: Epistle to a Young Friend.* St. 7.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them.
2389 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 113.

INDEX.

Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.
2390 *Pope: Dunciad.* Bk. i. Line 279.

INDIAN SUMMER.

To her bier
Comes the year
Not with weeping and distress, as mortals do,
But, to guide her way to it,
All the trees have torches lit.
2391 *Lucy Larcom: Indian Summer.*

The Indian Summer, the dead Summer's soul.
2392 *Mary Clemmer: Presence.*

INDIFFERENCE — *see* **Hate, Scorn.**

The time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love.
But since thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for further recompense.
2393 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act iii. Sc. 5.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba.
2394 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2

A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.
2395 *Wordsworth: Peter Bell.* Pt. i. St. 12.

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Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?
2396 *George Wither: Shepherd's Resolution.*

Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;
What's he to me, or I to him.
2397 *Churchill: Ghost.* Bk. iv. Line 215.

I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.
2398 *Bickerstaff: Love in a Village.* Act i. Sc. 3.

INDUSTRY — *see* **Action, Activity, Decision, Perseverance.**

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heav'n. The fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
2399 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act i. Sc. 1.

The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to.
2400 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act iii. Sc. 6.

In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.
2401 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 8.

In works of labor, or of skill,
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
2402 *Watts: Hymns.* No. xx.

Protected industry, careering far,
Detects the cause and cures the rage of war,
And sweeps, with forceful arm, to their last graves,
Kings from the earth and pirates from the waves.
2403 *Joel Barlow: To Freedom.*

INFANCY — *see* **Childhood.**

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heav'n convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.
2404 *Coleridge: Epitaph on an Infant.*

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.
2405 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Education.*

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He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister;
So Holy Writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.
2406 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act ii Sc. 1

INFIDELITY, IN RELIGION—*see* Bible, Religion.

Not, thus, our infidels th' eternal draw,
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete;
They set at odds Heav'n's jarring attributes;
And, with one excellence, another wound,
Maim Heav'n's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid mercy triumph over God himself,
Undeified by their opprobrious praise:
A God all mercy is a God unjust.
2407 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Line 225

If man loses all, when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought,)
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.
2408 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vii. Line 193

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;
Some sinister intent taints all he does.
2409 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 711

And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.
2410 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 107

INFIDELITY, PERSONAL—*see* Frailty, Fickleness.

O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!
2411 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her.
2412 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3

Another daughter dries a father's tears;
Another sister claims a brother's love;
An injured husband hath no other wife,
Save her who wrought him shame.
2413 *Maturin: Bertram* iv. 2

O wretched is the dame, to whom the sound,
"Your lord will soon return," no pleasure brings.
2414 *Maturin: Bertram* iv. 3

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In her first passion, woman loves her lover;
In all the others all she loves is love,
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
And fits her loosely — like an easy glove,
As you may find, whene'er you like to prove her.
2415 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 3

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound.
2416 *Byron: Fare Thee Well.*

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom when betray'd.
2417 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Fire Worshippers.*

INFLUENCE.

I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.
2418 *Longfellow: The Arrow and The Song.*

I am a part of all that I have met.
2419 *Tennyson: Ulysses.* Line 18

He thought all loveliness was lovelier,
She crowning it; all goodness credible,
Because of the great trust her goodness bred.
2420 *George Eliot: The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. ii.

My work is mine,
And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked,
I should rob God — since he is fullest good
2421 *George Eliot. Stradivarius*

No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
2422 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. ii. Canto vi. St. 40

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INGRATITUDE — *see* **Curses.**

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
2423 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
2424 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7. *Song.*

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
2425 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes.
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done.
2426 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc. 3

I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.
2427 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act v. Sc. 1.

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
2428 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 4.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!
2429 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 4.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.
2430 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 4

Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't?
2431 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iii. Sc. 4

Great minds, like heaven, are pleased in doing good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favors
Are barren in return.
2432 *Rowe: Tamerlane.* Act ii. Sc. 1

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He that's ungrateful, has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.
2433 *Young: Busiris*

So the struck eagle stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nurs'd the pinion which impelled the steel.
2434 *Byron: English Bards.* Line 828

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted, — they have torn me, — and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.
2435 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 10.

INHUMANITY.

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
2436 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

INJURY.

The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
2437 *Shaks.: Sonnet* xxxiv.

INK.

Let there be gall enough in thy ink;
Though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter.
2438 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

INN — *see* **Tavern.**

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found,
The warmest welcome at an inn.
2439 *Shenstone: Lines on Window of Inn at Henley*

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
2440 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 219.

Where you have friends you should not go to inns.
2441 *George Eliot: Agatha*

INNOCENCE.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
2442 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act ii. Sc. 2

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Innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.
2443 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Against the head which innocence secures,
Insidious Malice aims her darts in vain,
Turn'd backwards by the powerful breath of heav'n.
2444 *Dr. Johnson: Irene.* Act v. Sc. 6

INSPIRATION.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight:
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine, which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.
2445 *Shaks.: Sonnet* xxxviii

INSTINCT — *see* **Reason.**

Then vainly the philosopher avers
That reason guides our deeds, and instinct theirs.
How can we justly different causes frame,
When the effects entirely are the same?
Instinct and reason how can we divide?
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.
2446 *Prior: Solomon on the V. of the World.* Bk. i. Line 231

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee what sense, so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
Forever sep'rate, yet forever near.
2447 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. i. Line 217

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison and to choose their food.
2448 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iii. Line 99

Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave.
2449 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iii. Line 173

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INSTRUCTION — *see* **Education.**

It is a good divine that follows his
Own instructions; I can easier teach twenty
What were good to be done, than be one
Of the twenty to follow mine own teaching:
The brain may devise laws for the blood; but
A hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree.
2450 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i Sc. 2

INTEGRITY — *see* **Conscience, Honor.**

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted.
2451 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 2

INTELLIGENCE.

'Tis good-will makes intelligence.
2452 *Emerson: The Titmouse.* Line 65.

INVENTION.

Th' invention all admir'd, and each how he
To be th' inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd,
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible!
2453 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. vi. Line 498

IRRESOLUTION — *see* **Delay, Doubt.**

Like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect.
2454 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 3

ITALY.

How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her inexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
2455 *Addison: A Letter from Italy.* Line 105.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur marks the scene.
2456 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 105.

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
2457 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 42

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Fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree,
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defac'd.
2458 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St 26

IVY.

Oh! how could fancy crown with thee,
In ancient days, the God of Wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine?
Ivy! thy home is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er;
Where song and beaker once went round,
But now are known no more.
2459 *Mrs. Hemans: Ivy Song*

J.

JANUARY.

Come, ye cold winds, at January's call,
On whistling wings, and with white flakes bestrew
The earth.
2460 *Ruskin: The Months.*

JEALOUSY.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
2461 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act v. Sc. 1.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.
2462 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 5.

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.
2463 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3

O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly loves!
2464 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3

Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme.
2465 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2

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O beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.
2466 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolved.
2467 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3

Where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, "Kill, kill!"
Distempering gentle love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.
2468 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 649

No true love there can be without
Its dread penalty — jealousy.
2469 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. ii. Canto i. St. 24

Oh, jealousy! thou bane of pleasing friendship,
How does thy rancor poison all our softness,
And turn our gentle natures into bitterness!
2470 *Rowe: Jane Shore.* Act iii. Sc. 1

To doubt's an injury; to suspect a friend
Is breach of friendship: jealousy's a seed,
Sown but in vicious minds; prone to mistrust,
Because apt to deceive.
2471 *Lord Lansdowne: Heroic Love.* Act iii. Sc. 1

But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise.
2472 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 1075.

Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
2473 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 1092

It is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has formed.
2474 *Young: Revenge.* Act iii. Sc. 1

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All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.
2475 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 358.

Her maids were old, and if she took a new one.
You might be sure she was a perfect fright.
She did this during even her husband's life—
I recommend as much to every wife.
2476 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 48

Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.
2477 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 65.

O jealousy,
Thou ugliest fiend of hell! thy deadly venom
Preys on my vitals, turns the healthful hue
Of my fresh cheek to haggard sallowness,
And drinks my spirit up!
2478 *Hannah More: David and Goliah.* Pt. v.

JESTS — *see* **Jokes, Wit.**

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when Jove doth please;
He is wit's peddler; and retails his wares
At wakes and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
2479 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act v. Sc. 2.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.
2480 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Laugh not too much; the witty man laughs least:
For wit is news only to ignorance:
Less at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport abuses: for the fly
That feeds on dung is colored thereby.
2481 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 39.

Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
2482 *Dr. Johnson: London.* Line 156.

JESUITS.

For none but Jesuits have a mission
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the church with powder,
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
2483 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 1561.

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JEWS.

Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
2484 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 3

JOKES — *see* **Jest, Wit.**

And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
2485 *Pope: Dunciad.* Bk. ii. Line 34

JOURNALISTS.

To serve thy generation, this thy fate:
Written in water, swiftly fades thy name;
But he who loves his kind does, first and late,
A work too great for fame.
2486 *Mary Clemmer: The Journalist.* Last St.

JOY.

Joys
Are bubble-like — what makes them,
Bursts them too.
2487 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Garden and Bower by the Sea.*

Joys, like beauty, but skin deep.
2488 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

O joy, hast thou a shape?
Hast thou a breath?
How fillest thou the soundless air?
Tell me the pillars of thy house!
What rest they on? Do they escape
The victory of Death?
And are they fair
Eternally, who enter in thy house?
O Joy, thou viewless spirit, canst thou dare
To tell the pillars of thy house?
2489 *Helen Hunt: Joy.*

Capacity for joy
Admits temptation.
2490 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. i. Line 703.

How natural is joy, my heart!
How easy after sorrow!
For once, the best is come that hope
Promised them "to-morrow."
2491 *Jean Ingelow: Song of Night Watches. Morn. Watch.*

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
Of endless Nature's calm rotation.
Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
In the great Time-piece of Creation.
2492 *Schiller: Hymn to Joy.*

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JUNE.

June falls asleep upon her bier of flowers;
In vain are dewdrops sprinkled o'er her,
In vain would fond winds fan her back to life,
Her hours are numbered on the floral dial.
2493 *Lucy Larcom: Death of June.* Line 1.

June is dead,
Dead, without dread or pain, her gayest wreaths
Twined with her own hands for her funeral.
2494 *Lucy Larcom: Death of June.* Line 13.

Flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound.
2495 *William Cullen Bryant: June.*

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
2496 *James Russell Lowell: Vision of Sir Launfal.*

'Twas an evening of beauty; the air was perfume,
The earth was all greenness, the trees were all bloom
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird.
2497 *Whittier: Cities of the Plain.*

JURIES—*see* **Justice.**

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.
2498 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Do not your juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And as they please make matter of fact
Run all on one side as they're packt.
2499 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 365

This box contains a man of wit;
A man of sense, a man not fit;
A man of strength, a man of place;
A man devoid of every grace;
A man of rank, a man of none;
A man who'd rather be at home;
A man of luck, a man of taste;
A man who would his country waste:
These men, when sworn, a jury make,
To clear up many a mistake.
2500 *Author Unknown.*

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JUSTICE — *see* **Criticism, Guilt, Law.**

I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong.
2501 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1

A Daniel come to judgment; yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!
2502 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1

And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part.
2503 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7

If I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigor, and not law.
2504 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
2505 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy: and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me.
2506 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.
2507 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act v Sc. 3

A man busied about decrees,
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other.
2508 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act i. Sc. 6.

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.
2509 *Whittier: Mantle of St. John De Matha.*

The gods
Grow angry with your patience: 'tis their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.
2510 *Ben Jonson: Catiline.* Act iii. Sc. 4

Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.
2511 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto ii. Line 1177

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Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
2512 *Pope: Dunciad.* Bk. i. Line 52

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine.
2513 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto iii. Line 21.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
2514 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. i. Line 9.

Wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
2515 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. i. Line 82.

Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice Triumphs.
2516 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Pt. I. iii. Line 34.

K.

KINDNESS—*see* **Benevolence, Charity, Forbearance, Nature.**

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love.
2517 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

Kindness is wisdom. There is none in life
But needs it and may learn.
2518 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.
2519 *Prior: An English Padlock.*

KINGS—*see* **Court, Loyalty, Princes, Royalty, War.**

The king-becoming graces
Are justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.
2520 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
2521 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act iii. Sc. 2

The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends.
2522 *Shaks.: 1 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

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When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person,
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
2523 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 1

O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.
2524 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 4

If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't.
2525 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act i. Sc. 2

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
2526 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

What have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony?
2527 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre: and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
2528 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 6.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it: but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
2529 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.
2530 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 5

A crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burthen lies,
For therein stands the office of a king, —
His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praise, —
That for the public all this weight he bears.
2531 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. ii. Line 458

What is a king? a man condemn'd to bear
The public burthen of the nation's care.
2532 *Prior: Solomon.* Bk. iii. Line 275

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Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
And never does a wise one.

2533 *Rochester: Written on Bedchamber Door of Chas. II.*

Unbounded power and height of greatness give
To kings that lustre which we think divine;
The wise who know them, know they are but men,
Nay, sometimes weak ones too: the crowd indeed,
Who kneel before the image, not the God,
Worship the deity their hands have made.

2534 *Rowe: Ambitious Stepmother.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

We too are friends to loyalty. We love
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them. Him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free;
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far.

2535 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. v. Line 330.

He is ours,
T' administer, to guard, t' adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his,
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.

2536 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. v. Line 340.

All these men, or their fathers, were my friends
Till they became my subjects; then fell from me
As faithless leaves drop from the o'erblown flower,
And left me a lone blighted thorny stalk,
Which in its solitude can shelter nothing.

2537 *Byron: Mar. Faliero.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

A crown! what is it?
It is to bear the miseries of a people!
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
And sink beneath a load of splendid care!
To have your best success ascribed to fortune,
And fortune's failures all ascribed to you!
It is to sit upon a joyless height,
To ev'ry blast of changing fate expos'd!
Too high for hope! too great for happiness!

2538 *Hannah More: Daniel.* Pt. vi.

The wisest sovereigns err like private men,
And royal hand has sometimes laid the sword
Of chivalry upon a worthless shoulder,
Which better had been branded by the hangman.
What then? Kings do their best — and they and we
Must answer for th' intent, and not th' event.

2539 *Scott: Kenilworth.* Ch. xxxii. Old Play

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KISSING—*See* **Courtship.**

Then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips.
2540 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.
2541 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
2542 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Give me one kiss, I'll give it to thee again;
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.
2543 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 209.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine;—
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eyeballs; there thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?
2544 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 115.

Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
2545 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 9

Give me kisses! Nay, 'tis true
I am just as rich as you;
And for every kiss I owe,
I can pay you back, you know.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment — and again.
2546 *J. G. Saxe: To Lesbia*

Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a score;
Then to that twenty add an hundred more;
A thousand to that hundred; so kiss on,
To make that thousand up a million;
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kiss afresh, as when we first begun.
2547. *Herrick: Aph. To Anthea.*

When my lips meet thine
Thy very soul is wedded unto mine.
2548 *H. H. Boyesen: Thy Gracious Face I Greet with [Glad Surprise*

Her mouth's culled sweetness by thy kisses shed
On cheeks and neck and eyelids, and so led
Back to her mouth which answers there for all.
2549 *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: Love-Sweetness.* Sonnet xiii.

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I rest content, I kiss your eyes,
I kiss your hair, in my delight:
I kiss my hand, and say, Good-night.
2550 *Joaquin Miller: Isles of the Amazons.* Pt v.

Sweeter than the stolen kiss
Are the granted kisses.
2551 *Bayard Taylor: Improvisations.* St. 5.

O delicious kiss,
Why thou so suddenly art gone?
Lost in the moment thou art won?
2552 *Peter Pindar: Pindariana. To a Kiss.*

The kiss you take is paid by that you give,
The joy is mutual, and I'm still in debt.
2553 *Lord Lansdowne: Heroic Love.* Act v. Sc. 1.

O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.
2554 *Tennyson: Fatima.* St. 3.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
2555 *Ben Jonson: The Forest. Song to Celia.*

"Kiss" rhymes to "bliss" in fact, as well as verse.
2556 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto vi. St. 59

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant's wish, "That mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce."
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,
And much more tender on the whole than fierce;
It being (not now, but only while a lad)
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once from north to south.
2557 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto vi. St. 27

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze.
Each kiss a heart-quake, for a kiss's strength,
I think, it must be reckon'd by its length.
2558 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 186

One kiss — and then another — and another —
Till 'tis too late to go — and so return.
2559 *Charles Kingsley: Saint's Tragedy.* Act ii. Sc. 10

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KNAVERY.

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow;
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world!
2560 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iv. Sc. 2

As thistles wear the softest down
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats.
2561 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 201.

Thy beard and head are of a diff'rent dye;
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye:
With all these tokens of a knave complete,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a dev'lish cheat.
2562 *Addison's Translation of Martial.* Bk. xii. 54.

KNOWLEDGE—*see* **Genius, Ignorance, Learning, Wisdom.**

The charm dissolves apace;
And, as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.
2563 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act v. Sc. 1.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.
2564 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5.

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng.
2565 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 830.

Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly.
2566 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. vii. Line 126.

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
2567 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 149.

He knew what ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own.
2568 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto iii. Line 297.

All our knowledge is, ourselves to know.
2569 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 397.

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Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
2570 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i Line 40

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.
2571 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 1

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
2572 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. vi. Line 88

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
2573 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. vi. Line 96

Knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.
2574 *Byron: Manfred.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

Sorrow is knowledge; they who know the most,
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The tree of knowledge is not that of Life.
2575 *Byron: Manfred.* Act i. Sc. 1

Deep subtle wits,
In truth, are master spirits in the world.
The brave man's courage, and the student's lore,
Are but as tools his secret ends to work,
Who hath the skill to use them.
2576 *Joanna Baillie: Basil.* Act ii. Sc. 3

Knowledge is
Bought only with a weary care,
And wisdom means a world of pain.
2577 *Joaquin Miller: Even So.*

I know — is all the mourner saith,
Knowledge by suffering entereth;
And Life is perfected by Death!
2578 *Mrs. Browning: Vision of Poets.* St. 330

L.

LABOR — *see* **Activity, Genius, Vocation.**

The labor we delight in physics pain.
2579 *Shaks.: Macbeth* Act ii. Sc. 3

Labor, you know, is Prayer.
2580 *Bayard Taylor: Improvisations.* St. 11.

From labor health, from health contentment springs.
2581 *Beattie: Minstrel.* Bk. i. St. 13

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Such hath it been — shall be — beneath the sun
The many still must labor for the one.
2582 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto i. St 8

The task he undertakes
Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry.
2583 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 2

I have seen a swan
With bootless labor swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
2584 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act i. Sc. 4.

Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.
2585 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 185.

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.
2586 *Longfellow: Something Left Undone.* St. 1.

Taste the joy
That springs from labor.
2587 *Longfellow: Masque of Pandora.* Pt. vi.

Clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
2588 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Pt. I. iv. Line 4.

O, the toils of life!
How small they seem when love's resistless tide
Sweeps brightly o'er them! Like the scattered stones
Within a mountain streamlet, they but serve
To strike the hidden music from its flow
And make its sparkle visible.
2589 *Anna Katharine Green: Paul Isham*

To fall'n humanity our Father said,
That food and bliss should not be found unsought;
That man should labor for his daily bread;
But not that man should toil and sweat for nought.
2590 *Ebenezer Elliott: Corn Law Hymns*

Labor is good for a man, bracing up his energies to conquest,
And without it life is dull, the man perceiving himself useless:
For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on rusty hinges.
2591 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Wealth.*

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LADIES — *see* **Family.**

And, when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
2592 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 50

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe.
2593 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 41

LANDSCAPE.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.
2594 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 1440

Thou who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way.
2595 *William Cullen Bryant: Monument Mountain.*

How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighboring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.
2596 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 9.

LANGUAGE — *see* **Speech.**

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress;
Their praise is still, "The style is excellent,"
The sense they humbly take upon content.
2597 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 105.

Fit language there is none
For the heart's deepest things.
2598 *Jas. Russell Lowell: Legend of Brittany.* Pt. i. St. 28.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled.
2599 *Spenser: Faerie Queene.* Bk. iv. Canto ii. St. 32

LARK.

Now hear the lark,
The herald of the morn; . . . whose notes do beat
The vaulty heavens, so high above our heads, . . .
Some say the lark makes sweet division.
2600 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iii. Sc. 5

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Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty.
2601 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 853

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watchtower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow.
2602 *Milton: L'Allegro.* Line 41.

And now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.
2603 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. ii. Line 279.

The music soars within the little lark,
And the lark soars.
2604 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. iii. Line 155.

Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations.
2605 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 590.

LAUGHTER — *see* **Smiles.**

They laugh that win.
2606 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Laughter, holding both his sides.
2607 *Milton: L'Allegro.* Line 32.

To laugh were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
2608 *Pope. Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 35.

LAW, LAWYERS — *see* **Justice, Patriotism.**

We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
2609 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 1

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil?
2610 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2

The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.
2611 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 2

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Still you keep o' the windy side of the law.
2612 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act iii. Sc. 4

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
2613 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iii. Sc. 5

Men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
2614 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 3

I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch.
2615 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Induction. Sc. 1.

O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws.
2616 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce
Lie still without a fee.
2617 *Ben Jonson: Volpone.* Act i. Sc. 1.

I oft have heard him say how he admir'd
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law.
2618 *Ben Jonson: Volpone.* Act i. Sc. 1

While lawyers have more sober sense,
Than t' argue at their own expense,
But make their best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss,
And out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses:
But have no int'rest in the cause
For which they engage and wage the laws,
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
2619 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto iii. Line 455.

But lawyers are too wise a nation
T" expose their trade to disputation,
Or make the busy rabble judges
Of all their secret piques and grudges,
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profession's sure to pay.
2620 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto iii. Line 483.

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Your pettifoggers damn their souls,
To share with knaves in cheating fools.
2621 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 515

Law 's the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages,
Who, tho' their bus'ness at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans;
They never manage the contest
T' impair their public interest,
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession.
2622 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto iii. Line 439

Is not the winding up witnesses,
And nicking, more than half the bus'ness?
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast, or slow;
And where in conscience they're straight-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
2623 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 359

Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim;
For if they've us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I would it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe.
2624 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto iii. Line 675

I know you lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please:
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favor every client:
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,
To make out either side's pretence.
2625 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 1

There take, (says *Justice*,) take ye each a *shell*,
We thrive at *Westminster* on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster — live in peace — adieu.
2626 *Pope: Verbatim from Boileau*

These
Ensnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right;
An iron race!
2627 *Thomson: Seasons. Autumn.* Line 1291.

To all facts there are laws.
2628 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. ii. Canto iii. St. 7

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Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.
2629 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 386.

A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair;
Honesty shines with great advantage there.
2630 *Cowper: Hope.* Line 401.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.
2631 *Lines Quoted in Latin by Sir Edward Coke.*

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.
2632 *Sir William Jones: Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.*

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.
2633 *Trumbull: McFingal.* Canto iii. Line 489.

Mastering the lawless science of our law,—
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances,
Through which a few, by wit or fortune led,
May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.
2634 *Tennyson: Aylmer's Field.* Line 439.

LEARNING—*see* **Argument, Authors, Education, Knowledge.**

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary,"—
That is some satire, keen and critical.
2635 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act v. Sc. 1.

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music;
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter.
2636 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of knowledge, as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art t' incumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit.
2637 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. 1. Canto iii. Line 1339.

To master John, the English maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells and gnaws from left to right.
2638 *Prior: Alma.* Canto ii. Line 463.

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Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
2639 *Gay: Fables.* Introduction.

Learn'd, without sense, and venerably dull.
2640 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 592

Voracious learning, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.
This book-case, which dark booty almost burst,
This forager on others' wisdom, leaves
Her native farm, her reason, quite untill'd.
2641 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 255

Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
2642 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 750.

Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines,
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool because they're men of sense.
2643 *Young: Epistle to Pope.* Epis. ii. Line 71.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
2644 *Young: Poem on the Last Day.* Bk. ii. Line 171.

Learning itself, received into a mind
By nature weak, or viciously inclined,
Serves but to lead philosophers astray,
Where children would with ease discern the way.
2645 *Cowper: Progress of Error.* Line 431.

Au reste, (as we say,) the young lad's well enough,
Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff.
2646 *Moore: Fudge Family in Paris.* Letter i.

Learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
2647 *Falconer: Shipwreck.* Canto i. Line 166.

LENDING — *see* **Borrowing.**

Loan oft loses both itself and friend.
2648 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalties.
2649 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 3

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I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
2650 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 3

One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends.
2651 *Shaks.: R. of Lucrece.* Line 962

Something to love
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.
2652 *Tennyson: To J. S.*

LETTERS.

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper!
2653 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Read o'er this:
And after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.
2654 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and manners, blame us not;
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.
2655 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iv. Sc. 6.

My letters! all dead paper, mute and white!
And yet they seem alive, and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.
2656 *Mrs. Browning: Sonnets fr. Portuguese.* Sonnet xxviii

Kind messages, that pass from land to land;
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery!
2657 *Longfellow: Dedication to Seaside and Fireside.* St. 5.

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.
2658 *Emerson: Letters.*

Their preciousness in absence is proved by the desire of their presence.
2659 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Writing*

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The pen flowing in love, or dipped black in hate,
Or tipped with delicate courtesies, or harshly edged with censure,
Hath quickened more good than the sun, more evil than the sword,
More joy than woman's smile, more woe than frowning fortune;
And shouldst thou ask my judgment of that which hath most profit in the world,
For answer take thou this, The prudent penning of a letter.
2660 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Writing*

A letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection;
And a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the solder.
2661 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Writing.*

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart —
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.
2662 *Pope: Eloisa to A.* Line 51

Letters admit not of a half-renown;
They give you nothing, or they give a crown.
No work e'er gained true fame, or ever can,
But what did honor to the name of man.
2663 *Young: Epis. to Pope.* Epis. ii. Line 197.

Good by — my paper's out so nearly,
I've only room for Yours sincerely.
2664 *Moore: Fudge Family in Paris.* Letter vi.

LIBERTY — *see* **Freedom, Slavery.**

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.
2665 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7.

In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side;
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind — had I no better guide.
2666 *Milton: Sonnet* xxii. *To Cyriack Skinner.*

License they mean when they cry Liberty.
2667 *Milton: Sonnet* xii

The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself th' inferior gift of heaven.
2668 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Pt. ii Line 901

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When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid and has lost its relish.
2669 *Addison: Cato.* Act ii. Sc. 3

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.
2670 *Addison: Cato.* Act ii. Sc 1

Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead!
With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind heaven
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our blood.
2671 *Somerville: Chase.* Bk. i. Line 388.

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free,
They touch our country and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of their blessing.
2672 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 40

Liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
2673 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. v. Line 882.

But slaves that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger, and united hearts,
The surest presage of the good they seek.
2674 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. v. Line 373.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.
2675 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. v. Line 445.

Oh, could I worship aught beneath the skies,
That earth has seen or fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf and flow'rs as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank or scented summer air.
2676 *Cowper: Charity.* Line 254.

The wish, which ages have not yet subdued
In man, to have no master save his mood.
2677 *Byron: Island.* Canto i. St. 2

Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause.
2678 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri*

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LIBRARIES — *see* **Books.**

Here you must bide, my friends, with me entombed
In this dim crypt, where shelved around us lie
The mummied authors.
2679 *Bayard Taylor: Poet's Journal. Third Evening*

I love vast libraries; yet there is a doubt
If one be better with them or without, —
Unless he use them wisely, and, indeed,
Knows the high art of what and how to read.
2680 *J. G. Saxe: The Library*

As great a store
Have we of books as bees of herbs or more.
2681 *Henry Vaughan: To His Books.*

LIES — *see* **Defiance, Fiction.**

The "Lie circumstantial," and the "Lie direct."
2682 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act v. Sc. 4.

These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable.
2683 *Shaks.:* 1 *Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
2684 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act i. Sc. 1.

You told a lie; an odious, damned lie:
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.
2685 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies,
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
2686 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. Line 114.

The man of pure and simple heart
Through life disdains a double part;
He never needs the screen of lies
His inward bosom to disguise.
2687 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 6.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.
2688 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 13.

And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.
2689 *Watts: Divine Songs.* No. xv

LIFE — *see* **Adversity, Child, Death, Despair, Dissolution, Providence, Retirement.**

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
2690 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act iv. Sc. 1

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Reason thus with life;
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict.
2691 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iii. Sc 1

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven:
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe;
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.
2692 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.
2693 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.
2694 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 5.

The time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long
If life did ride upon a dial's point
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
2695 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 2.

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
2696 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 4.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest,
Live well; how long or short, permit to Heav'n.
2697 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. xi. Line 553

Circles are prais'd, not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round:
So life we praise, that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.
2698 *Waller: Long and Short Life.*

Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
2699 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. iii. Line 2163

Take not away the life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live.
2700 *Dryden: Of the Pyth. Philosophy.* Line 705

Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind;
Proud of the present, to the future blind!
2701 *Dryden: Cymon and Iphigenia.* Line 323

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Must we count
Life a curse and not a blessing, summed-up in its whole amount,
Help and hindrance, joy and sorrow?
2702 *Robert Browning: La Saisiaz.* Line 206

Life's a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.
2703 *Gay: My Own Epitaph*

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies:
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure, when I live to thee.
2704 *Doddridge: Epigram on his Family Arms*

Life can little more supply,
Than just to look about us and to die.
2705 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. i. Line 3.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!
2706 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto iii. Line 101.

Even so luxurious men unheeding pass
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine;
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.
2707 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 346

I hear a sound of life — of life like ours —
Of laughter and of wailing, of grave speech,
Of little plaintive voices innocent,
Of life in separate courses flowing out
Like our four rivers to some outward main.
I hear life — life!
2708 *Mrs. Browning: Drama of Exile.* Sc. *Farther On*

Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!
2709 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 362

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies:"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
2710 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Line 97

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While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.
2711 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 717

That life is long which answers life's great end.
2712 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 773.

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
2713 *Gray: Elegy.* St. 21

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
2714 *William Cullen Bryant: Thanatopsis.*

Catch then, O catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer — man a flower;
He dies — alas! how soon he dies!
2715 *Dr. Johnson: Winter.*

Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
2716 *Dr. Johnson: Irene.* Act iii. Sc. 8.

Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
2717 *Dr. Johnson: Van. of Human Wishes.* Line 305.

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.
2718 *Dr. Johnson: Van. of Human Wishes.* Line 315.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days,"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays:
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe.
2719 *Dr. Johnson: Van. of Human Wishes.* Line 255

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It matters not how long we live, but how.
2720 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Wood and Water*

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
2721 *Burns: Despondency.*

Well, well — the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love, and pay our taxes,
And, as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;
The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
The priest instructs us, and so our life exhales, —
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust — perhaps a name.
2722 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 4.

'Tis very certain the desire of life
Prolongs it; this is obvious to physicians,
When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,
Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife
Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.
2723 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 64.

There still are many rainbows in your sky,
But mine have vanish'd. All, when life is new,
Commence with feelings warm, and prospects high;
But time strips our illusions of their hue,
And one by one, in turn, some grand mistake
Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake.
2724 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 21

Between two worlds, life hovers like a star
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles: as the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages.
2725 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xv. St. 99.

How readily we wish time spent revoked,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found.
2726 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. vi. Line 25.

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Ask what is human life — the sage replies
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes,
" A painful passage o'er a restless flood,
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,
A sense of fancied bliss and heartfelt care,
Closing at last in darkness and despair."
2727 *Cowper: Hope.* Line 1

Men deal with life as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away.
2728 *Cowper: Hope.* Line 127.

In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves, that thus
We may with patience bear our mod'rate ills,
And sympathize with others suffering more.
2729 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 383.

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime;
" Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."
2730 *Emerson: Terminus.*

Life is a strange avenue of various trees and flowers;
Lightsome at commencement, but darkening to its end in a distant massy portal.
2731 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Life.*

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
In God's eternal day.
2732 *Bayard Taylor: Autumnal Vespers.*

All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
2733 *Moore: National Airs. All That's Bright*

No! life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
2734 *Moore: Irish Melodies. O Think Not My Spirit*

Life is the gift of God, and is divine.
2735 *Longfellow: T. of a Wayside Inn. Emma and Eginhard.*

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Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
2736 *Longfellow: Psalm of Life.*

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
2737 *Longfellow: Psalm of Life.*

This life of ours is a wild Æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.
2738 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. iv.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.
2739 *Longfellow: The Rainy Day.*

What is life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore:
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk and seen no more.
2740 *Carlyle: Cui Bono.*

Life? 'Tis the story of love and of troubles,
Of troubles and love, that travel together
The round world through.
2741 *Joaquin Miller: Life.*

Life is too short for logic; what I do
I must do simply; God alone must judge —
For God alone shall guide, and God's elect.
2742 *Charles Kingsley: Saint's Tragedy.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.
2743 *Frances Anne Kemble: Lines Addressed to the Young [Gentlemen leaving the Lenox Academy, Mass.*

What different lots our stars accord!
This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a Lord!
And that to be shunn'd like a leper!
One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn;
Another, like Colchester native, born
To its vinegar only and pepper.
2744 *Hood: Miss Kilmansegg. Her Birth.*

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Life is arched with changing skies:
Rarely are they what they seem:
Children we of smiles and sighs —
Much we know, but more we dream.
2745 *William Winter: Light and Shadow*

Life, unexplored, is hope's perpetual blaze —
When past, one long, involved, and darksome maze:
But, that some mighty power controls the whole,
A secret intuition tells the soul.
2746 *William Winter: Emotion of Sympathy.* Pt. iii

Making their lives a prayer.
2747 *Whittier: On receiving a Basket of Sea Mosses*

I am: how little more I know!
Whence came I? Whither do I go?
A centred self, which feels and is;
A cry between the silences;
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
With sunshine on the hills of life;
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast
Into the Future, from the Past;
Between the cradle and the shroud,
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.
2748 *Whittier: Questions of Life.*

Life's a vast sea
That does its mighty errand without fail,
Panting in unchanged strength though waves are changing.
2749 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. iii.

Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity.
2750 *Tennyson: Isabel*

A life that leads melodious days.
2751 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. xxxiii. St. 2.

Men's lives like oceans change
In shifting tides, and ebb from either shore
Till the strong planet draws them on once more.
2752 *E. C. Stedman: The Blameless Prince.* St. 59

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
2753 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town*

Life — what is life? but the immediate breath we draw:
Nor have we surety for a second gale.
A frail and fickle tenement it is;
Which, like the brittle glass which measures time,
Is broke ere half its sands are run.
2754 *Notes and Queries, Dec.* 19, 1868

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LIGHT.

Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven first-born!
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
2755 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iii. Line 1

"Let there be Light!" said God; and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep; and, from her native east,
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud.
2756 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. vii. Line 243

Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
2757 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iii. Line 8

LIGHTNESS.

Pray, what is lighter than a feather?
Dust, my friend, in summer weather.
What's lighter than the dust, I pray?
The wind that blows them both away.
What is lighter than the wind?
The lightness of a woman's mind.
And what is lighter than the last?
Ah, now, my friend, you have me fast!
2758 *Notes and Queries, Aug.* 11, 1866

LILIES.

Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.
2759 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!
2760 *Thomson: Paraphrase on St. Matthew*

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LINCOLN, ABRAHAM.

This man, whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas-load, —
The burden of the Commonwealth, — was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give place
To this dear benefactor of the Race.
2761 *R. H. Stoddard: Abraham Lincoln.*

LION.

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpowered.
2762 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act v. Sc. 1.

The lion is, beyond dispute,
Allow'd the most majestic brute;
His valor and his generous mind
Prove him superior of his kind.
2763 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 9.

LIPS — *see* **Kissing.**

O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
2764 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Her lips are roses over-wash'd with dew,
Or like the purple of Narcissus' flower;
No frost their fair, no wind doth waste their power,
But by her breath her beauties do renew.
2765 *Robert Greene: From Menaphon. Menaphon's Ecl.*

LOGIC.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side.
2766 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 65.

If a man who turnips cries,
Cries not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.
2767 *Dr. Johnson: Johnsoniana. Piozzi.* Line 30.

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LONDON.

Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.
2768 *Dr. Johnson: London.* **Line 18**

London! the needy villain's general home,
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome!
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
2769 *Dr. Johnson: London.* **Line 83**

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head — and there is London Town.
2770 *Byron: Don Juan.* **Canto x. St. 82**

The sev'nth day this; the jubilee of man.
London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer;
Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artizan,
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:
The coach of hackney, whisky, one-horse chair,
And humblest gig, through sundry suburbs whirl,
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make repair;
Till the tir'd jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.
2771 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* **Canto i. St. 69.**

LONGING.

A yearning like the yearning of a wave
That sees the shore stretch beautiful before it.
2772 *Anna Katharine Green: Paul Isham.*

Alas! to-day I would give everything
To see a friend's face, or to hear a voice
That had the slightest tone of comfort in it.
2773 *Longfellow: Judas Maccabæus.* **Act iv. Sc 3**

LOQUACITY — *see* **Boasting, Bores.**

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where they are not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal.
2774 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* **Act ii. Sc. 2**

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Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.
2775 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 845

LOSS.

Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down.
2776 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc 1

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter — rather more;
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break.
2777 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. vi. St. 2

LOVE, LOVERS — *see* Beauty, Cupid, Friendship, Imagination, Jealousy.

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains, yields.
2778 *Marlowe: Passionate Shepherd.*

When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete; so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
2779 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. viii. Line 546

Such is the power of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would itself excel;
Which he, beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirror of so heavenly light.
2780 *Spenser: Hymn in Honor of Love.*

For several virtues
Have I lik'd several women: never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
2781 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit, with musing weak, heartsick with thought.
2782 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act i. Sc. 1

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As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
2783 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act i. Sc. 1

Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
2784 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
2785 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act i. Sc. 2.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.
2786 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act i. Sc. 3.

In revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of my own heart's sorrow.
2787 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

For now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
2788 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

O, gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now, can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
2789 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
2790 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act ii. Sc. 7

The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns;
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage.
2791 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act ii. Sc. 7

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which, with an hour's heat,
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
2792 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act iii Sc. 2

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You know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
2793 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act iv. Sc. 2

Lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
2794 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act v. Sc. 1

O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.
2795 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act v. Sc. 4

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.
2796 *Shaks.: Mer. W. of W.* Act ii. Sc. 2

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it.
2797 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act i. Sc. 1.

I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him.
2798 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act i. Sc. 5.

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes.
2799 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act i. Sc. 5.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
2800 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act ii. Sc. 4

If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.
2801 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
2802 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act iii. Sc. 1

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
2803 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act iii. Sc. 1

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Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood;
. . . . . .
Or else, misgraffed in respect of years;
. . . . . .
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;
. . . . . .
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream.
2804 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act i. Sc. 1

Helen, I love thee; by my life I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.
2805 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves.
2806 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Things base and vile, holding no quality,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
2807 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.
2808 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act ii. Sc. 2

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love.
2809 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 2

O, why rebuke you him, that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
2810 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
2811 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act v. Sc. 1

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Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with Love's sighs.
2812 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of stray shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance.
2813 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act v. Sc. 2

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.
2814 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 6

Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlooked me, and divided me:
One half of me is yours, the other half yours, —
. . . . . .
And so all yours.
2815 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins.
2816 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2

And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.
2817 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7

Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness: the common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon.
2818 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act iii. Sc. 5

I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not.
2819 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act iii. Sc. 5

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
It is to be all made of sighs and tears,
. . . . . .
It is to be all made of faith and service,
. . . . . .
It is to be all made of fantasy,
. . . . . .
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance.
2820 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act v Sc. 2

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If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
Some Cupids kill with arrows, some with traps.
2821 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument.
2822 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

He says, he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,
As 't were, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.
2823 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Prosperity 's the very bond of love:
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
2824 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
2825 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
2826 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 2.

I never su'd to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word:
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
2827 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 2.

To be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
2828 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
2829 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.
2830 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act i. Sc. 1.

I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason.
2831 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

Men's vows are women's traitors.
2832 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act iii. Sc. 4

Love 's not love,
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point.
2833 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 1

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Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourished with loving tears;
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
2834 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act i. Sc. 1

Alas! that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will.
2835 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act i. Sc. 1

Stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.
2836 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
2837 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say — Ay:
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say Jove laughs.
2838 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2

When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
2839 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iii. Sc. 2

O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
2840 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
2841 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
2842 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 6

Love moderately; long love doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
2843 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 6

'Tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
2844 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2

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When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Gives the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, — extinct in both,
Ev'n in their promise as it is a making,
You must not take for fire. . . .
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence,
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley.
2845 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move:
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.
2846 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
2847 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.
2848 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 5

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too-much.
2849 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 7

She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her.
2850 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 7

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love.
2851 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Excellent wretch; Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again.
2852 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses.
2853 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

If he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
2854 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

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Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.
2855 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iv. Sc. 2

My love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,
. . . have grace and favor in them.
2856 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well.
2857 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Love comforteth, like sunshine after rain,
. . . . . .
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
. . . . . .
Love surfeits not — . . .
Love is all truth — . . .
2858 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 799

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her:
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.
2859 *Shaks.: Pas. Pilgrim.* St. 7

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost.
Of more delight than hawks and horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.
2860 *Shaks.: Sonnet* xci

My love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandized, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
2861 *Shaks.: Sonnet* cii

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Love is a spirit all compact of fire;
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.
2862 *Shaks.: Venus and A* Line 149

. . . . . .
. . . Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved; —
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.
2863 *Shaks.: Sonnet* cxvi

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view, is pleased to dote.
2864 *Shaks.: Sonnet* cxli.

How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I know I should love thee away
When I did not love thee anear?
2865 *Jean Ingelow: Supper at the Mill. Song*

Learn that to love is the one way to know,
Or God or man: it is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him; his own love bestowed
Shall do it.
2866 *Jean Ingelow: A Story of Doom.* Bk. vii. Line 278.

Equality is no rule in love's grammar:
That sole unhappiness is left to princes
To marry blood.
2867 *Beaumont and Fletcher: Maid in the Mill.* Act ii. Sc. 2

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
2868 *Cowley: Gold*

Love is maintain'd by wealth; when all is spent,
Adversity then breeds the discontent.
2869 *Herrick: Aph. Adversity*

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Love's of itself too sweet; the best of all
Is, when love's honey has a dash of gall.
2870 *Herrick: Aph. Another on Love.*

When words we want, love teacheth to indite;
And what we blush to speak, she bids us write.
2871 *Herrick: Aph. Writing.*

Let moderation on thy passions wait;
Who loves too much, too much the lov'd will hate.
2872 *Herrick: Aph. Moderation*

Instruct me now what love will do;
'Twill make a tongueless man to woo.
Inform me next what love will do;
'Twill strangely make a one of two.
Teach me besides what love will do;
'Twill quickly mar and make ye too.
Tell me, now last, what love will do;
'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.
2873 *Sir John Suckling: Aph. Of Love*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?
2874 *Sir John Suckling: On a Wedding. Song.*

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.
2875 *Sir W. Raleigh: Nymph's Reply to Pass. Shepherd.*

Yet Love has found the way.
2876 *Schiller: Hero and Leander.*

No bridge can love to love convey.
2877 *Schiller: Hero and Leander.*

Love can sun the Realms of Night.
2878 *Schiller: The Triumph of Love.*

Love is the only good in the world.
Henceforth be loved as heart can love,
Or brain devise, or hand approve.
2879 *Robert Browning: Flight of the Duchess.* Pt. xv

In all amours a lover burns,
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns;
And hearts have been as oft with sullen,
As charming looks, surpris'd and stolen.
2880 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. Line 913

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A lover is, the more he's brave
T' his mistress, but the more a slave;
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a favor from her hands,
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must
Whether it be unjust or just.
2881 *Butler: Epis. of Hudibras to His Lady.* Line 193

For money has a power above
The stars, and fate, to manage love,
Whose arrows learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
2882 *Butler: Hudibras. Lady's Ans. to the Knight.* Line 131

What mad lover ever died,
To gain a soft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams or hemp departed?
2883 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 23.

Love is Rest.
2884 *Bayard Taylor: Poet's Journal. Third Even*

Love's humility is Love's true pride.
2885 *Bayard Taylor: Poet's Journal. Third Even*

Love better is than Fame.
2886 *Bayard Taylor: Christmas Sonnets.* Sonnet iv

I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!
2887 *Bayard Taylor: Bedouin Song.*

The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above.
2888 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. ii. Line 974

Love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds.
2889 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. iii. Line 2084.

Love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
2890 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. ii. Line 758.

The power of love
In earth, and seas, and air, and heaven above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod,
By daily miracles declared a god.
He blinds the wise, gives eyesight to the blind,
And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.
2891 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. ii. Line 960

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Love never falls to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
2892 *Dryden: Cymon and Iphigenia.* Line 464

Mutual love brings mutual delight —
Brings beauty, life; — for love is life, hate, death.
2893 *R. H. Dana: The Dying Raven.*

False love is only blind.
2894 *George Farquhar: Love and a Bottle.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Love can make us fiends as well as angels.
2895 *Charles Kingsley: Saint's Tragedy.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Let those love now, who never loved before,
Let those who always loved, now love the more.
2896 *Parnell: Trans. of Pervigilium Veneris.*

Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss;
Since ev'ry other joy, how dear soever,
Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.
2897 *Rowe: Lady Jane Grey.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtue we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost.
2898 *Addison: Cato.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleased and disgusted with it knows not what.
2899 *Addison: Cato.* Act i. Sc. 6.

With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
2900 *Addison: Cato.* Act i. Sc. 6.

When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love:
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
2901 *Addison: Cato.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness:
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse.
2902 *Addison: Cato.* Act i. Sc. 1.

O. rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will!
2903 *Whittier: Amy Wentworth.* Last St.

Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows.
2904 *Prior: Henry and Emma.* Line 590

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If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
That heart, which others bleed for, bleed for me.
2905 *Congreve: The Way of the World.* Act iii. Sc. 12

I think we had the chief of all love's joys
Only in knowing that we loved each other.
2906 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. iii.

O love, you were my crown. No other crown
Is aught but thorns on my poor woman's brow.
2907 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk i.

Love finds the need it fills.
2908 *George Eliot: Armgart.* Sc. 5.

Love that lived through all the stormy past.
2909 *William Cullen Bryant: Future Life.*

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name forever sad! forever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still utter'd with a tear!
2910 *Pope: Eloisa to A.* Line 29.

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
2911 *Pope: Eloisa to A.* Line 75.

O happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast;
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
2912 *Pope: Eloisa to A.* Line 91

Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear.
2913 *Swift: Cadenus and Vanessa.* Line 769

A love large as life, deep and changeless as death.
2914 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. ii. Canto vi. St. 9.

And love, life's fine centre, includes heart and mind.
2915 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. ii. Canto i. St. 17

Why should we kill the best of passions, love?
It aids the hero, bids ambition rise,
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Ev'n softens brutes, and adds a grace to virtue.
2916 *Thomson: Sophonisba.* Act v. Sc. 2

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Love is begot by Fancy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed,
Destroy'd by Knowledge, and at best
Lost in the moment 'tis possess'd.

2917 *Lord Lansdowne: Miscellanies. Definition of Love.*

To die and part
Is a less evil — but to part and live,
There, there's the torment.

2918 *Lord Lansdowne: Heroic Love.* Act ii. Sc. 1

What thing is love? — for sure love is a thing: —
Love is a prick, love is a sting,
Love is a pretty, pretty thing;
Love is a fire, love is a coal,
Whose flame creeps in at every hole;
And, as myself can best devise,
His dwelling is in ladies' eyes,
From whence he shoots his dainty darts
Into the lusty gallants' hearts;
And ever since was call'd a god
That Mars with Venus play'd even and odd.

2919 *George Peele: Love*

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away.

2920 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 983.

Banish that fear; my flame can never waste,
For love sincere refines upon the taste.

2921 *Cibber: Double Gallant.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?
Dost thou not circulate through all my veins?
Mingle with life, and form my very soul?

2922 *Young: Busiris.* Act v. Sc. 1.

But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleasures;
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl.

2923 *Young: Revenge.* Act i. Sc. 2

The maid that loves,
Goes out to sea upon a shattered plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety.

2924 *Young: Revenge.* Act iv. Sc. 1

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

2925 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. xxvii. St. 4

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For this is Love's nobility, —
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence, . .
For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.
2926 *Emerson: Celestial Love*

It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true,
And afore you're off wi' the auld love
It's best to be on wi' the new.
2927 *Old Scotch Song. It's Gude to Be Merry and Wise.*

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
2928 *Burns: Song. Ae Fond Kiss*

It warms me, it charms me to mention but her name:
It heats me, it beats me, and sets me a' on flame!
2929 *Burns: Epistle to Davie.* St. 8

True Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthenware;
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
Yet letting not one heartbeat go astray,
From Beauty's law of plainness and content;
A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home.
2930 *James Russell Lowell: Love*

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is — Love, forgive us! cinders, ashes, dust.
2931 *Keats: Lamia.* Pt. ii. Line 1

By those tresses unconfin'd,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes, like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ (My life, I love you).
2932 *Byron: Maid of Athens*

Away! away! my early dream,
Remembrance never must awake;
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart, be still, or break.
2933 *Byron: Well! Thou art Happy*

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Why did she love him? Curious fool! be still;
Is human love the growth of human will?
2934 *Byron: Lara.* Canto ii. St. 22.

Alas! what else is love but sorrow? Even
He who made earth in love, had soon to grieve
Above its first and best inhabitants.
2935 *Byron: Heaven and Earth.* Act i. Sc. 3.

I loved her well; I would have loved her better,
Had love been met with love: as 'tis I leave her
To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.
2936 *Byron: Heaven and Earth.* Act i. Sc. 2

The war of elements no fears impart
To love, whose deadliest bane is human art:
There lie the only rocks our course can check.
2937 *Byron: Bride of Ab.* Canto ii. St. 20.

If changing cheek and scorching vein,
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
If bursting heart and madd'ning brain,
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt, and feel,
Betoken love — that love was mine.
2938 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 1124.

Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or if it doth, in vain for me.
2939 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 1203.

Love, indeed, is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of Him who form'd the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!
2940 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 1150.

Love will find its way
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey,
And if it dares enough 'twere hard
If passion met not some reward.
2941 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 1066.

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like the lava flood
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
2942 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 1118.

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Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
And burning blushes, tho' for no transgression,
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left.
2943 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 74.

O Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be lov'd? Ah, why
With cypress branches hast thou wreath'd thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
2944 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 2.

Love bears within its breast the very germ
Of change: and how should this be otherwise?
That violent things more quickly find a term
Is shown through nature's whole analogies.
2945 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiv. St. 94.

O Love! how perfect is thy mystic art,
Strengthening the weak, and trampling on the strong,
How self-deceitful is the sagest part
Of mortals whom thy lure hath led along.
2946 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 106.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence. Man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange;
Men have all these resources, we but one —
To love again, and be again undone.
2947 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 194.

Love's a capricious power; I've known it hold
Out through a fever caused by its own heat;
But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,
And find a quinsy very hard to treat.
2948 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 22.

Love must be sustained like flesh and blood —
While Bacchus pours out wine; or hands a jelly.
2949 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 170.

My days of love are over, me no more
The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,
Can make the fool of which they made before.
2950 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 216.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing:
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And, if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them, but mockeries of the past alone.
2951 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. [illegible]

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O Love! thou art the very god of evil,
For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.
2952 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 205

O love! O glory! what are ye who fly,
Around us ever, rarely to alight?
There's not a meteor in the polar sky
Of such transcendent and more fleeting flight,
Chill, and chain'd to cold earth, we lift on high
Our eyes in search of either lovely light;
A thousand and a thousand colors they
Assume, then leave us on our freezing way.
2953 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto vii. St. 1

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove; for love
Is heaven, and heaven is love:" so sings the bard;
Which it were rather difficult to prove,
(A thing with poetry in general hard).
Perhaps there may be something in "the grove,"
At least it rhymes to "love": but I'm prepared,
To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)
If "courts and camps" be quite so sentimental.
2954 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xii. St. 18

Yes, it was love, if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet — oh, more than all! untired by time.
2955 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto i. St. 12

'Tis his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity.
2956 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 108

O love! young love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill!
2957 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 81

O! that the desert were my dwelling place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her.
2958 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 177

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter:
. . . . . .
And then God knows what mischief may arise,
When love links two young people in one fetter.
2959 *Byron: Beppo.* St. 16

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She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all.
2960 *Byron: The Dream.* St 2

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
2961 *Scott: Lady of the Lake.* Canto iv. St 1

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven;
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.
2962 *Scott: Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto v. St. 13.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed:
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green;
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven and heaven is love.
2963 *Scott: Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto iii. St. 2.

In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony.
2964 *Scott: Lady of the Lake.* Canto iv. St. 18.

Oh, why should man's success remove
The very charms that wake his love!
2965 *Scott: Marmion.* Canto iii. St. 17.

I have heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold —
His eyes are in his mind.
2966 *Coleridge: To a Lady.*

There is no pleasure like the pain
Of being loved, and loving.
2967 *Praed: Legend of the Haunted Tree.*

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Our love was like most other loves;
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose bud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet" — upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows, — and then we parted.

We parted; months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room's belle;
But only — Mrs. Something Rogers!

2968 *Praed: Belle of the Ball-room.*

They sin who tell us Love can die;
. . . . . .

Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth:
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceiv'd, at times oppress'd,
It here is tried and purified,
Then Heaven hath its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.

2969 *Southey: Curse of Kehama.* Canto x. St. 10.

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

2970 *Moore: Irish Melodies. Come Rest in this Bosom.*

The choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love or thrones without.

2971 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

Alas — how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity.

2972 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

When once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

2973 *Moore: Irish Melodies. Ill Omens.*

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So brief our existence, a glimpse at the most
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart that could echo it near.
Ah, well may we hope when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

2974 *Moore: Irish Melodies. And Doth not a Meeting*

And still, when a pair of lovers meet,
There's a sweetness in air, unearthly sweet,
That savors still of that happy retreat
Where Eve by Adam was courted:
Whilst the joyous thrush and the gentle dove
Woo'd their mates in the boughs above,
And the serpent, as yet, only sported.

2975 *Hood: Miss Kilmansegg. Her Courtship*

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest thing most precious and dear,
When the magic of love is present:
Love, that lends a sweetness and grace
To the humblest spot and the plainest face —
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,
And Garlick Hill to Mount Pleasant!

2976 *Hood: Miss Kilmansegg. Her Honeymoon*

I love thee — I love thee!
'Tis all that I can say; —
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day;
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray:
I love thee — I love thee!
Is all that I can say.

2977 *Hood: I Love Thee*

Who hath not felt that breath in the air,
A perfume and freshness strange and rare,
A warmth in the light, and a bliss everywhere,
When young hearts yearn together?
All sweets below, and all sunny above,
Oh! there's nothing in life like making love,
Save making hay in fine weather!

2978 *Hood: Miss Kilmansegg. Her Courtship*

Some say Love,
Foolish Love,
Doth rule and govern all the gods:
I say Love,
Inconstant Love,
Sets men's senses far at odds.

2979 *Robert Greene: From Menaphon. Menaphon's Song*

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Love is a lock that linketh noble minds,
Faith is the key that shuts the spring of love,
Lightness a wrest that wringeth all awry,
Lightness a plague that fancy cannot brook;
Lightness in love so bad and base a thing,
As foul disgrace to greatest states do[th] bring.

2980 *Robert Greene: From Alcida. Verses under a Carving of Cupid.*

Some men deem
Gold their god, and some esteem
Honor is the chief content
That to man in life is lent;
And some others do contend,
Quiet none like to a friend;
Others hold there is no wealth
Comparèd to a perfect health;
Some man's mind in quiet stands
When he is lord of many lands:
But I did sigh. and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
And in my thoughts I did approve,
Naught so sweet as is true love.

2981 *Robert Greene: Philomela's Ode that she Sung in her Arbor.*

It's now a peace, and then a sudden war;
A hope consum'd before it is conceiv'd;
At hand it fears, and menaceth afar,
And he that gains is most of all deceiv'd:
It is a secret hidden and not known,
Which one may better feel than write upon.

2982 *Robert Greene: From Menaphon. Sonnetto.*

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.

2983 *Robert Greene: From Mourning-Garment. Shepherd's Wife's Song.*

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease, —
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

2984 *Willis: Love in a Cottage.*

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What is love? 'tis nature's treasure,
'Tis the storehouse of her joys;
'Tis the highest heaven of pleasure,
'Tis a bliss which never cloys.
2985 *Thomas Chatterton: The Revenge.* Act i. Sc. 2

Love's a pleasure, solid, real,
Nothing fanciful, ideal,
'Tis the bliss of humankind;
All the other passions move
In subjection under Love,
'Tis the tyrant of the mind.
2986 *Thomas Chatterton: The Revenge.* Act i. Sc. 5

Then come the wild weather — come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow;
Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.
2987 *Longfellow: Annie of Tharaw.*

The first sound in the song of love!
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate.
2988 *Longfellow: Spanish Student.* Act i. Sc. 3

I do not love thee less for what is done,
And cannot be undone. Thy very weakness
Hath brought thee nearer to me, and henceforth
My love will have a sense of pity in it,
Making it less a worship than before.
2989 *Longfellow: Masque of Pandora.* Pt. viii.

So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.
2990 *Longfellow: Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. viii

On thy breast Love lies, immortal child,
Begot of thine own longings, deep and wild;
The more we worship him the more we grow
Into thy perfect image here below;
For here below, as in the spheres above,
All Love is Beauty, and all Beauty — Love!
2991 *R. H. Stoddard: Hymn to the Beautiful*

A lover's eyes are bright,
In the darkest night,
And jealous even of dreams, almost of thee — Sleep.
2992 *R. H. Stoddard: Invocation to Sleep*

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What is life when love is flown?
We breathe, indeed, we grieve, we sigh,
And seem to live, and yet we die:
There is no life alone.
2993 *R. H. Stoddard: The Squire of Low Degree*

Love always looks for love again.
If ever single, it is twain,
And till it finds its counterpart
It bears about an aching heart.
2994 *R. H. Stoddard: Love's Will*

Love has a tide!
2995 *Helen Hunt: Tides*

When Love is strong,
It never tarries to take heed,
Or know if its return exceed
Its gift; in its sweet haste no greed,
No strifes belong.
2996 *Helen Hunt: Love's Fulfilling*

When love is at its best, one loves
So much that he cannot forget.
2997 *Helen Hunt: Two Truths*

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love.
2998 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *A Mountain*

Life is less than nothing without love.
2999 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Garden and Bower by the Sea.*

The love which giveth all, forgiveth aught.
3000 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *The Drawing Room.*

Love spends his all, and still hath store.
3001 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Large Party and Entertainment.*

Love: — what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment,
What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted love.
3002 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Love*

Love with life is heaven; and life, unloving, hell.
3003 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Immortality.*

God will not love thee less because men love thee more.
3004 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Tolerance*

Love is too precious to be named,
Save with a reverence deep and high.
3005 *Alice Cary: The Living Present.*

When we met first and loved, I did not build
Upon the event with marble. Could it mean
To last, a love set pendulous between
Sorrow and sorrow?
3006 *Mrs. Browning: Sonnets fr. Portuguese.* Sonnet xxxvi

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There is no one beside thee and no one above thee.
Thou standest alone as the nightingale sings!
And my words that would praise thee are impotent things,
For none can express thee, though all should approve thee.
I love thee, so, Dear, that I only can love thee.
3007 *Mrs. Browning: Insufficiency*

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile, her look, her way
Of speaking gently, for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day;"
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee — and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry;
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on through love's eternity.
3008 *Mrs. Browning: Sonnets fr. Portuguese.* Sonnet xiv

Who can fear
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll —
Too many flowers, though each can crown the year?
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me — toll
The silver iterance! — only minding, Dear,
To love me also in silence, with thy soul.
3009 *Mrs. Browning: Sonnets fr. Portuguese.* Sonnet xxi.

I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.
3010 *Mrs. Browning: Sonnets fr. Portuguese.* Sonnet xl'ii

Whoever lives true life will love true love.
3011 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. i. Line 1096

Do I love thee? Ask the flower
If she loves the vernal shower,
Or the kisses of the sun,
Or the dew, when day is done.
As she answers, Yes or No,
Darling! take my answer so.
3012 *J. G. Saxe: Do I Love Thee?*

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LOYALTY.

I'd serve my prince,
I'd serve him with my fortune here at home,
And serve him with my person in his wars:
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him,
Die for him, as ev'ry true-born loyal subject ought.
3013 *Otway: Orphan.* Act ii. Sc. 1

LUCK.

A farmer travelling with his load
Picked up a horseshoe on the road,
And nailed it fast to his barn door,
That luck might down upon him pour,
That every blessing known in life
Might crown his homestead and his wife,
And never any kind of harm
Descend upon his growing farm.
3014 *James T. Fields: The Lucky Horseshoe.*

LUXURY.

What will not luxury taste? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare;
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christians' food,
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood.
3015 *Gay: Trivia.* Bk. iii. Line 199.

O Luxury! thou curs'd by heaven's decree,
How ill-exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
3016 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 395

Sofas, 'twas half a sin to sit upon,
So costly were they; carpets, every stitch
Of workmanship so rare, they made you wish
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish.
3017 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 65.

M.

MACHIAVELLI.

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick
Tho' he gave his name to our Old Nick,
But was below the least of these,
That pass th' world for holiness.
3018 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. Line 1313.

MADNESS — *see* Deceit.

I am not mad; — I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself;
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
3019 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

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By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense
(Such a dependency of thing on thing)
As e'er I heard in madness.
3020 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act v. Sc. 1.

That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true.
3021 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Though this be madness, yet there is method in it.
3022 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
3023 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state.
3024 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

My pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from.
3025 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
3026 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

There is a pleasure sure,
In being mad, which none but madmen know.
3027 *Dryden: Sp. Friar.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
3028 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. Line 163.

MAN—*see* **Authority, Character, Charity, Courage, Cowardice, Delay, Home, Hypocrisy, Idleness, Measures.**

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
3029 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad.
3030 *Shaks.: M. of M.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Oh, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do (not knowing what they do).
3031 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iv. Sc. 1

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If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so.
3032 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 2

In speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humors of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others.
3033 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 3

But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels.
3034 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act v. Sc. 2

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy,
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious,
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and vent'rous.
3035 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 4

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men.
3036 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act v. Sc. 1

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.
3037 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 2

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
3038 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act v. Sc. 5

There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all nought, all dissemblers.
3039 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
3040 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2.

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
3041 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords.
3042 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!
3043 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

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I will sooner trust a crocodile,
When he sheds tears; (for he kills suddenly,
And ends our cares at once;) or anything
That's evil to our natures, than a man;
I find there is no end of his deceivings,
Nor no avoiding them, if we give way.
3044 *Beaumont and Fletcher: The Captain.* Act III. Sc

Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.
3045 *Herbert: The Temple. Man.*

In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken: know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.
3046 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. x. Line 205.

Trust not a man; we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant:
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;
But, if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.
3047 *Otway: Orphan.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain.
3048 *Dryden: All for Love.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame;
However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.
3049 *Tennyson: Maud.* Pt. iv. St. 5.

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.
3050 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. liii. St. 5.

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.
3051 *James Russell Lowell: The Capture.*

Consider, man; weigh well thy frame,
The king, the beggar, is the same;
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.
3052 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 16.

Man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes.
3053 *Gay: Fables.* Introduction.

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot.
3054 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis ii. Line 63

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Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err.
3055 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 1

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.
3056 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 107.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree.
3057 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 231.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.
3058 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 203.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused, or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.
3059 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 13.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
3060 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iii. Line 43

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
3061 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 275.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak and vain!
Awhile he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.
3062 *Pope: To Mr. J. Moore*

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Not always actions show the man: we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind;
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies.
3063 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 109

See the same man in vigor, in the gout;
Alone, in company, in place, or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
3064 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 70.

A Christian is the highest style of man.
3065 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Line 788.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
3066 *Young: Par. on Job.* Line 187.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes.
3067 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night i. Line 68.

All are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
3068 *Gray: Prospect of Eton College.* St. 16

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.
3069 *Goldsmith: Edwin and Angelina.* Line 8

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
3070 *Burns: For a' That and a' That*

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower, dishevell'd in the wind:
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
3071 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 259

Man is a summer's day; whose youth and fire
Cool to a glorious evening, and expire.
3072 *Henry Vaughan: Rules and Lessons*

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Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.
3073 *Henry Vaughan: Man.*

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds
Of high resolve; on fancy's boldest wing
To soar unwearied, fearlessly to turn
The keenest pangs to peacefulness, and taste
The joys which mingled sense and spirit yield;
Or he is formed for abjectness and woe,
To grovel on the dunghill of his fears,
To shrink at every sound, to quench the flame
Of natural love in sensualism, to know
That hour as blest when on his worthless days
The frozen hand of death shall set its seal,
Yet fear the cure, though hating the disease.
The one is man that shall hereafter be,
The other, man as vice has made him now.
3074 *Shelley: Queen Mab.* Pt. iv.

Beyond the poet's sweet dream lives
The eternal epic of the man.
3075 *Whittier: The Grave by The Lake.* St. 34.

Strong to the end, a man of men, from out the strife he passed;
The grandest hour of all his life was that of earth the last.
3076 *Whittier: John Quincy Adams.*

Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God.
3077 *Bailey: Festus. Proem.* Line 162.

It matters not what men assume to be;
Or good, or bad, they are but what they are.
3078 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Wood and Water.*

What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets:
Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is all he gets.
3079 *Carlyle: Cui Bono.*

Man, as says each bearded sage,
Is but a piece of clay,
Whose mystic moisture lost by age,
To dust it falls away.
3080 *Thomas Chatterton: The Revenge.* Act i. Sc. 6.

Born to be plough'd with years, and sown with cares,
And reap'd by Death, lord of the human soil.
3081 *Byron: Heaven and Earth.* Act i. Sc. 3.

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Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.
3082 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 17

Man's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure;
'Tis pity tho', in this sublime world, that
Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure.
3083 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 133

Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use
Of his own nature and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce
Some new experiment to show his parts.
3084 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 128

Virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine.
3085 *Byron: Bride of Ab.* Canto i. St. 1.

Admire, exult — despise, — laugh, weep, — for here
There is such matter for all feeling: — man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
3086 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 109.

Once in the flight of ages past,
There liv'd a man: — and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.
3087 *James Montgomery: Common Lot.*

MANNERS.

Fit for the mountains and the barb'rous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd.
3088 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act iv. Sc. 1

Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides;
Beguiling them of commendation.
3089 *Shaks.:* 1 *Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners, living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
3090 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. i. Line 13

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
3091 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 172

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MARCH.

March! — A cloudy stream is flowing,
And a hard steel blast is blowing;
Bitterer now than I remember
Ever to have felt or seen,
In the depths of drear December,
When the white doth hide the green:
Not a trembling weed up-peereth
From its dark home underground;
Violet now nor primrose heareth
In her sleep a single sound;
All in wintry torpor bound!
Not a sparrow on the spray!
Not a lark to greet the day!

3092 *Barry Cornwall: March, April, May.*

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and clouds, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valleys flies.

3093 *William Cullen Bryant: March.*

Still the north wind breathes
His frost, and still the sky sheds snow and sleet.

3094 *William Cullen Bryant: Twenty-seventh of March.*

Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!

3095 *Helen Hunt: March.*

MARRIAGE, MATRIMONY — *see* **Courtship, Father, Happiness, Husband, Love, Mother, Widows.**

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learned by much art;
Some knowledge on her part, will, all her life,
More scope of conversation impart;
Besides her inborn virtue fortify;
They are most firmly good, that best know why.

3096 *Sir Thomas Overbury: A Wife.*

No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed.

3097 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown.

3098 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act v. Sc. 1.

In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys land, and wives are sold by fate.

3099 *Shaks.: Mer. W. of W.* Act v. Sc. 5

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Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.
3100 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act ii. Sc. 4

The ancient saying is no heresy; —
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
3101 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 9

A light wife doth make a heavy husband.
3102 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act v. Sc. 1.

A young man married is a man that's marred
3103 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
3104 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign: one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labor, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
3105 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
3106 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act v. Sc. 2

I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace:
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
3107 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife: but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair Posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.
3108 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act iv. Sc. 3

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Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves.
3109 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act i. Sc. 2.

He is the half-part of a blessed man
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in!
3110 *Shaks.: King John.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
3111 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

What is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
3112 *Shaks.: 1 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 5.

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.
3113 *Shaks.: 1 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 5.

The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
3114 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.
3115 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Oh, the music and beauty of life lose their worth,
When one heart only joys in their smile;
But the union of hearts gives that pleasure its birth,
Which beams on the darkest and coldest of earth
Like the sun on his own chosen isle;
It gives to the fireside of winter the light,
The glow and the glitter of spring —
O sweet are the hours, when two fond hearts unite,
As softly they glide, in their innocent flight
Away on a motionless wing.
3116 *Bohn: Ms*

The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures.
3117 *Ford: Broken Heart.* Act ii. Sc. 2

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The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife;
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, where there's such difference in years
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy.
3118 *Massinger: New Way to Pay Old Debts.* Act iv. Sc. 1

Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man.
3119 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 748

For contemplation he and valor form'd;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.
3120 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 297

Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring.
3121 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 750.

When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
And freely married where they pleas'd;
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor lied,
Nor, in the mind they were in, died;
Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
Nor play'd the masquerade to woo.
3122 *Butler: Epis. of Hudibras to his Lady.* Line 289

For women first were made for men,
Not men for them. It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own;
And therefore men have power to choose
But they no charter to refuse.
3123 *Butler: Epis. of Hudibras to his Lady.* Line 273

Though women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again:
For when (out-witted by his wife)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,
If woman had not interven'd
How soon had mankind had an end!
3124 *Butler: Hudibras. Lady's Ans. to the Knight.* Line 239

Marriage is the life-long miracle,
The self-begetting wonder, daily fresh.
3125 *Charles Kingsley: Saint's Tragedy.* Act ii. Sc. 9

Love's history, as Life's, is ended not
By marriage.
3126 *Bayard Taylor: Lars.* Bk. iii.

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He, who was half my self!
One faith has ever bound us, and one reason
Guided our wills.
3127 *Rowe: Fair Penitent.* Act iii. Sc. 1

And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by time, grows tired and stupid.
For story and experience tell us
That man grows old and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for power:
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And hers to domineer at home.
3128 *Prior: Alma.* Canto ii. Line 63.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure.
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.
3129 *Congreve: Old Bachelor.* Act v. Sc. 3

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules.
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys.
3130 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 261.

There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.
3131 *Pope: Wife of Bath.* Line 98.

Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing.
3132 *Pope: January and May.* Line 21.

Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
3133 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 1037.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend!
3134 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 1030

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune giv'n, —
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And, oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost;
The graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the virtues, meeting, must secure.
3135 *Lord Lyttelton: Advice to a Lady.*

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All of a tenor was their after-life,
No day discolor'd with domestic strife;
No jealousy, but mutual truth believed,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.
3136 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. iii. Line 2424

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.
3137 *Cotton: Fireside.* St. 5.

O, friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural pleasure pass'd!
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets.
3138 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 288.

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry —
Choose not alone a proper mate
But proper time to marry.
3139 *Cowper: Pairing-time Anticipated.* Moral.

Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate: —
Love keeps a modest distance, is divine,
Obliging, and says ev'ry thing that's fine.
3140 *Peter Pindar: A Rowland for an Oliver. Ode on* [*Matrimony.*

Marriage, from love, like vinegar from wine —
A sad, sour, sober beverage — by time
Is sharpened from its high celestial flavor
Down to a very homely household savor.
3141 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 5.

Talk six times with the same single lady,
And you may get the wedding dresses ready.
3142 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xii. St. 59.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on thro' all ills, and love on till they die.
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this — it is this!
3143 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

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Oh, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
When such a bright Planet governs the fate
Of a pair of united lovers!
'Tis theirs, in spite of the Serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss
With as much of the old original bliss
As mortality ever recovers!
3144 *Hood: Miss Kilmansegg. Her Honeymoon.*

But alas! alas! for the Woman's fate,
Who has from a mob to choose a mate!
'Tis a strange and painful mystery!
But the more the eggs, the worse the hatch;
The more the fish, the worse the catch;
The more the sparks, the worse the match;
Is a fact in Woman's history.
3145 *Hood: Miss Kilmansegg. Her Courtship.*

Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing!
3146 *Rogers: Human Life.*

MARTYRS.

Life has its martyrs, as brave, as strong, and as faithful,
E'en as the martyrs of death.
3147 *H. H. Boyesen: Calpurnia.* Pt. iv.

A pale martyr in his shirt of fire.
3148 *Alexander Smith: A Life Drama.* Sc. 2.

MARY.

I have a passion for the name of "Mary,"
For once it was a magic sound to me,
And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
Where I beheld what never was to be.
3149 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St 4

MASQUERADE.

Hail, blest Confusion! here are met
All tongues and times and faces,
The Lancers flirt with Juliet,
The Brahmin talks of races;
And where's your genius, bright Corinne?
And where your brogue, Sir Lucius?
And Chinca Ti, you have not seen
One chapter of Confucius.

Lo! dandies from Kamtschatka flirt
With beauties from the Wrekin;

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And belles from Berne look very pert,
On Mandarins from Pekin;
The Cardinal is here from Rome,
The Commandant from Seville;
And Hamlet's father from the tomb,
And Faustus from the Devil.
3150 *Praed: Fancy Ball.* Sts. 6 and 7

MASTERS.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed.
3151 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 1.

MATCH-MAKING.

How all the needy honorable misters,
Each out-at-elbow peer, or desperate dandy,
The watchful mothers, and the careful sisters,
(Who, by the by, when clever, are more handy
At making matches, where "'tis gold that glisters,"
Than their *he* relatives), like flies o'er candy,
Buzz round "*the* Fortune" with their busy battery,
To turn her head with waltzing and with flattery!
3152 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xii. St. 32.

MATHEMATICS.

In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater;
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale.
3153 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 119

MAY.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.
When thy short reign is past, the feverish sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
3154 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. ii. Line 663.

The voice of one who goes before, to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine,
Sweet May!
3155 *Helen Hunt: May.*

The new-born May,
As cradled yet in April's lap she lay.
Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold,
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.
3156 *Erasmus Darwin: L. of the Plants.* Canto ii. Line 307

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Among the changing months, May stands confessed
The sweetest, and in fairest colors dressed.

3157 *Thomson: On May.*

The daisies peep from ev'ry field,
And vi'lets sweet their odor yield;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.
Then, lads and lasses all, be gay,
For this is Nature's holiday.

3158 *Peter Pindar: Pindariana. May Day.*

In the Orient — light! A haze
O'er the deep night-blackness strays:
Thro' the cloudy pall it poureth,
O'er the mountain scalp it soareth,
Over, through, afar, around,
(Warming all the heart of May,)
Runs the light without a sound,
From the black into the gray,
From the gray into the dawn,
Silvering all its folds of lawn,
Till it bursts upon the Day.

3159 *Barry Cornwall: March, April, May*

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who, from her green lap, throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

3160 *Milton: Song on May Morning*

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume:
There's crimson buds, and white and blue,
The very rainbow showers
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.

3161 *Hood: Song. O Lady*

Hebe's here, May is here!
The air is fresh and sunny;
And the miser-bees are busy
Hoarding golden honey.
See the knots of buttercups,
And the purple pansies.

3162 *T. B. Aldrich: May*

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O May, sweet-voiced one going thus before,
Forever June may pour her warm red wine
Of life and passion, — sweeter days are thine.
3163 *Helen Hunt*: *May*

Wreaths for the May! for happy Spring
To-day shall all her dowry bring, —
The love of kind, the joy, the grace,
Hymen of element and race,
Knowing well to celebrate
With song and hue and star and state,
With tender light and youthful cheer,
The spousals of the new-born year.
3164 *Emerson*: *May-Day*. Line 257.

MEASURES.

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.
3165 *Goldsmith*: *Good-Natured Man*. Act ii

MEETING — *see* **Welcome.**

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
3166 *Shaks.*: *Macbeth*. Act i. Sc. 1.

A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh! I am light, and heavy: welcome:
A curse begin at every root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!
3167 *Shaks.*: *Coriolanus*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me.
3168 *Shaks.*: *Othello*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Each hour until we meet is as a bird
That wings from far his gradual way along
The rustling covert of my soul, — his song
Still loudlier trilled through leaves more deeply stirr'd:
But at the hour of meeting, a clear word
Is every note he sings, in Love's own tongue.
3169 *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*: *Winged Hours*. Sonnet xv.

We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
3170 *Whittier*: *Snow-Bound*.

She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first we met.
3171 *Thomas Haynes Bayly*: *She Wore a Wreath*.

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We met — 'twas in a crowd.
3172 *Thomas Haynes Bayly: We Met.*

MELANCHOLY — *see* **Cheerfulness, Money.**

I can suck melancholy out of a song.
3173 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 5.

I am as melancholy as a gib cat.
3174 *Shaks.:* 1 *Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And giv'n my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
3175 *Shaks.:* 1 *Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Briefly this,
A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharged
With fear and sorrow; first begot i' th' brain,
The seat of reason, and from thence deriv'd
As suddenly into the heart, the seat
Of our affection.
3176 *Ford: Lover's Melancholy.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give;
And I with thee will choose to live.
3177 *Milton: Il Penseroso.* Line 175.

O'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
3178 *Pope: Eloisa to A.* Line 163.

Why shines the sun, except that he
Makes gloomy nooks for Grief to hide,
And pensive shades for Melancholy.
3179 *Hood: Ode to Melancholy.* Line 27.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul.
3180 *Collins: Ode. The Passions.* Line 57.

As melancholy as an unbraced drum.
3181 *Centlivre: Wonder.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

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I would not always reason. The straight path
Wearies us with its never-varying lines,
And we grow melancholy.
3182 *William Cullen Bryant: Conj. of Jupiter and Venus*

Go, you may call it madness, folly, —
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay!
3183 *Rogers: To ——*

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
3184 *Scott: Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto ii. St. 1.

MEMORIALS.

When all these shining leaves are fill'd,
How will the owner's heart be thrill'd,
On every opening leaf to find
Some tribute of affection kind,
Some token, some memorial dear
Of each lov'd friend concentred here;
And when those friends are far away,
Still here their semblance to survey,
And mark the image of each mind
In living colors well defin'd.
3185 *Bohn: Ms.*

MEMORY — *see* **Absence, Remembrance.**

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.
3186 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there.
3187 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5.

Memory, the daughter of Attention, is the teeming mother of Wisdom,
And safer is he that storeth knowledge, than he that would make it for himself.
3188 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Thinking.*

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
3189 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 8.

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O Memory! thou fond deceiver!
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.
3190 *Goldsmith: Captivity.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
While sorrow's memory is a sorrow still.
3191 *Byron: Mar. Faliero.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

In that instant, o'er his soul
Winters of Memory seem'd to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime.
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moment pours the grief of years.
3192 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 261.

Alas! that heedlessness of all around
Bespoke remembrance only too profound.
3193 *Byron: Lara.* Canto i. St. 23.

The eyes of memory will not sleep,
Its ears are open still,
And vigils with the past they keep
Against my feeble will.
3194 *Whittier: Knight of St. John.*

I love it — I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair!
3195 *Eliza Cook: The Old Arm-Chair.*

Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
3196 *Rogers: Pleasures of Mem.* Pt. ii. Line 429.

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.
3197 *Rogers: Pleasures of Mem.* Pt. i. Line 171.

Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far lovelier flowers.
3198 *Rogers: Pleasures of Mem.* Pt. ii. Line 1.

I remember — I remember
How my childhood fleeted by, —
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July.
3199 *Praed: I Remember, I Remember*

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O memories!
O past that is!
3200 *George Eliot: Two Lovers.* St. 6

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.
3201 *Henry Vaughan: They Are All Gone.*

I have a room whereinto no one enters
Save I myself alone:
There sits a blessed memory on a throne,
There my life centres.
3202 *Christina G. Rossetti: Memory.*

Nothing now is left
But a majestic memory.
3203 *Longfellow: Three Friends of Mine.* Sonnet i.

The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.
3204 *Longfellow: Fire of Drift-wood.*

When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.
3205 *Scott: Marmion.* Canto ii. Introduction.

Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear than they!
3206 *Whittier: Memories.* St. 4.

MERCY—*see* **Benevolence, Bounty, Compassion, Pardon.**

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.
3207 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy.
3208 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle.
3209 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
3210 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

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O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
3211 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 2

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended.
3212 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.
3213 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
3214 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?
3215 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
3216 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iii. Sc. 5.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful,
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
3217 *Shaks.: Titus And.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Mercy but murthers, pardoning those that kill.
3218 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

The greatest attribute of Heaven is Mercy;
And 'tis the crown of Justice, and the glory,
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.
3219 *Beaumont and Fletcher: Lover's Prog.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Great minds erect their never-failing trophies
On the firm base of mercy; but to triumph
Over a suppliant, by proud fortune captiv'd,
Argues a bastard conquest.
3220 *Massinger: Emperor of the East.* Act i. Sc. 2

Less pleasure take brave minds in battle won,
Than in restoring such as are undone;
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.
3221 *Waller: To My Lord Protector*

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Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the pris'ner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heav'n. and pull a blessing on thee.
3222 *Rowe: Jane Shore.* Act i. Sc. 2

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
3223 *Pope: Universal Prayer.*

MERIT—*see* **Beauty, Corruption, Honor.**

The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.
3224 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 1

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.
3225 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 274

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
3226 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto v. Line 33

Amongst the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own.
3227 *Churchill: Epis. to Hogarth.*

MERMAID.

I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
3228 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act ii. Sc. 2

We have travelled upon the waves,
Wilt travel a time beneath?
And visit the sea-born in their caves;
And look on the rainbow-tinted wreath
Of weeds, beset with pearls, wherewith
The mermaid binds her long green hair.
3229 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *The Surface.*

METAPHYSICS.

The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
3230 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act i. Sc. 1

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METRE — *see* **Poetry.**

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.
3231 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 144

MIDDAY.

O sweet, delusive Noon,
Which the morning climbs to find;
O moment sped too soon,
And morning left behind.
3232 *Helen Hunt: Noon.*

MIDNIGHT — *see* **Night.**

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve: —
Lovers to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
3233 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act v. Sc. 1.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.
3234 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2

'Tis midnight: — on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright.
3235 *Byron: Siege of Corinth.* St. 11.

Midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence.
3236 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. v. Line 667

'Tis the witching hour of night,
Orbèd is the moon and bright,
And the stars they glisten, glisten,
Seeming with bright eyes to listen —
For what listen they?
3237 *Keats: A Prophecy.*

It is the noon of night,
And the world's Great Light
Gone out, she widow-like doth carry her:
The moon hath veiled her face,
Nor looks on that dread place
Where He lieth dead in sealèd sepulchre;
And heaven and hades, emptied, lend
Their flocking multitudes to watch and wait the end.
3238 *Jean Ingelow: Song for Night of Christ's Resurrection.*

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
3239 *Gay: Fables.* Introduction.

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'Tis midnight now. The bent and broken moon,
Batter'd and black, as from a thousand battles,
Hangs silent on the purple walls of heaven.
3240 *Joaquin Miller: Ina.* Sc. 2

The old clock of the town
Strikes night's last hour. The morning's crown
Touches the silence.
3241 *Mary Clemmer: Good-Night*

MILITIA — *see* **Soldiers.**

Raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands: maintained at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand.
3242 *Dryden: Cymon and Iphigenia.* Line 400

MILTON.

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next, in majesty; in both, the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.
3243 *Dryden: Lines under Milton's Picture.*

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard;
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.
3244 *Cowper: Table Talk.* Line 557.

MIND — *see* **Apparel, Consolation, Thought.**

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor.
3245 *Spenser: Faerie Queene.* Bk. vi. Canto ix. St. 30

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
3246 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 254.

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.
3247 *Robert Browning: Paracelsus.* Sc. 3.

Strength of mind is exercise, not rest.
3248 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 104.

Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out our pow'rs, and leaves a blank behind.
3249 *Churchill: Epis. to Hogarth.* Line 647

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
3250 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 929

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Mind is a kingdom to the man who gathereth his pleasure from ideas.

3251 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Ideas*

For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.

3252 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 371

The mind doth shape itself to its own wants,
And can bear all things.

3253 *Joanna Baillie: Rayner.* Act v. Sc 2

MIRACLES.

What is thy thought? THERE IS NO MIRACLE?
There is a great one, which thou hast not read,
And never shalt escape. Thyself, O man,
Thou art the miracle. Ay, thou thyself,
Being in the world and of the world, thyself,
Hast breathed in breath from Him that made the world.
Thou art thy Father's copy of Himself, —
Thou art thy FATHER'S MIRACLE.

3254 *Jean Ingelow. Story of Doom.* Bk. vii. Line 228

Man is the miracle in nature. God
Is the ONE MIRACLE to man. Behold,
"There is a God," thou sayest. Thou sayest well:
In that thou sayest all. To Be is more
Of wonderful, than being, to have wrought,
Or reigned, or rested.

3255 *Jean Ingelow: Story of Doom.* Bk. vii. Line 271

MIRTH — *see* **Care, Character, Cheerfulness.**

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.

3256 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act ii. Sc. 1

More merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

3257 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act v. Sc. 1

I had rather have a fool to make me merry,
Than experience to make me sad.

3258 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act iv. Sc. 1

'Tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.

3259 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act i. Sc. 2

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And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.
3260 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Prologue

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
3261 *Milton: L'Allegro.* Line 31

Come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth.
3262 *Milton: L'Allegro.* Line 11

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathèd smiles.
3263 *Milton: L'Allegro.* Line 25

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.
3264 *Milton: L'Allegro.* Line 33

These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.
3265 *Milton: L'Allegro.* Line 151

And yet, methinks, the older that one grows,
Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though laughter
Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.
3266 *Byron: Beppo.* St. 79

MISCHIEF.

O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
3267 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act v. Sc. 1.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
3268 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3.

When to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
3269 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto iii. St. 125

MISERS.

Why call the miser miserable? as
I said before: the frugal life is his,
Which in a saint or cynic ever was
The theme of praise: a hermit would not miss
Canonization for the self-same cause—
And wherefore blame gaunt wealth's austerities!
Because, you'll say, nought calls for such a trial;
Then there's more merit in his self-denial.
3270 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xii. St. 7

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Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets;
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.
3271 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 767.

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy.
3272 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iv. Line 1.

MISERY — *see* **Adversity.**

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
3273 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.
3274 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Misery is trodden on by many;
And, being low, never relieved by any.
3275 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 707.

MISFORTUNE — *see* **Sorrow.**

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.
3276 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 7

Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so:
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves,
In anything that's manly, than to make
Ill-fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.
3277 *Beaumont & Fletcher: Hon. Man's For.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.
3278 *Young: Force of Religion.* Bk. i. Line 225

One more Unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.
3279 *Hood: Bridge of Sighs.*

MISTRUST — *see* **Candor, Doubt.**

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
3280 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act ii. Sc. 3

MOB — *see* **People, Populace, Rebellion.**

All upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
3281 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 24

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Kings, queens, lords, ladies, knights, and damsels gent,
Were heaped together with the vulgar sort,
And mingled with the raskall rabblement,
Without respect of person or of port.
3282 *Spenser: Faerie Queene.* Bk. iii. Canto vi. St. 46

You have many enemies that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do.
3283 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act ii. Sc. 4

What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun.
3284 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act i. Sc. 1

They praise, and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
3285 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. iii. Line 52

For as a fly that goes to bed,
Rests with his tail above his head,
So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme powers.
3286 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 1609.

The rabble all alive,
From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, and sties,
Swarm in the streets.
3287 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. vi. Line 704.

And the brute crowd, whose envious zeal
Huzzas each turn of Fortune's wheel,
And loudest shouts when lowest lie
Exalted worth and station high.
3288 *Scott: Rokeby.* Canto vi. St. 26.

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
O who would wish to be thy king!
3289 *Scott: Lady of the Lake.* Canto v. St. 30.

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'Tis ever thus: indulgence spoils the base;
Raising up pride, and lawless turbulence,
Like noxious vapors from the fulsome marsh
When morning shines upon it.
3290 *Joanna Baillie: Basil.* Act ii. Sc. 3

MOCKING-BIRD.

Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
3291 *Richard Henry Wilde: Sonnet. To the Mocking-Bird.*

MODESTY — *see* **Beauty, Blushing, Virtue.**

It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
3292 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Her looks do argue her replete with modesty.
3293 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
3294 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 163

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
3295 *Roscommon: Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 113.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
3296 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 329.

MONEY — *see* **Avarice, Corruption, Gold, Income, Love, Riches.**

If money go before, all ways do lie open.
3297 *Shaks.: Mer. W. of W.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

O, what a world of vile, ill-favored faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
3298 *Shaks.: Mer. W. of W.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

Their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
3299 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench.
3300 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Tho' love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense.
3301 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 443

For what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 'twill bring?
3302 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 465

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Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages enchant!
What graces must that lady have,
That can from executions save!
What charms, that can reverse extent,
And null decree and exigent!
What magical attracts and graces,
That can redeem from *scire facias*.
3303 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. Line 1031

'Tis true we've money, th' only power
That all mankind falls down before.
3304 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 1327

Get money; still, get money, boy;
No matter by what means.
3305 *Ben Jonson: Every Man in His H.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

That I might live alone once with my gold!
O, 'tis a sweet companion! kind and true:
A man may trust it when his father cheats him,
Brother, or friend, or wife. O wondrous pelf!
That which makes all men false, is true itself.
3306 *Ben Jonson: Case is Altered.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Get place and wealth, if possible with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.
3307 *Pope:* Satire iii. Line 103

Trade it may help, society extend,
But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend:
It raises armies in a nation's aid,
But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
3308 *Pope: Moral Essays:* Epis. iii. Line 29.

Blest paper credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly! —
Gold imp'd by thee can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings:
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to a distant shore:
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow.
3309 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 39.

How melancholy are my poor breeches; not one chink!
3310 *Farquhar: Twin-Rivals.* Act. i. Sc. 1

Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket.
3311 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto x. St. 79

Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'ercome
When no force else can get the masterdom.
3312 *Herrick: Aph. Money Gets the Mastery*

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MONTHS.

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
Aprill, June, and September,
February hath xxviii alone,
And all the rest nave xxxi.

3313 *Richard Grafton: Chronicles of England* (1590)

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one;
Excepting leap year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

3314 *The Return from Parnassus.* London (1606).

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone:
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.

3315 *Common in the New England States.*

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,
Thirty days to each affix;
Every other thirty-one
Except the second month alone.

3316 *Common in Chester County, Pa., among the Friends.*

MONUMENT.

Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies.

3317 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 339.

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

3318 *Oliver Wendell Holmes: The Last Leaf.*

MOON—*see* **Honeymoon, Night.**

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

3319 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3

Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

3320 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 604.

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The Queen of night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed, and take her rest.

3321 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. Line 1321

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3322 *Addison: Spectator.* No. 465. *Ode.*

Still and pale
Thou movest in thy silver veil,
Queen of the night! the filmy shroud
Of many a mild, transparent cloud
Hides, yet adorns thee.

3323 *Praed: The County Ball.*

So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light;
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And, unobserved, the glaring orb declines.

3324 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 253.

Meanwhile the moon,
Full orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimsoned east,
Turn'd to the sun, directs her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.

3325 *Thomson: Seasons. Autumn.* Line 985

The devil's in the moon for mischief; they
Who call'd her chaste, methinks, began too soon
Their nomenclature: there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way
On which three single hours of moonshine smile—
And then she looks so modest all the while.

3326 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 113.

The silver light, which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor which is not repose.

3327 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 114.

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The Moon arose; she shone upon the lake,
Which lay one smooth expanse of silver light;
She shone upon the hills and rocks, and cast
Upon their hollows and their hidden glens
A blacker depth of shade.

3328 *Southey: Madoc.* Pt. ii. *The Close of the Century*

Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

3329 *Longfellow: Daylight and Moonlight.* St. 4.

The cloudless moon
Roofs the whole city as with tiles of silver.

3330 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. i. 5.

See yonder fire! It is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night.

3331 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. v.

Up from the dark the moon begins to creep;
And now a pallid, haggard face lifts she
Above the water-line.

3332 *T. B. Aldrich: Moonrise at Sea.*

Pale through the azure expanse of the sky the moon was ascending;
Like intangible snow its breath of silvery vapor
Softly fell through the fields of the air.

3333 *H. H. Boyesen: Calpurnia.* Pt. iii.

She walks in lonely triumph through the night.

3334 *Alexander Smith: A Life Drama.* Sc. 9

The moon shines white and silent
On the mist, which, like a tide
Of some enchanted ocean,
O'er the wide marsh doth glide,
Spreading its ghost-like billows
Silently far and wide.

3335 *James Russell Lowell: Midnight.*

How like a queen comes forth the lonely Moon
From the slow opening curtains of the clouds;
Walking in beauty to her midnight throne!
The stars are veil'd in light: the ocean-floods,
And the ten thousand streams, the boundless woods,
The trackless wilderness, the mountain's brow,
Where winter on eternal pinions broods,
All height, depth, wildness, grandeur, gloom below,
Touch'd by thy smile, lone Moon! in one wide splendor glow.

3336 *George Croly: Diana*

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MORALITY.

I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality.
3337 *Moore: Morality*

MORNING — *see* **Dawn, Glow-worm, Sunrise, Twilight.**

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love.
3338 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 1

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
3339 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 1

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
3340 *Shaks.: Sonnet* xxxiii.

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.
3341 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 853.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds.
3342 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 641.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.
3343 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. v. Line 1.

The summer morn is bright and fresh, the birds are darting by
As if they loved to breast the breeze that sweeps the cool clear sky.
3344 *William Cullen Bryant: The Strange Lady.*

The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn.
3345 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 29.

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Mornings are mysteries; the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud
Shroud in their births.
3346 *Henry Vaughan: Rules and Lessons.*

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun, emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smiling leaves display,
And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day.
3347 *Parnell: Hermit.* Line 117

Now flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,
And morning fogs that hovered round the hills
In party-color'd bands, till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems
Far-stretch'd around to meet the bending sphere.
3348 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 200.

Mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
3349 *Byron: Lara.* Canto ii. St. 1.

Night wanes — the vapors round the mountains curl'd
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.
3350 *Byron: Lara.* Canto ii. St. 1.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb, —
And glowing into day.
3351 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 98.

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf.
3352 *Longfellow: Autumn.*

Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppress'd it lay —
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppress't,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.
3353 *Robert Browning: Pippa Passes.* Sc. 1.

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The moon is carried off in purple fire:
Day breaks at last.
3354 *Robert Browning: Return of the Druses.* Act i.

MORTALITY—*see* **Life.**

All, that in this world is great or gay,
Doth, as a vapor, vanish and decay.
3355 *Spenser: Ruins of Time.* Line 55

'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And, after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot.
3356 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!
3357 *Shaks.: King John.* Act v. Sc. 7.

Who breathes must suffer; and who thinks, must mourn;
And he alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born.
3358 *Prior: Solomon.* Bk. iii. Line 240.

To contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began,
Alike the busy and the gay,
But flutter through life's little day.
3359 *Gray: Ode. On the Spring.* St. 4.

Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
3360 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iii. Line 19.

All men think all men mortal but themselves.
3361 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night i. Line 424.

'Tis a stern and a startling thing to think
How often mortality stands on the brink
Of its grave without any misgiving:
And yet in this slippery world of strife,
In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
Is dying, and Death is living!
3362 *Hood: Miss Kilmansegg: Her Death.*

All that's bright must fade—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
3363 *Moore: All That's Bright, etc.*

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.
3364 *Longfellow: Resignation.*

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MOTHER—*see* **Affection, Children, Parents.**

There is a sight all hearts beguiling —
A youthful mother to her infant smiling,
Who, with spread arms and dancing feet,
And cooing voice, returns its answer sweet.
3365 *Joanna Baillie: Legend of Lady Griseld Baillie* St. 32

A mother's love — how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?
— A noble, pure and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that can grow cold;
This is a mother's love.
3366 *James Montgomery: A Mother's Love*

Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another.
3367 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 8

A woman's love
Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak,
And by its weakness overcomes.
3368 *Jas. Russell Lowell: Legend of Brittany.* Pt. ii. St. 43

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall:
A mother's secret hope outlives them all.
3369 *Oliver Wendell Holmes: A Mother's Secret.*

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.
3370 *Tennyson: The Princess.* Canto vii.

MOTIVES.

I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly.
3371 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 2

MOUNTAINS.

I know a mount, the gracious Sun perceives
First when he visits, last, too, when he leaves
The world; and, vainly favored, it repays
The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze
By no change of its large calm front of snow.
3372 *Robert Browning: Rudel To The Lady of Tripoli*

Lands, intersected by a narrow frith,
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
3373 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 16

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Your peaks are beautiful, ye Apennines!
In the soft light of these serenest skies;
From the broad highland region, black with pines.
Fair as the hills of Paradise they rise,
Bathed in the tint Peruvian slaves behold
In rosy flushes on the virgin gold.

3374 *William Cullen Bryant: To the Apennines*

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

3375 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 32

Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And thron'd Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche — the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

3376 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 62.

Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters;
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel.

3377 *Byron: Manfred.* Act i. Sc. 2

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains:
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow,
Around his waist are forests brac'd,
The avalanche in his hand.

3378 *Byron: Manfred.* Act i. Sc. 1

He who first met the Highland's swelling blue,
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue;
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.

3379 *Byron: Island.* Canto ii. St. 12

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

3380 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 171

MOURNING — *see* **Funeral, Widows.**

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

3381 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act i. Sc. 1

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Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
3382 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2

We must all die!
All leave ourselves, it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well: and can that man that does so
Need lamentation for him?
3383 *Beaumont and Fletcher: Valentinian.* Act iv. Sc. 4

Why is the hearse with scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
3384 *Gay: Trivia.* Bk. iii. Line 231

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.
3385 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Line 675

O, very gloomy is the House of Woe,
Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,
With all the dark solemnities which show
That Death is in the dwelling!
O, very, very dreary is the room
Where Love, domestic Love, no longer nestles,
But smitten by the common stroke of doom,
The corpse lies on the trestles!
3386 *Hood: Haunted House.* Pt. ii. St. 1

MURDER — *see* **War.**

Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
3387 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4

Murther most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
3388 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5.

Murther, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.
3389 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
3390 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2

Is there a crime
Beneath the roof of heaven, that stains the soul
Of man, with more infernal hue, than damn'd
Assassination?
3391 *Cibber: Cæsar in Egypt.* Act ii. Sc. 2

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Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
3392 *Dryden: Cock and Fox.* Line 285.

Blood, though it sleeps a time, yet never dies:
The gods on murd'rers fix revengeful eyes.
3393 *Chapman: Widow's Tears.* Act v. Sc. 1.

MUSE — *see* **Poetry.**

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention.
3394 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act i. Chorus.

MUSIC — *see* **Bells, Discord, Singing.**

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again; — it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor.
3395 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
3396 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act ii. Sc. 5.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
3397 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act v. Sc. 1.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.
3398 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones;
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
3399 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act. iii. Sc. 2.

When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
. . . . . .
Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.
3400 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iv. Sc. 5.

Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.
3401 *Keats: Eve of St. Agnes.* St. 3

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Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
3402 *Keats: Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
3403 *Milton: Comus.* Line 244.

Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
3404 *Addison: Song for St. Cecilia's Day.*

Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend the knotted oak;
I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
3405 *Congreve: Mourning Bride.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Music's force can tame the furious beast;
Can make the wolf or foaming boar restrain
His rage; the lion drop his crested mane
Attentive to the song.
3406 *Prior: Solomon.* Bk. ii. Line 67

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low:
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
3407 *Pope: Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.* St. 2

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm.
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
3408 *Pope: Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.* St. 7.

Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
3409 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. i. Line 143.

Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
3410 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 142.

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We know they music made
In heaven, ere man's creation;
But when God threw it down to us that strayed,
It dropt with lamentation,
And ever since doth its sweetness shade
With sighs for its first station.

3411 *Jean Ingelow: A Cottage in a Chine.* St 9

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting.

3412 *Collins: The Passions.* Line 1.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!

3413 *Collins: The Passions.* Line 95.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.

3414 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. vi. Line 1.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

3415 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xv. St. 5.

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto
Wish'd him five fathom under the Rialto.

3416 *Byron: Beppo.* St. 32.

"This must be the music," said he, "of the spears,
For I'm cursed if each note of it doesn't run through one."

3417 *Moore: Fudge Family.* Letter v.

Music!—O! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign—
Love's are even more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

3418 *Moore: Irish Melodies. On Music.*

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till wak'd and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

3419 *Rogers: Human Life.* Line 362.

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There is a sadness in sweet sound
That quickens tears.
3420 *T. B. Aldrich: Two Songs from the Persian.*

Music waves eternal wands, —
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!
3421 *E. C. Stedman: Pan in Wall Street.* St. 10.

The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem.
3422 *Emerson: Dirge*

Music (which is earnest of a heaven,
Seeing we know emotions strange by it,
Not else to be revealed) is as a voice,
A low voice calling fancy, as a friend,
To the green woods in the gay summer time;
And she fills all the way with dancing shapes,
Which have made painters pale, and they go on
While stars look at them, and winds call to them,
As they leave life's path for the twilight world
Where the dead gather.
3423 *Robert Browning: Pauline.* Line 365.

See to the desk Apollo's sons repair: —
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair;
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibrations sighs the whispering lute;
Twang goes the harpsichord, too-too, the flute;
Brays the loud trumpet; squeaks the fiddle sharp;
Winds the French-horn; and twangs the tingling harp.
3424 *Jas. & Horace Smith: Rejected Addresses. The Theatre.* [Line 512.

Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison and the plague.
3425 *Armstrong: Art of Preserving Health.*

MUTABILITY — *see* **Age, Mortality, Vicissitude.**

Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer, ever more succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
3426 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 4

The flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay,
Tempts, and then flies:
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even, as bright.
3427 *Shelley: Misc. Poems. Mutability*

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MYRTLE.

The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consigned by Venus to Melissa's hand),
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favors, oft rejects a lover's prayer,
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain.
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,
Th' unhappy lovers' graves the myrtle spreads. —
Oh! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart.
Soon must this bough, as you shall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

3428 *Dr. Johnson: Written at the request of a Gentleman to [whom a Lady had given a Sprig of Myrtle.*

N.

NAME — *see* **Cottle, Detraction, Fame.**

What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.

3429 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hoodwinked.

3430 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. vi. Line 101.

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

3431 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. ii. Line 5.

Oh, never breathe a lost one's name
To those who call'd that one their own;
It only stirs the smouldering flame
That burns upon a charnel-stone.

3432 *Eliza Cook: Oh, Never Breathe a Dead One's Name*

NAPLES.

Naples sitteth by the sea. keystone of an arch of azure.

3433 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Death*

NAPOLEON.

Where is he, the champion and the child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth — whose dice were human bones?

3434 *Byron: Age of Bronze.* St. 3.

NARCISSUS.

Narcissus is the glory of his race;
For who does nothing with a better grace?

3435 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire iv. Line 85

NATURE — *see* **God.**

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

3436 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc. 3

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How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!
3437 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act i. Sc. 2
How hard it is to hide the sparks of Nature!
3438 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act iii. Sc. 3
Nature, despairing e'er to make the like,
Brake suddenly the mould in which 'twas fashion'd.
3439 *Massinger: Parliament of Love.* Act v. Sc. 1
In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God.
3440 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. v. Line 511
By viewing Nature, Nature's handmaid, art,
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow;
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.
3441 *Dryden: Annus Mirabilis.* St. 155.
Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?
3442 *Keats: Addressed to Haydon.*
How mean the order and perfection sought
In the best product of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
In what the spirit of the world ordains!
3443 *Prior: Solomon.* Bk. i. Line 508.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor overdress, nor leave her wholly bare.
3444 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iv. Line 47.
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise.
3445 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. i. Line 13.
Lo! the poor Indian — whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heav'n.
3446 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. i. Line 99.
First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same;
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
3447 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. i. Line 68

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The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.
3448 *Whittier: The Tent on the Beach. Abraham Davenport*

Nature ever yields reward
To him who seeks, and loves her best.
3449 *Barry Cornwall: Above and Below*

Like two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words.
3450 *Longfellow: My Cathedral.*

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
3451 *Longfellow: Sunrise on the Hills.*

Nature paints not
In oils, but frescoes the great dome of heaven
With sunsets, and the lovely forms of clouds
And flying vapors.
3452 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. ii. 4.

O Nature, gracious mother of us all,
Within thy bosom myriad secrets lie
Which thou surrenderest to the patient eye
That seeks and waits.
3453 *Margaret J. Preston: The Question.*

O Nature, how fair is thy face,
And how light is thy heart, and how friendless thy grace!
3454 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. i. Canto v. St. 28.

For wheresoe'er I looked, the while,
Was nature's everlasting smile.
3455 *William Cullen Bryant: Song.*

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When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teaching.

3456 *William Cullen Bryant: Thanatopsis.*

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

3457 *William Cullen Bryant: Thanatopsis.*

Not long can Nature satisfy the mind,
Nor outward fancies feed its inner flame;
We feel a growing want we cannot name,
And long for something sweet, but undefined.
The wants of Beauty other wants create,
Which overflow on others, soon or late;
For all that worship thee must ease the heart,
By Love, or Song, or Art.
Divinest Melancholy walks with thee,
And Music with her sister Poesy;
But on thy breast Love lies, immortal child,
Begot of thine own longings, deep and wild.

3458 *R. H. Stoddard: Hymn to the Beautiful.*

He, who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws.

3459 *Gay: Fables.* Introduction.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year;
How mighty, how majestic are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!

3460 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 107.

Who can paint
Like Nature? Can Imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?

3461 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 428

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Who lives to Nature, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy never can be rich.
3462 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vi. Line 530

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few.
3463 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire v. Line 167

Mark the matchless workings of the power
That shuts within its seed the future flower:
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In color these, and those delight the smell;
Sends Nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.
3464 *Cowper: Retirement.* Line 791

Lovely indeed the mimic works of art,
But Nature's works far lovelier.
3465 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. i. Line 420

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise,
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.
3466 *Beattie: Minstrel.* Bk. i. St. 6

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print, that I have no devotion;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into heaven the shortest way;
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars, — all that spring from the great Whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.
3467 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. Line 104

The rain comes when the wind calls;
The river knows the way to the sea;
Without a pilot it runs and falls,
Blessing all lands with its charity;
The sea tosses and foams to find
Its way up to the cloud and wind;
The shadow sits close to the flying ball;
The date falls not on the palm-tree tall;
3468 *Emerson: Woodnotes.* Pt. ii. Line 265

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I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky; —
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.
3469 *Emerson: Each and All.*

NECESSITY.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
3470 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 1.

The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious.
3471 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

He must needs go that the devil drives.
3472 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act i. Sc. 3.

All places, that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
3473 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Spirit of nature! all-sufficing power,
Necessity! thou mother of the world!
3474 *Shelley: Queen Mab.* Pt. vi.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
3475 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 393.

'Tis necessity
To which the gods must yield; and I obey,
Till I redeem it by some glorious way.
3476 *Beaumont and Fletcher: False One.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Nature means Necessity.
3477 *Bailey: Festus. Dedication.*

Soul of the world, divine Necessity,
Servant of God, and master of all things.
3478 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *The Sun.*

NETTLE.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures,
Use 'em kindly, they rebel,
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.
3479 *Aaron Hill: Written on a Window in Scotland.*

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NEWS, NEWSPAPERS — *see* **Press, Reporters, Rumor.**

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.
3480 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 1

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
3481 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act ii. Sc. 5

Only a newspaper! Quick read, quick lost,
Who sums the treasure that it carries hence?
Torn, trampled under feet, who counts thy cost,
Star-eyed Intelligence.
3482 *Mary Clemmer: The Journalist.* St. 9.

With news the time's with labor, and throes forth
Each minute some.
3483 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act iii. Sc. 7.

Evil news rides post, while good news baits.
3484 *Milton: Samson Agonistes.* Line 1538

He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
3485 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 12

This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break.
3486 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 50

Turn to the press — its teeming sheets survey,
Big with the wonders of each passing day;
Births, deaths, and weddings, forgeries, fires and wrecks,
Harangues and hailstones, brawls and broken necks.
3487 *Sprague: Curiosity*

Trade hardly deems the busy day begun,
Till his keen eye along the sheet has run;
The blooming daughter throws her needle by,
And reads her schoolmate's marriage with a sigh;
While the grave mother puts her glasses on,
And gives a tear to some old crony gone.
The preacher, too, his Sunday theme lays down,
To know what last new folly fills the town;
Lively or sad, life's meanest, mightiest things,
The fate of fighting cocks, or fighting kings.
3488 *Sprague: Curiosity*

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The word explains itself without the muse,
And the four letters tell whence cometh news:
From North, East, West, and South, solutions made;
Each quarter gives account of war and trade.
3489 *Author Unknown*

NEWTON.

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton, as we show an ape.
3490 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 31

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.
3491 *Pope: Epitaph intended for Sir Isaac Newton.*

Have ye not listened while he bound the suns
And planets to their spheres? the unequal task
Of humankind till then.
3492 *Thomson: To Mem. of Sir Isaac Newton.* Line 17.

Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas!
Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,
That he himself felt only "like a youth
Picking up shells by the great ocean — Truth."
3493 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto vii. St. 5

NEW YEAR · *see* **Holiday.**

Old-year's sorrow,
Cast off last night, will come again to-morrow —
Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall borrow
Sufficient strength of thee for new-year's sorrow.
3494 *Robert Browning: Pippa Passes.* Sc. 1.

Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.
3495 *Tennyson: The May Queen.*

The wave is breaking on the shore, —
The echo fading from the chime —
Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial-plate of time!
3496 *Whittier: The New Year*

Enter upon thy paths, O year!
Thy paths, which all who breathe must tread,
Which lead the Living to the Dead,
I enter; for it is my doom
To tread thy labyrinthine gloom;
To note who round me watch and wait;
To love a few; perhaps to hate;
And do all duties of my fate.
3497 *Barry Cornwall: The First Day of the Year*

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NIAGARA.

Flow on for ever in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty; . . . God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead; and the cloud
Mantles around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally, bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.
3498 *Mrs. Sigourney: Niagara*

NIGHT — *see* **Bed, Dawn, Evening, Midnight, Moon, Stars, Sunset.**

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes.
3499 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone,
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
3500 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act v. Sc. 2

Now o'er the one-half world
Nature seems dead; and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep: witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murther,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.
3501 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 1

There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out.
3502 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 1

When the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murthers and in outrage boldly here.
3503 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act iii. Sc 2

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.
3504 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii Sc 2

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O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast, sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind, muffled bawd! dark harbor for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!
3505 *Shaks.: R. of Lucrece.* Line 764.

When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
3506 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 500.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round.
3507 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ix. Line 48.

Now began
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd,
And now wild beasts came forth, the woods to roam.
3508 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. i. Line 499.

Night is the Sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind.
3509 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. Line 1349.

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain
And luxury more late, asleep were laid:
All was the night's; and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of nature did invade.
3510 *Dryden: Annus Mirabilis.* St. 216.

The vain young Night
Trembles o'er her own beauty in the sea.
3511 *Alexander Smith: A Life Drama.* Sc. 2.

Night hath made many bards; she is so lovely.
For it is beauty maketh poesie,
As from the dancing eye comes tears of light.
Night hath made many bards; she is so lovely.
And they have praised her to her starry face
So long that she hath blushed and left them, often.
3512 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Awful Night!
Ancestral mystery of mysteries.
3513 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. iv.

Fresh Night, emergent in her clearness, lit
By the large crescent moon, with Hesperus,
And those great stars that lead the eager host.
3514 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. v.

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O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.
3515 *Longfellow: Hymn to the Night.* St. 5.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.
3516 *Longfellow: Curfew*

Dear night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busy fools; care's check and curb;
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's progress and his prayer time;
The hours to which high heaven doth chime.
3517 *Henry Vaughan: The Night*

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray:
Nature in silence bid the world repose.
3518 *Parnell: Hermit.* Line 43.

The sun was set; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place;
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings.
3519 *Gay: Shepherd's Week. Wednesday.* Line 115

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light;
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night.
3520 *Pope: Iliad.* Bk. viii. Line 615

How like a widow in her weeds, the night,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene.
3521 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ix. Line 1978.

Earth, turning from the sun, brings night to man;
Man, turning from his God, brings endless night.
3522 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ix. Line 2011.

Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps! 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
3523 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night i. Line 18.

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This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone.
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night;
By night an atheist half-believes a God.
3524 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 171

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall
On contemplation's eye her purging ray.
3525 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 177

All was so still, so soft, in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!
3526 *Byron: Lara.* Canto i. St. 10.

The night
Shows stars and women in a better light.
3527 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 152

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
3528 *Byron: Manfred.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orb'd glory, yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!
3529 *Southey: Thalaba.* Bk. i. Line 1

NIGHTINGALE—*see* **Evening.**

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!
3530 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act v. Sc. 1.

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Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades;
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?
3531 *Keats: Ode to a Nightingale*

O herald skylark, stay thy flight
One moment, for a nightingale
Floods us with sorrow and delight.
To-morrow thou shalt hoist the sail;
Leave us to-night the nightingale.
3532 *Christina G. Rossetti: Bird Raptures*

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
3533 *Milton: Il Penseroso.* Line 61.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill.
3534 *Milton: Sonnet* 1

To the poplar shade
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and on the bough
Sole-sitting, still, at every dying fall,
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.
3535 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 722

NO—*see* **Yes.**

Learn to speak this little word
In its proper place;
Let no timid doubt be heard,
Cloth'd with sceptic grace;
Let thy lips, without disguise,
Boldly pour it out;
Though a thousand dulcet lies
Keep hovering about.
For be sure our lives would lose
Future years of woe,
If our courage could refuse
The present hour with "No."
3536 *Eliza Cook: "No!"*

NOBILITY.

Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds.
3537 *Longfellow: Tales of a Wayside Inn. Emma and Eginhard.*

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Noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger;
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

3538 *Longfellow: The Sifting of Peter.* St. 7

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

3539 *Longfellow: Santa Filomena.* St. 1

For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

3540 *Alice Cary: Nobility*

Oh, noble soul! which neither gold, nor love,
Nor scorn can bend.

3541 *Charles Kingsley: Saint's Tragedy.* Act iv. Sc. 1

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

3542 *Charles Kingsley: A Farewell.*

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

3543 *James Russell Lowell: Sonnet* iv.

Shall I uncovered stand, and bend my knee
To such a shadow of nobility,
A shred, a remnant?

3544 *Churchill: Independence.* Line 277

Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her favorite son![1]

3545 *Byron: English Bards.* Line 822.

Fond man! though all the heroes of your line
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine
In proud display; yet take this truth from me—
Virtue alone is true nobility!

3546 *Gifford's Juvenal.* Satire viii. Line 29.

Shall we call those noble, who disgrace
Their lineage, proud of an illustrious race;
Seek not to shine by borrow'd lights alone,
But with your father's glories blend your own.

3547 *Gifford's Juvenal.* Satire viii. Line 47

[1] Henry Kirke White.

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Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
3548 *Tennyson: Lady Clara V. de V*

NONSENSE — *see* **Wit.**

As no tricks on the rope but those that break,
Or come most near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the sight, so nothing goes for wit
But nonsense, or the next of all to it;
For nonsense being neither false nor true,
A little wit to anything may screw.
3549 *Butler: On the Abuse of Human Learning.* Satire 2 [Line 183

For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
Like scattered shot, and pass with some for wit.
3550 *Butler: Mod. Crit.* Line 16

A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.
3551 *Anonymous*

NOON-TIME.

A silence, the brief sabbath of an hour,
Reigns o'er the fields; the laborer sits within
His dwelling; he has left his steers awhile,
Unyoked, to bite the herbage, and his dog
Sleeps stretched beside the door-stone in the shade.
Now the gray marmot, with uplifted paws,
No more sits listening by his den, but steals
Abroad, in safety, to the clover-field,
And crops its juicy blossoms.
3552 *William Cullen Bryant: Noon.*

NORTH.

Ask where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
3553 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 222.

NOVELTIES — *see* **Customs, Fashion, Fickleness.**

All with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past.
3554 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

NOVEMBER — *see* **Months.**

There is no color in the world,
No lovely tint on hill or plain;
The summer's golden sails are furled,
And sadly falls the autumn rain.
3555 *Celia Thaxter: November.* St. 2

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The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

3556 *William Cullen Bryant: Death of the Flowers.*

On my cornice linger the ripe black grapes ungathered;
Children fill the groves with the echoes of their glee,
Gathering tawny chestnuts, and shouting when beside them
Drops the heavy fruit of the tall black-walnut tree.

. . . . . .

Dreary is the time when the flowers of earth are withered.

3557 *William Cullen Bryant: The Third of November.*

The yellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast —
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows; —
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,
Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows; —
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy-twine.

3558 *Coleridge: November.*

In rattling showers dark November's rain,
From every stormy cloud, descends amain.

3559 *Ruskin: The Months*

The wild November comes at last
Beneath a veil of rain;
The night wind blows its folds aside,
Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race, she takes
The Autumn's vacant throne:
She has but one short moon to live,
And she must live alone.

3560 *R. H. Stoddard: November.*

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Fie upon thee, November! thou dost ape
The airs of thy young sisters; — thou hast stolen
The witching smile of May to grace thy lip,
And April's rare capricious loveliness
Thou'rt trying to put on!
3561 *Julia C. R. Dorr: November*

NUN — *see* **Celibacy, Virgins.**

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed;
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage.
3562 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act i. Sc. 1

Love, to her ear, was but a name,
Combin'd with vanity and shame;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
Bounded within the cloister wall.
3563 *Scott: Marmion,* Canto ii. St. 3.

O.

OAK — *see* **Forest, Trees.**

The monarch oak, the patriarch of trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees:
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state; and in three more decays.
3564 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. iii. Line 2334

The oak, when living, monarch of the wood;
The English oak, which, dead, commands the flood.
3565 *Churchill: Gotham.* Bk. i. Line 303.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.
3566 *Keats: Hyperion.* Bk. i.

OATHS — *see* **Lies, Truth.**

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
3567 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act iv. Sc. 2

It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
3568 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 1

To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
3569 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc 1

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I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
. . . I have sworn thee fair.
3570 *Shaks.: Sonnet* cliii

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.
3571 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act i. Sc. 2

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
3572 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act v. Sc 3.

Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like moral cattle, in a pinfold.
3573 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 197.

For he that strains too far a vow,
Will break it, like an o'erbent bow;
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for convenience took it.
3574 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 271.

He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made.
3575 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 377.

For breaking of an oath and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence,
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word.
3576 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 135

He that makes his soul his surety,
I think does give the best secur'ty.
3577 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. Line 203

What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty? — Food and clothes.
3578 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. Line 1281

Oaths are but words, and words but wind,
Too feeble implements to bind.
3579 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 107

Jack was embarrassed — never hero more,
And as he knew not what to say, he swore.
3580 *Byron: Island.* Canto iii St. 5

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OBEDIENCE — *see* **Courtiers.**

Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavor in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey-bees.
3581 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act i. Sc. 2

Let them obey that know not how to rule.
3582 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 1.

I shall in all my best obey you, madam.
3583 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Son of heav'n and earth,
Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
3584 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. v. Line 519.

My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st,
Unargued I obey. So God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
3585 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 635.

Obedience is the Christian's crown.
3586 *Schiller: Fight with the Dragon.* St. 24.

To him who wears the cross, he said,
The first great law is — To OBEY.
3587 *Schiller: Fight with the Dragon.* St. 4.

I know
My God commands, whose power no power resists.
3588 *Robert Greene: Looking-Glass for Lond. and England.*

OBLIVION.

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
3589 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Pt. ii v. Line 108.

OBSCURITY.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
3590 *Gray: Elegy.* St. 14.

OBSERVATION.

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake.
3591 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 11.

Let Observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life.
3592 *Dr. Johnson: Van. of Human Wishes.* Line 1

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OBSTINACY — *see* **Fickleness.**

You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly.
3593 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act i. Sc. 2

Fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay;
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
3594 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 481

OCEAN.

Quoth the ocean, "Dawn! O fairest, clearest,
Touch me with thy golden fingers bland;
For I have no smile till thou appearest
For the lovely land."
3595 *Jean Ingelow: Winstanley*

How happy they,
Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
Steal to look down where nought but ocean strives!
3596 *Byron: Island.* Canto ii. St. 1

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.
3597 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 179

Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.
3598 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 103

Thou glorious mirror, where th' Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests, in all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime,
Th' image of Eternity, — the throne
Of th' Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward.
3599 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. Sts. 183 and 184

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Oh! how he listened to the rushing deep,
That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep;
And his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,
Rous'd by the roar of his own element!
3600 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto iii. St. 7

I hear a solemn murmur,
And, listening to the sound,
I knew the voice of the mighty Sea,
Beating his pebbly bound.

Dost thou, oh, path of the woodland!
End where those waters roar,
Like human life, on a trackless beach,
With a boundless Sea before?
3601 *William Cullen Bryant: The Unknown Way.*

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.
3602 *William Cullen Bryant: Thanatopsis.*

I do not count the hours I spend
In wandering by the sea;
The forest is my loyal friend,
A Delphic shrine to me.
3603 *Emerson: Waldeinsamkeit.* St. 1.

The sea tosses and foams to find
Its way up to the cloud and wind.
3604 *Emerson: Woodnotes.* Pt. ii. Line 275.

Behold the Sea,
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
Washing out harms and griefs from memory,
And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.
3605 *Emerson: Sea-Shore.*

The sea is still and deep.
All things within its bosom sleep!
A single step, and all is o'er;
A plunge, a bubble, and no more.
3606 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. v

The sea is silent, the sea is discreet,
Deep it lies at thy very feet.
3607 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. v

The warm sea fondled with the shore,
And laid his white face on the sands.
3608 *Joaquin Miller: The Last Taschastas.* Pt. ii

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It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
3609 *Keats: On the Sea.*

The sea
Waits ages in its bed, 'till some one wave
Out of the multitude aspires, extends
The empire of the whole.
3610 *Robert Browning: Paracelsus.* Sc. 3

The sea heaves up, hangs loaded o'er the land,
Breaks there, and buries its tumultuous strength.
3611 *Robert Browning: Luria.* Act i

Writes the sea
The secret of her yearning in vast caves
Where yours will fall, the first of human feet.
3612 *Robert Browning: Paracelsus.* Sc. 1.

The free
Mighty, music-haunted sea.
3613 *Anna Katharine Green: On the Threshold.*

One height
Showed him the ocean, stretched in liquid light,
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore.
3614 *George Eliot: Legend of Jubal.* Line 506

The land is dearer for the sea,
The ocean for the shore.
3615 *Lucy Larcom: On the Beach.* St. 11.

The pleased sea on a white-breasted shore —
A shore that wears on her alluring brows
Rare shells, far brought, the love-gifts of the sea,
That blushed a tell-tale.
3616 *Alexander Smith: A Life Drama.* Sc. 4.

The sea is lonely, the sea is dreary,
The sea is restless and uneasy;
Thou seekest quiet, thou art weary,
Wandering thou knowest not whither.
3617 *James Russell Lowell: The Sirens.*

The sea is a jovial comrade,
He laughs wherever he goes;
His merriment shines in the dimpling lines
That wrinkle his hale repose;
He lays himself down at the feet of the Sun,
And shakes all over with glee,
And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore,
To the mirth of the mighty Sea!
3618 *Bayard Taylor: Wind and Sea.*

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The sea's absorbing and embracing blue.
3619 *Bayard Taylor: Picture of St. John.* Bk. i. St. 34.

The heavens look down and see themselves in thee,
And splendors, seen not elsewhere, that surround
The rising and the setting of the sun
Along thy vast and solitary realms.
The blue dominion of the air is thine,
And thine the pomps and pageants of the day,
The light, the glory, the magnificence,
The congregated masses of the clouds,
Islands, and mountains, and long promontories,
Floating at unacccessible heights, whereto
Thy fathomless depths are shallow — all are thine.
3620 *R. H. Stoddard: Hymn to the Sea.*

I love thee, Ocean, and delight in thée,
Thy color, motion, vastness, — all the eye
Takes in from shore, and on the tossing waves;
Nothing escapes me, not the least of weeds
That shrivels and blackens on the barren sand.
3621 *R. H. Stoddard: Hymn to the Sea.*

Thou wert before the Continents, before
The hollow heavens, which like another sea
Encircles them, and thee; but whence thou wert,
And when thou wast created, is not known.
Antiquity was young when thou wast old.
There is no limit to thy strength, no end
To thy magnificence. Thou goest forth
On thy long journeys to remotest lands,
And comest back unwearied.
3622 *R. H. Stoddard: Hymn to the Sea.*

I loved the Sea.

Whether in calm it glassed the gracious day
With all its light, the night with all its fires;
Whether in storm it lashed its sullen spray,
Wild as the heart when passionate youth expires;
Or lay, as now, a torture to my mind,
In yonder land-locked bay, unwrinkled by the wind.
3623 *R. H. Stoddard: Carmen Naturae Triumphale.*

OCTOBER — *see* **Months.**

Yellow leaves, how fast they flutter — woodland hollows thickly strewing,
Where the wan October sunbeams scantly in the mid-day win,
While the dim gray clouds are drifting, and in saddened hues imbuing
All without and all within!
3624 *Jean Ingelow: On the Deaths of Three Children.*

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The yellow poplar leaves came down
And like a carpet lay,
No waftings were in the sunny air
To flutter them away.
3625 *Jean Ingelow: Strife and Peace.*

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind.
3626 *William Cullen Bryant: Voice of Autumn.*

Autumn is here; we cull his lingering flowers.
. . . . . .
The sweet calm sunshine of October, now
Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mould
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold.
3627 *William Cullen Bryant: October*, 1866.

October's foliage yellows with his cold.
3628 *Ruskin: The Months.*

Bending above the spicy woods which blaze,
Arch skies so blue they flash, and hold the sun
Immeasurably far; the waters run
Too slow, so freighted are the river-ways
With gold of elms and birches from the maze
Of forests.
3629 *Helen Hunt: October.*

October turned my maple's leaves to gold;
The most are gone now; here and there one lingers:
Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.
3630 *T. B. Aldrich: Maple Leaves.*

ODDS.

But one against a multitude
Is more than mortal can make good.
3631 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto iii. Line 73.

OFFENCE — *see* **Cause and Effect, Exculpation.**

Well you know, we of th' offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrament;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
3632 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
3633 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

My offence is rank it smells to heaven.
3634 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

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All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.
3635 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 4
At every trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shows great pride, or little sense.
3636 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 186.

OFFICE — *see* **Ambition, Favor, Patronage.**

You, yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm:
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
3637 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3.
O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee; volumes of reports
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And wrack thee in their fancies.
3638 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iv. Sc. 1.
Here and there some stern, high patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued.
3639 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiii. St. 70.

OLD AGE — *see* **Care.**

Droppeth now from off my head
A silver hair:
Plainer preacher never said —
"For death prepare!"
Fill'd with gloom
We follow Time with solemn tread
To the tomb.
3640 *Richard Coe: Emblems.*
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.
3641 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 3.
"Let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain: whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments: whose constancies
Expire before their fashions."
3642 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act i. Sc. 2
I have not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
3643 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 3.

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Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

3644 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act v. Sc. 1.

'Tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.

3645 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Beshrew my jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.

3646 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless of my dress;
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing, — yes, —
I'm growing old.

3647 *J. G. Saxe: I'm Growing Old.*

A venerable aspect!
Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily become his silver locks:
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience.

3648 *Rowe: Jane Shore.* Act i. Sc. 2.

When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?

3649 *Hood: Ballad.*

Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

3650 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Pt ii. iv. Line 170.

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Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
. . . . . .
Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.
3651 *Longfellow: Morituri Salutamus.*

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.
3652 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. iv

Old Age, a second child, by nature curst
With more and greater evils than the first,
Weak, sickly, full of pains: in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death.
3653 *Churchill: Gotham.* Bk. i. Line 215

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.
3654 *Byron: On My Thirty-sixth Year*

OMEN.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
3655 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 6

OPINION — *see* **Argument.**

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
3656 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in's head,
Must be by a dog glad to be led;
And no beasts have so little in them,
As that inhuman brute, Opinion.
3657 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 367

OPPORTUNITY — *see* **Activity, Decision, Temptation.**

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Make ill deeds done!
3658 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 2

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I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.
3659 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act i. Sc. 2.

The means that heav'n yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succor and redress.
3660 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
3661 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 8.

Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds them fat, while men delay.
3662 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
3663 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act ii. Sc. 7.

O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason.
3664 *Shaks.: R. of Lucrece.* Line 876.

OPPRESSION — *see* **Aggression, Compassion, Conduct, Tyranny.**

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him.
3665 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

ORATORY — *see* **Argument, Counsel, Eloquence, Rhetoric.**

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.
3666 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. iv. Line 267

And 'tis remarkable, that they
Talk most, who have the least to say.
Your dainty speakers have the curse,
To plead bad causes down to worse:
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.
3667 *Prior: Alma.* Canto ii. Line 345

Grac'd as thou art with all the pow'r of words,
So known, so honor'd, at the House of Lords.
3668 *Pope:* Satire iv. Line 48

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Hark to that shrill, sudden shout,
The cry of an applauding multitude,
Swayed by some loud-voiced orator who wields
The living mass as if he were its soul!
3669 *William Cullen Bryant: Flood of Years*

He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.
3670 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 322

His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call "*rigmarole.*"
3671 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 174

Proud of his "Hear hims," proud too of his vote
And lost virginity of oratory,
Proud of his learning (just enough to quote).
He revell'd in his Ciceronian glory:
With mem'ry excellent to get by rote,
With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,
Grac'd with some merit and with more effrontery,
"His country's pride," he came down to the country.
3672 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiii. St. 91

ORDER.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order.
3673 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Order is heav'n's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
3674 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 49

Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
3675 *Pope: Windsor Forest.* Line 15

ORNAMENT — *see* **Law, Religion.**

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
3676 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian; beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.
3677 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2

ORTHODOXY — *see* **Belief, Sect.**

What's orthodox, and true believing,
Against a conscience? — a good living.
3678 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto i. Line 1278

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He was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant:
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks.
3679 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 192

OUTCAST.

He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And harder still, flagitious, yet not great.
3680 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 204.

OUTLAW.

He that is drunken
. . . . . .
Is outlawed by himself; all kind of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
3681 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 6.

OWL—*see* **Omen.**

The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.
3682 *Keats: The Eve of St. Agnes.*

P.

PAIN—*see* **Death.**

All delights are vain: but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.
3683 *Shaks.: Love's Labor Lost.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Pain pays the income of each precious thing.
3684 *Shaks.: R. of Lucrece.* Line 334.

Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life;
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturns
All patience.
3685 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. vi. Line 459.

A man deep-wounded may feel too much pain
To feel much anger.
3686 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. i.

Pain is no longer pain when it is past.
3687 *Margaret J. Preston: Sonnet. Nature's Lesson.*

PARALLEL.

None but himself can be his parallel.
3688 *Theobald: Double Falsehood.*

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And out herself admits no parallel.
3689 *Massinger: Duke of Milan.* Act iv Sc. 3

PARASITE.

Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's-flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er.
3690 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iii Sc. 6

PARDON — *see* **Murder.**

When by a pardon'd murd'rer blood is spilt,
The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest guilt.
3691 *Denham: On Justice.* Line 81.

PARENTS — *see* **Children, Father, Mother.**

Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometimes they have used with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
3692 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
3693 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.
3694 *Defoe: True-Born Englishman.* Pt. i. Line 1

Parents, to their offspring blind,
Consult nor parts, nor turn of mind;
But, ev'n in infancy, decree
What this, what t'other son shall be.
3695 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 14.

Vulgar parents cannot stamp their race,
With signatures of such majestic grace.
3696 *Pope: Odyssey.* Bk. iv. Line 75.

Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age:
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.
3697 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 408

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PARLIAMENT.

Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away;
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for Church and State;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.
3698 *Pope:* Satire v. Line 155

PARTING—*see* **Absence, Adieu, Farewell, Friendship, Good-night, Love, Meeting.**

What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.
3699 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave.
3700 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 7.

His eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
3701 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 8.

Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
3702 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
. . . . . .
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death.
3703 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Whether we shall meet again, I know not,
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile:
If not, why then this parting was well made.
3704 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act v. Sc. 1.

So long
As he could make me with his eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.
3705 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act i. Sc. 4

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Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
3706 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc 4

They who go
Feel not the pain of parting; it is they
Who stay behind that suffer.
3707 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. I i

'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in its twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
3708 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
3709 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you, —
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is, — and for my own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray
3710 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 5

The ship went on with solemn face;
To meet the darkness on the deep,
The solemn ship went onward.
I bowed down weary in the place,
For parting tears and present sleep
Had weighed mine eyelids downward.
3711 *Mrs. Browning: A Sabbath Morning at Sea.*

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence;
Else who could bear it?
3712 *Rowe: Tamerlane.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.
3713 *Dodsley: The Parting Kiss*

Think'st thou that I could bear to part
With thee, and learn to halve my heart?
. . . . . .
Years have not seen, time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee.
3714 *Byron: Bride of Ab.* Canto i. St. ii

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With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,
Athwart the foaming brine,
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
3715 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto i. St. 13

For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.
3716 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto i. St. 13

They tell me 'tis decided; you depart:
'Tis wise, 'tis well, but not the less a pain;
I have no further claim on your young heart,
Mine is the victim, and would be again;
To love too much has been the only art
I used; — I write in haste, and if a stain
Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears,
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.
3717 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 192

Their meetings made December June,
Their every parting was to die.
3718 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. xcvi. St. 3.

To know, to esteem, to love — and then to part
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!
3719 *Coleridge: On taking leave of —*, 1817.

Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again.
Friends if we have ever been,
Friends we cannot now remain:
I only know I loved you once,
I only know I loved in vain.
Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again!
3720 *Hood: False Friend.*

Enough, that we are parted — that there rolls
A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
As hell from heaven, to all eternity.
3721 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*

With all my soul, then let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me!
3722 *Moore: Juvenile Poems. To * * **

PASSION — *see* **Choler, Hobbies, Independence.**

Take heed lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
3723 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 1

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Rage is the shortest passion of our souls:
Like narrow orooks, that rise with sudden show'rs,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon.
3724 *Rowe: Fair Penitent.* Act ii. Sc 1

Search then the ruling passion; there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere:
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
3725 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 174.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen formalists!
On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper, here.
3726 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Line 638

His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On passion's changeful tide was tost;
Nor vice nor virtue had the power
Beyond th' impression of the hour;
And O, when passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to virtue's share!
3727 *Scott: Rokeby.* Canto v. St. 23.

Alas! too well, too well they know
The pain, the penitence, the woe
That passion brings down on the best,
The wisest and the loveliest.
3728 *Moore: Loves of the Angels: Second Angel's Story.*

PAST, THE.

Wondrous and awful are thy silent halls,
O kingdom of the past!
There lie the bygone ages in their palls,
Guarded by shadows vast.
3729 *James Russell Lowell: To the Past.*

We do not serve the dead — the past is past!
God lives, and lifts his glorious mornings up
Before the eyes of men, awake at last,
Who put away the meats they used to sup.
3730 *Mrs. Browning: Casa Guidi Windows.* Bk. i. Line 118.

No past is dead for us, but only sleeping.
3731 *Helen Hunt: At Last.*

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.
3732 *Tennyson: Break, Break, Break*

Over the trackless past, somewhere,
Lie the lost days of our tropic youth,
Only regained by faith and prayer,
Only recalled by prayer and plaint:
Each lost day has its patron saint.
3733 *Bret Harte: The Lost Galleon.* Last St

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PATIENCE — *see* **Advice, Cowardice, Love.**

I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
3734 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1

Come what, come may:
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
3735 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 3.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.
3736 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. iii

How poor are they, that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
3737 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience.
3738 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

Patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
3739 *Milton: Samson Agonistes.* Line 1287

Patience! preach it to the winds,
To roaring seas, or raging fires! the knaves
That teach it, laugh at ye when ye believe them.
3740 *Otway: Orphan.* Act v. Sc. 2

Experience, like a pale musician, holds
A dulcimer of patience in his hand,
Whence harmonies we cannot understand,
Of God's will in his worlds, the strain unfolds
In sad perplexèd minors: deathly colds
Fall on us while we hear and countermand
Our sanguine heart back from the fancy-land
With nightingales in visionary wolds.
3741 *Mrs. Browning: Sonnets. Perplexed Music*

I must bear
What is ordained with patience, being aware
Necessity doth front the universe
With an invincible gesture.
3742 *Mrs. Browning: Prometheus Bound*

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Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven.
3743 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Pt. II. i. Line 59

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
3744 *Longfellow: Psalm of Life.*

Patience is powerful.
3745 *Longfellow: T. of Wayside Inn. Nun of Nidaros.* St. 6.

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.
3746 *Longfellow: St. Teresa's Book-mark. From Spanish of* [*Santa Teresa.*

Patience is a plant
That grows not in all gardens.
3747 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. ii. 4.

There are times when patience proves at fault.
3748 *Robert Browning: Paracelsus.* Sc. 3.

Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts.
3749 *James Russell Lowell: Columbus*

PATRIOTISM.

What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
3750 *Addison: Cato.* Act iv. Sc. 4

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvied by the muse he lov'd.
3751 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. v. Line 67

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Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

3752 *Whittier: Centennial Hymn.*

Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.
The toils of law (which dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade;)
How glorious were the days that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right!

3753 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 365.

Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!

3754 *Fitz-Greene Halleck: Marco Bozzaris.*

The age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them.

3755 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. v. Line 492.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore!

3756 *Oliver Wendell Holmes: Voy. of the Gd. Ship Union.*

Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge or death — the watchword and reply,
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm.

3757 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. i. Line 367.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, —
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

3758 *Samuel F. Smith: National Hymn.*

Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!

3759 *Longfellow: Building of the Ship*

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The corner-stone of a nation.[1]
3760 *Longfellow: Court. of Miles Standish.* Pt. v. Line 70

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!
3761 *Longfellow: Building of the Ship*

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
3762 *Longfellow: Building of the Ship.*

PEACE.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
3763 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility.
3764 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Ay; but give me worship and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honor.
3765 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded.
3766 *Shaks.: 1 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
3767 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 1.

I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun.
3768 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 1

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
3769 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act ii. Sc. 1

[1] Plymouth Rock.

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Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silent envious tongues. Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.
3770 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
3771 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act iv. Sc. 2

Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war.
3772 *Milton: Sonnet* xvi.

Peace the offspring is of Power.
3773 *Bayard Taylor: A Thousand Years.*

O Peace! thou source and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Blessed be the man divine, who gives us thee!
3774 *Thomson: Britannia.* Line 122.

O Peace! the fairest child of heaven,
To whom the sylvan reign was given;
The vale, the fountain, and the grove,
With every softer scene of love:
Return, sweet peace! and cheer the weeping swain;
Return, with ease and pleasure in thy train.
3775 *Thomson: Masque of Alfred. Song to Peace.*

My soul, there is a countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentrie
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
3776 *Henry Vaughan: Peace.*

Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
3777 *Collins: Hassan; or the Camel Driver.*

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain."
3778 *Dr. Johnson: Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 201.

Oh! these were hours when thrilling joy repaid
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears —
The heartsick faintness of the hope delay'd,
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears,
That track'd with terror twenty rolling years.
3779 *Scott: Lord of the Isles.* Canto vi. St. 2.

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The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light.
The airs that hover in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.

There comes no voice from the great woodlands round
That murmured all the day;
Beneath the shadow of their boughs the ground
Is not more still than they.

3780 *William Cullen Bryant: The Tides*

Peace was on the earth and in the air.

3781 *William Cullen Bryant: The Ages.* St. 30

Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends,
Their generous discord with the battle ends;
In peace they wonder whence dissension rose,
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

3782 *Tickell: Prospect of Peace.* Line 29.

Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace.

3783 *Byron: Bride of Ab.* Canto ii. St. 20

PEARL.

A pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
And may be found too in an oyster shell.

3784 *Bunyan: Apology for his Book.* Line 89

PEASANTRY — *see* **Country Life.**

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade —
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

3785 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 51.

Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes.

3786 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 185.

At night returning, ev'ry labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed.

3787 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 191.

PEDANTRY — *see* **Logic.**

For pedantry is but a corn, or wart,
Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art;
A stupefied excrescence, like a wen,
Fed by the peccant humors of learn'd men,
That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutor'd intellects,
But from the over-curious and vain
Distempers of an artificial brain.

3788 *Butler: Sat. Upon Abuse of H. Learning.* Line 298.

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The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.
3789 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. iii. Line 53

PEN — *see* **Authors.**

The unhappy man who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to please himself, but other men;
Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
3790 *Dryden: Prol. to Lee's Cæsar Borgic.*

Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink,
So may he cease to write, and learn to think.
3791 *Prior: To a Person who Wrote ill. On Same Person.*

Oh! Nature's noblest gift — my gray-goose quill:
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
3792 *Byron: English Bards.* Line 7.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.
3793 *Bulwer-Lytton: Richelieu.* Act ii. Sc. 2

PENTAMETER.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.
3794 *Coleridge: Ovidian Elegiac Metre.*

PEOPLE — *see* **Mob, Popularity.**

And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise?
They praise, and they admire, they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
3795 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. iii. Line 49

"God save the king!" and kings,
For if *He* don't, I doubt if *men* will longer; —
I think I hear a little bird, who sings
The people by and by will be the stronger:
The veriest jade will wince whose harness wrings
So much into the raw as quite to wrong her
Beyond the rules of posting, — and the mob
At last fall sick of imitating Job.
3796 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto viii. St. 56.

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The people sweat not for their king's delight,
'T enrich a pimp, or raise a parasite;
Theirs is the toil; and he who well has served
His country, has his country's wealth deserved.
3797 *Dryden: Sigismonda and Guiscardo.* Line 55.

PERFECTION — *see* **Excess, Man.**

All, that life can rate,
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call.
3798 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And it will make thee think thy swan a crow.
3799 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act i. Sc. 2.

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.
3800 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act i. Sc. 2.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!
3801 *Hannah More: Sensibility.* Line 247.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires,
By just degrees to reach perfection's height.
3802 *Somerville: Chase.* Bk. i. Line 32.

PERJURY — *see* **Oaths.**

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.
3803 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

And hast thou sworn on every slight pretence,
Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book's outside, who ne'er look within?
3804 *Cowper: Expostulation.* Line 388.

PERSEVERANCE — *see* **Endurance, Industry.**

Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright. To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.
3805 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.
3806 *Herrick: Aph. Seek and Find.*

The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with nature; and her paths are peace.
3807 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 18.

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Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, I can't,
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want.
3808 *Eliza Cook: Try Again*

PERSUASION — *see* **Eloquence.**

Yet hold it more humane, more heav'nly, first,
By winning words, to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear.
3809 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. i. Line 221

PETITIONS.

When maidens sue
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs,
As they themselves would owe them.
3810 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act i. Sc. 5

Petitions not sweetened
With gold, are but unsavory; oft refused;
Or, if received, are pocketed, not read.
3811 *Massinger: Emperor of the East.* Act i. Sc. 2

PHILOSOPHERS, PHILOSOPHY — *see* **Knowledge.**

I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood!
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.
3812 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act v. Sc. 1.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
3813 *Milton: Comus.* Line 476

Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle every cause,
That nature uses, by their own bye-laws.
3814 *Butler: Sat. Upon Abuse of H. Learniny.* Line 113

Besides, he was a shrewd Philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over.
Whate'er the crabbed'st author saith
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever sceptic could inquire for;
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore.
3815 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 127

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In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost,
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest;
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
3816 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 101

Tutored by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
Their highest honor, and their truest joy!
Without thee, what were unenlighten'd Man?
3817 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 1157.

Much learned dust
Involves the combatants, each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp,
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.
3818 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 161.

Divine Philosophy! by whose pure light
We first distinguish, then pursue the right;
Thy power the breast from every error frees,
And weeds out all its vices by degrees.
3819 *Gifford's Juvenal.* Satire xiii. Line 254.

Sublime Philosophy!
Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beckoning angels; but, alas!
We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step, dull slumbering on the earth.
3820 *Bulwer-Lytton: Richelieu.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

PHRENOLOGY.

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,
Man — with his bumps upon his sconce,
Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he
Has had, till lately, of phrenology —
A science that by simple dint of
Head-combing he should find a hint of,
When scratching o'er those little pole-hills
The faculties throw up like mole-hills.
3821 *Hood: Craniology*

PHYSIC, PHYSICIANS — *see* Doctors.

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
3822 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 3

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I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts he dwells, — whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
3823 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act v. Sc. 1

A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.
3824 *Pope: Iliad.* Bk. xi. Line 636

This is the way physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem: — but although we sneer
In health — when ill, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer.
3825 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto x. St. 42

You behold in me
Only a travelling physician;
One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases,
Or those that are called so.
3826 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. i.

Joy, and Temperance, and Repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.
3827 *Longfellow: Poetic Aphorisms.*

PIETY — *see* **Devotion, Religion.**

Why should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion;
B' allowed to pray upon conditions,
As well as suitors in petitions;
And in a congregation pray,
No less than Chancery, for pay?
3828 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 295.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven.
3829 *Scott: Lady of the Lake.* Canto ii. St. 22.

PIGMIES.

Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
3830 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vi. Line 309

PIN.

A pin lies there,
A pin a day will fetch a groat a year.
3831 *King: Art of Cookery.*

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PITY — *see* **Charity, Compassion, Mercy.**

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!
3832 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act i. Sc. 2

Thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.
3833 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc 2

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
3834 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iii. Sc. 5.

Pity's akin to love; and every thought
Of that soft kind is welcome to my soul.
3835 *Southern: Oroonoka.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
3836 *Hood: Bridge of Sighs.*

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where love has been received a welcome guest.
3837 *Sheridan: Duenna.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

A woman's pity sometimes makes her mad.
3838 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. ix. Line 628.

Pity speaks to grief
More sweetly than a band of instruments.
3839 *Barry Cornwall: The Florentine Party*

O thou, the friend of man, assign'd
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destined scene,
His wild unsated foe!
3840 *Collins: Ode To Pity*

PLAGIARISM — *see* **Authors.**

The world's as full of curious wit
Which those, that father, never writ,
As 'tis of bastards, which the sot
And cuckold owns, that ne'er begot.
3841 *Butler: Sat. on Plagiaries.* Line 51

Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug.
3842 *Pope: Dunciad.* Bk. i. Line 127

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PLEASURE — *see* **Extremes, Holidays, Home.**

All delights are vain; and that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.
3843 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true decision.
3844 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.
3845 *Tennyson: Palace of Art.*

Approach his awful throne by just degrees;
And, if thou would'st be happy, learn to please.
3846 *Prior: Solomon.* Bk. ii. Line 266.

Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.
3847 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 91.

Unmoved though witlings sneer, and rivals rail;
Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.
3848 *Dr. Johnson: Irene.* Prologue. Line 29.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates, then sinks the soul as low:
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still the exulting billows flow,
The further back again they flagging go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore.
3849 *Thomson: Castle of Indolence.* Canto i. St. 63.

Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When pleasure treads the paths which reason shuns.
3850 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 864.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
3851 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 800.

God made all pleasures innocent.
3852 *Mrs. Norton: Lady of La Garaye.* Pt. i.

Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,
There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.
3853 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 65.

The evaporation of a joyous day,
Is like the last glass of champagne, without
The foam which made its virgin bumper gay;
Or like a system coupled with a doubt;
Or like a soda bottle, when its spray
Has sparkled and let half its spirit out;
Or like a billow, left by storms behind,
Without the animation of the wind.
3854 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xvi. St. 9.

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But pleasures are like poppies spread, —
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river, —
A moment white — then melts forever.
3855 *Burns: Tam O'Shanter.* Line 58

Pleasure that comes unlook'd for is thrice welcome.
3856 *Rogers: Italy (Interview).* Line 1

Pleasure's delight it is
That holdeth man from heaven's delightful bliss.
3857 *Robert Greene: A Maiden's Dream*

Pleasure must succeed to pleasure, else past pleasure turns to pain.
3858 *Robert Browning: La Saisiaz.* Line 170.

PLOUGH.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employed
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compared your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and greatly independent scorned
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.
3859 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 58

POET LAUREATE — *see* Poetry.

In twice five years the "greatest living poet,"
Like to the champion in the fisty ring,
Is called on to support his claim, or show it,
Although 'tis an imaginary thing.
3860 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xi. St. 55

Even I — albeit I'm sure I did not know it,
Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be king —
Was reckoned, a considerable time,
The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.
3861 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xi. St. 55

He lied with such a fervor of intention —
There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate pension.
3862 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 80

O thou, whate'er thy name, thy trade, thy art,
Who from obscurity art doom'd to start,
Call'd, by the royal mandate, to proclaim
To distant realms a monarch's feeble fame —
For fame of kings, like cripples in the gout,
Demands a crutch to move about —.
3863 *Peter Pindar: Ode to the Future Laureate*

Laureates should boast a bushel of invention,
Or yield up all poetical pretension.
3864 *Peter Pindar: Ode to the Future Laureate*

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POETRY, POETS —*see* **Imagination, Metre, Milton, Poet Laureate, Shakespeare.**

I would the gods had made thee poetical.
3865 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act iii. Sc. 3

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
3866 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient at one time.
3867 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 27

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
3868 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 463.

It is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not so before;
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;
Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But being for all other trades unfit,
Only t' avoid being idle set up wit.
3869 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 441

As wine that with its own weight runs is best,
And counted much more noble than the prest;
So is that poetry whose gen'rous strains
Flow without servile study, art, or pains.
3870 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 425.

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.
3871 *Waller: Upon Roscommon's Trans. of Horace, De [Arte Poetica.*

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes, sung ballads from a cart.
3872 *Dryden: Prol. to Lee's Sophonisba*

Rash author, 'tis a vain, presumptuous crime,
To undertake the sacred art of rhyme;
If at thy birth the stars that ruled thy sense
Shone not with a poetic influence;
In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound,
Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.
3873 *Dryden: Art of Poetry.* Canto i. Line 1

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Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
Always let sense accompany your rhyme:
Falsely they seem each other to oppose;
Rhyme must be made with reason's laws to close.
3874 *Dryden: Art of Poetry.* Canto i. Line 2

Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below even David's Psalms translated.
3875 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. ii. Line 402

Though Heaven made him poor, (with reverence speaking,)
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull
With this prophetic blessing — *Be thou dull!*
Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight,
Fit for thy bulk; do anything but write.
3876 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. ii. Line 474

Fame from science, not from fortune, draws.
So poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen
Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by some chance,
They call that nature, which is ignorance.
3877 *Dryden: Prol. to the University of Oxford.* Line 27.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.
3878 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 1.

Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
. . . . . .
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.
3879 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. i. Line 150

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
3880 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 162

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Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) "with sleep."
3881 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 150

What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney sonnetteer, or me?
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
3882 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 218

The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
3883 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 3.

Is there a parson much be-mused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
. . . . . .
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
3884 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 15.

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
3885 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 127.

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
3886 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 283.

He who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest satire bade *translate*,
And owned that nine such poets made a *Tate*.
3887 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 185.

Let *Envy* howl, while heaven's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honor not conferr'd by kings;
Let *Flatt'ry* sickening see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verses as mean as mine.
3888 *Pope: Epil. to Satires.* Dialogue ii. Line 242

Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
3889 *Pope:* Satire v. Line 280

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Sages and chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton named;
Those raised new empires o'er the earth,
And these new heavens and systems framed;
Vain was the chiefs', the sages' pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
3890 *Pope: Imit. of Horace. A Fragment.* Bk. 4. Ode 9

Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound,
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Then wrote, and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
3891 *Pope: Dunciad.* Bk. i. Line 118.

Now times are changed, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
3892 *Pope:* Satire v. Line 169

Rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invoked, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.
3893 *Swift: On Poetry.* Line 85.

The bard, nor think too lightly that I mean
Those little, piddling witlings, who o'erween
Of their small parts, the Murphys of the stage,
The Masons and the Whiteheads of the age,
Who all in raptures their own works rehearse,
And drawl out measured prose, which they call verse.
3894 *Churchill: Independence.* Line 291.

The poor poet
Worships without reward, nor hopes to find
A heaven save in his worship.
3895 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. i.

Where go the poets' lines?
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!
3896 *Oliver Wendell Holmes: The Poet's Lot.* St. 3.

The busy shuttle comes and goes
Across the rhymes, and deftly weaves
A tissue out of autumn leaves,
With here a thistle, there a rose.
3897 *T. B. Aldrich: Cloth of Gold.* Prelude.

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A "poet" is a word soon said;
A book's a thing soon written. Nay, indeed,
The more the poet shall be questionable,
The more unquestionably comes his book!
. . . . . .
There's more than passion goes to make a man,
Or book, which is a man too.
3898 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. v. Line 400

I have been sojourning late
Among the pleasant places of my Past,
The green and quiet neighborhoods of Thought,
In which I wandered in my wayward youth,
With no companion but the constant Muse,
Who sought me when I needed her — ah, when
Did I not need her, solitary else.
3899 *R. H. Stoddard: Poems.* Proem

O! 'tis an easie thing
To write and sing;
But to write true, unfeigned verse
Is very hard.
3900 *Henry Vaughan: Anguish*

Poetry is
The grandest chariot wherein king-thoughts ride; —
One who shall fervent grasp the sword of song
As a stern swordsman grasps his keenest blade,
To find the quickest passage to the heart.
3901 *Alexander Smith: A Life Drama.* Sc. 2.

Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,
Some better at a distance, others near;
Some love the dark, some choose the clearest light,
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye;
Some please for once, some will forever please.
3902 *Roscommon: Transl. Horace's Art of Poetry.* Line 405.

God is the PERFECT POET,
Who in creation acts his own conceptions.
3903 *Robert Browning: Paracelsus.* Sc 2.

In Spring the Poet is glad,
And in Summer the Poet is gay;
But in Autumn the Poet is sad,
And has something sad to say:
And the autumn songs of the Poet's soul
Are set to the passionate grief
Of Winds that sough and Bells that toll
The Dirge of the Falling Leaf.
3904 *Byron Forceythe Willson: Autumn Song*

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The source of each accordant strain
Lies deeper than the Poet's brain.
First from the people's heart must spring
The passions which he learns to sing;
They are the wind, the harp is he,
To voice their fitful melody, —
The language of their varying fate,
Their pride, grief, love, ambition, hate, —
The talisman which holds inwrought
The touchstone of the listener's thought;
That penetrates each vain disguise,
And brings his secret to his eyes.
3905 *Bayard Taylor: Amran's Wooing*

The Poet's license! — 'tis the fee
Of earth, and sky, and river
To him who views them royally,
To have and hold forever!
3906 *J. G. Saxe: The Poet's License*

Can the poets, in the rapture
Of their finest dreams,
Paint the lily of the valley
Fairer than she seems?
3907 *J. G. Saxe: De Musa.*

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love.
3908 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Another and a Better World.*

Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made His prophets poets, and the more
We feel of poesy, do we become
Like God in love and power — under-makers.
3909 *Bailey: Festus.* Proem. Line 5.

Poets live upon the living light
Of nature and of beauty; they love light.
3910 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

All other trades demand, verse-makers beg;
A dedication is a wooden leg.
3911 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire iv. Line 191.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know.
3912 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 285.

The poetry of earth is never dead.
3913 *Keats: Grasshopper and Cricket.*

Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song.
3914 *Keats: Epis. to George Felton Mathews*

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Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey;
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthey:
With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope.
3915 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 205

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,
Anacreon's morals are a still worse sample,
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,
I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,
Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn,
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample;
But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid one
Beginning with "*Formosum Pastor Corydon.*"

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong
For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food;
I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
Although no doubt his real intent was good,
For speaking out so plainly in his song,
So much, indeed, as to be downright rude:
And then what proper person can be partial
To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?
3916 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. Sts. 42 and 43.

Nothing so difficult as a beginning
In poesy, unless perhaps the end;
For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning
The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
Like Lucifer, when hurl'd from heaven for sinning;
Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too far,
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.
3917 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iv. St 1.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
He prated to the world of "Pantisocrasy;"
Or Wordsworth, unexcised, unhired, who then
Season'd his peddler poems with democracy;
Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen
Lent to the *Morning Post* its aristocracy;
When he and Southey, following the same path,
Espoused two partners (milliners, of Bath).

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
The very Botany Bay in moral geography;
Their loyal treason, renegado vigor,
Are good manure for their more bare biography.
3918 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. Sts. 93 and 94.

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The rhyme obliges me to this; sometimes
Monarchs are less imperative than rhymes.
3919 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St 77

When the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre not for fame.
3920 *Byron: English Bards* Line 174

Call it not vain: — they do not err,
Who say, that, when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.
3921 *Scott: Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto v. St. 1

Ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile.
3922 *Scott: Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto iv. St. 35

When some mad bard sits down to muse
About the lilies and the dews,
The grassy vales and sloping lawns,
Fairies and satyrs, nymphs, and fauns,
He's apt to think, he's apt to swear,
That Cupid reigns not anywhere,
Except in some sequestered village
Where peasants live on truth and tillage;
That none are fair enough for witches
But maids who frisk through dells and ditches:
That dreams are twice as sweet as dances,
That cities never breed romances:
That Beauty always keeps a cottage,
And Purity grows pale on pottage.
3923 *Praed: Love at a Rout.*

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares. —
The poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.
3924 *Wordsworth: Personal Talk.*

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POLITENESS —*see* **Courtesy.**

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench.
3925 *Shaks.: Richard II.* **Act i. Sc. 4**

And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
3926 *Gay: Fables.* **Pt. i. Fable 50**

POLITICS —*see* **Ambition, Statesmen.**

Nothing's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no interest of state,
But such as serves a present strait,
And, to patch up, or shift, will close,
Or break alike with friends or foes;
That runs behindhand, and has spent
Its credit to the last extent;
And, the first time 'tis at a loss,
Has not one true friend, nor one cross.
3927 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* **Line 159**

Fearfully wise he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.
3928 *Churchill: Night.* **Line 251.**

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
3929 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* **Line 223.**

POMP.

What is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.
3930 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* **Act v. Sc. 2.**

POPERY.

For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well:
And, if the world has any troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
3931 *Butler: Hudibras.* **Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 661**

POPULARITY, POPULACE — *see* **Mob, People.**

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.
3932 *Shaks.: M. for M.* **Act i. Sc. 1.**

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage.
3933 *Shaks.: Richard II.* **Act v. Sc. 2**

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Every wretch, pining and pale before
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear.
3934 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iii. Chorus

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
3935 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 3

Your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favor, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland.
3936 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act i. Sc. 1.

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air.
3937 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Our slippery people,
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past.)
3938 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Bareheaded, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations of the crowd.
3939 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. iii. Line 689

Almighty crowd, thou shortenest all dispute;
Power is thy essence, wit thy attribute!
Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
Thou leapest o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric way.
3940 *Dryden: Medal.* Line 91

His joy concealed, he sets himself to show;
On each side bowing popularly low:
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their names,
Thus formed by nature, furnished out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
3941 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. Line 688

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Oh, popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;
But swell'd into a gust — who then, alas!
With all his canvas set, and inexpert,
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power?
3942 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 481

Some shout him, and some hang upon his car
To gaze in his eyes and bless him. Maidens wave
Their 'kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy;
While others not so satisfied, unhorse
The gilded equipage, and turning loose
His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.
3943 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. vi. Line 708

PORTRAITS — *see* **Beauty.**

But her eyes, —
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd.
3944 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2

What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation?
3945 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2

POSSESSION.

What we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.
3946 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iv. Sc. 1

Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.
3947 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act i. Sc. 2

The sweets we wish for, turn to loathèd sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.
3948 *Shaks.: R. of Lucrece.* Line 867

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.
3949 *Shaks.: Sonnet* lxxxvii

Possession means to sit astride of the world,
Instead of having it astride of you.
3950 *Charles Kingsley: Saint's Tragedy.* Act i. Sc. 2

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POSSIBILITY.

All may do, what has by man been done.
3951 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vi. Line 606

POVERTY—*see* **Apparel, Charity, Compassion, Death, Want**

His rawbone cheeks through penury and pine
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.
3952 *Spenser: Faerie Queene.* Bk. i. Canto ix. St. 35

My poverty, but not my will, consents.
3953 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Content and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.
3954 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act v. Sc. 1.

A hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man.
3955 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
3956 *Dryden: Wife of Bath.* Line 473.

If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
3957 *Dryden: Wife of Bath.* Line 485.

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.
3958 *Dr. Johnson: London.* Line 166.

But poverty, with most who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe;
The effect of laziness, or sottish waste.
3959 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 429.

Where penury is felt the thought is chain'd,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few.
3960 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 397.

The poor alone are outcasts; they who risked
All they possessed for liberty, and lost;
And wander through the world without a friend,
Sick, comfortless, distressed, unknown, uncared for.
3961 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. i. 4.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong.
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
3962 *Shelley: Julian and Maddalo.*

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POWER — *see* **Mercy.**

Sovereign power is too depressed or high,
When kings are forced to sell, or crowds to buy.
3963 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. Line 896

What can power give more than food and drink,
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
3964 *Dryden: Medal.* Line 235.

Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.
3965 *Addison: Campaign.* Line 290.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame,
A mechanized automaton.
3966 *Shelley: Queen Mab.* Pt. iii.

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.
3967 *Wordsworth: Rob Roy's Grave.*

He hath no power who hath not power to use.
3968 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *A Visit.*

PRAISE — *see* **Flattery.**

Who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in virtue others to excel,
If none should yield him his deserved meed
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?
For if good were not praisèd more than ill,
None would choose goodness of his own free will.
3969 *Spenser: Tears of the Muses.* Line 451.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.
3970 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act v. Sc. 3

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
3971 *Shaks.: Sonnet* xvii

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs.
3972 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act iv. Sc. 3

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth.
3973 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act i. Sc. 3

It matters not how false, or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' the worst.
3974 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 627

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They that do write in author's praises,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confined to what is true;
That's not to give, but pay a due:
For praise that's due does give no more
To worth, than what it had before;
But to commend without desert
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what's amiss,
And writes what should be, not what is.
3975 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 449

The rising winds
And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore him in their kinds.
Thus all is hurl'd
In sacred hymns and order, the great chime
And symphony of nature.
3976 *Henry Vaughan: The Morning Watch.*

Solid pudding against empty praise.
3977 *Pope: Dunciad.* Bk. i. Line 54.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
3978 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 230.

To what base ends, and by what abject ways
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise.
3979 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 320.

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
3980 *Pope: Iliad.* Bk. x. Line 293.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in ev'ry heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
3981 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire i. Line 49.

What we admire we praise; and when we praise,
Advance it into notice, that its worth
Acknowledged, others may admire it too.
3982 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 700.

The name, that dwells on every tongue,
No minstrel needs.
3983 *Longfellow: Coplas de Manrique.* St. 54

Ye, who would in aught excel,
Ponder this simple maxim well,
A wise man's censure may appall,
But a fool's praise is worst of all.
3984 *Bohn Ms.*

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PRAYER — *see* **Deity, Ignorance, Religion.**

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.
3985 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii Sc. 3

If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
3986 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act v. Sc 2

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
3987 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act ii Sc. 1

If by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries;
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
3988 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. xi. Line 307

His pure thoughts were borne
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence on angels' wings, through ways
Of light, to the bright source of all.
3989 *Congreve: Mourning Bride.* Act iii. Sc. 8

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind.
3990 *Pope: Universal Prayer.*

I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers.
3991 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 267

Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity:
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.
3992 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 728

Pray thou for me. The common air
Will stronger, purer seem to be,
And all the world will grow more fair, —
Pray thou for me.
3993 *Mary Clemmer: Pray Thou for Me*

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He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

3994 *Coleridge: Ancient Mariner.* i. pt.

God grant me grace my prayers to say:
O God! preserve my mother dear,
In strength and health for many a year;
And O! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy;
And O! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings, and from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother,
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day! Amen.

3995 *Coleridge: Child's Evening Prayer*

O sad estate
Of human wretchedness! so weak is man,
So ignorant and blind, that did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruin'd at our own request.

3996 *Hannah More: Moses.* Pt. i.

Prayer is the spirit speaking truth to Truth.

3997 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Elsewhere.*

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer shou'd
Dawn with the day. There are set, awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us. The manna was not good
After sun-rising; far-day sullies flowers.
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

3998 *Henry Vaughan: Rules and Lessons*

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the sun.
Give him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

3999 *Henry Vaughan: Rules and Lessons*

Prayer is
The world in tune,
A spirit-voice,
And vocal joys,
Whose Echo is heaven's bliss.

4000 *Henry Vaughan: The Morning Watch.*

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A good man's prayers
Will from the deepest dungeon climb Heaven's height
And bring a blessing down.
4001 *Joanna Baillie: Ethwald.* Pt. ii. Act iv. Sc. 3

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.
4002 *James Montgomery: What is Prayer*

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
4003 *Tennyson: Morte d' Arthur.* Line 247

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom;
In grateful joy, in trying pain;
In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb;
Oh! when is prayer unheard or vain?
4004 *Eliza Cook: Prayer.*

PREACHING — *see* **Clergy, Presbyterians, Priests, Puritans, Sermons.**

Jest not at preacher's language or expression:
How know'st thou but thy sins made him miscarry?
4005 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 74.

Who prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks.
4006 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 199.

PRECAUTION — *see* **Caution.**

You should have feared false times, when you did feast;
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
4007 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iv. Sc. 3

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection.
4008 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 3

PREJUDICE, PREPOSSESSION.

The difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolor'd through our passions shown;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
4009 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 31

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PRESBYTERIANS — *see* **Puritans, Sects.**

A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies:
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss:
More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick:
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way:
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
4010 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 207

PRESENT, The.

Something beyond! The immortal morning stands
Above the night, clear shines her prescient brow;
The pendulous star in her transfigured hands
Lights up the Now.
4011 *Mary Clemmer: Something Beyond.*

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.
4012 *Whittier: My Soul and I.* St. 34.

PRESS — *see* **Journalists, News, Printing.**

How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of our idolatry, the Press?
By thee, religion, liberty, and laws,
Exert their influence, and advance their cause:
By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,
Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell;
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise,
Thou ever bubbling spring of endless lies,
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee!
4013 *Cowper: Progress of Error.* Line 460.

Did Charity prevail, the press would prove
A vehicle of virtue, truth, and love.
4014 *Cowper: Charity.* Line 624.

PRIDE — *see* **Authority, Humility.**

A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
4015 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

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Harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts.
4016 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment.
4017 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
4018 *Shaks. Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

You speak o' the people as if you were a god
To punish: not a man of their infirmity.
4019 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal!
4020 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act i. Sc. 2

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
4021 *Addison: Cato.* Act i. Sc. 4.

How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
4022 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 24.

Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find,
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
4023 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 5.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
4024 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 1.

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies;
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
4025 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. i. Line 123

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Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, 'Tis for **mine**
For me kind nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower.
4026 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. i. Line 131

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast a splendid banquet once a year.
4027 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 277

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by.
4028 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 327

As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show; —
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
4029 *Goldsmith: Haunch of Venison.* Line 9

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men who labor and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast.
4030 *Roscommon: Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 161.

PRIESTS.

Led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out.
4031 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Priests of all religions are the same,
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree.
4032 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. Line 99

Perhaps thou wert a priest, — if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.
4033 *Horace Smith: To a Mummy.* St. 4.

PRINCES — *see* **Kings, Royalty.**

Princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.
4034 *Shaks.: R. of Lucrece.* Line 615.

PRINTING — *see* **Books, Press.**

Blest be the gracious Power, who taught mankind
To stamp a lasting image of the mind!
Beasts may convey, and tuneful birds may sing,
Their mutual feelings, in the opening spring;
But Man alone has skill and power to send
The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend;
'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise
Ages remote, and nations yet to rise.
4035 *Crabbe: The Library.* Line 69

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PRISON.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage

4036 *Lovelace: To Althea, from Prison.* Iv

PROBABILITY.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.

4037 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 18.

PROCRASTINATION.

Procrastination is the thief of time:
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

4038 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night i. Line 393.

PRODIGIES.

The spring, the summer,
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.

4039 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?

4040 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

At my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets: and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

4041 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1

When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons, — They are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

4042 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 3.

PROGRESS — *see* **Cause and Effect.**

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment.

4043 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

4044 *Tennyson: Locksley Hall.* St. 69

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PROLOGUE.

Prologues precede the piece in mournful verse,
As undertakers walk before the hearse.
4045 *Garrick: Apprentice.* Prologue

PROMISES.

His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes for every word:
He is so kind, that he now pays interest for 't:
His lands put to their books.
4046 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act i. Sc. 2

I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
4047 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
4048 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
4049 *Shaks.:* 1 *Henry VI.* Act i. Sc. 6.

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
4050 *Shaks.:* 3 *Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 8.

That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing.
4051 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 7.

Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate:
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill,
(For human good depends on human will,)
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent:
But, if unseized, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
4052 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. Line 252

PROOF.

Give me the ocular proof;

. . . . . .

Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on.
4053 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

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PROPHECY.

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
4054 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Coming events cast their shadows before.
4055 *Campbell: Lochiel's Warning.*

PROSELYTES—*see* **Converts.**

The greatest saints and sinners have been made
Of proselytes of one another's trade.
4056 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 315.

More proselytes and converts use t' accrue
To false persuasions, than the right and true;
For error and mistake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right.
4057 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 113.

Married at last, and finding charge come faster,
He could not live by God, but changed his master:
Inspired by want, was made a factious tool;
They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
Still violent, whatever cause he took,
But most against the party he forsook.
For renegadoes, who, ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.
So this prose prophet took most monstrous pains
To let his master see he earned his gains.
4058 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. ii. Line 360

PROSPERITY.

Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
4059 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Oh, what a world of vile, ill-favor'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
4060 *Shaks.: Mer. W. of W.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;
As seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near.
4061 *Webster: White Devil.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us.
4062 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 39.

O how portentous is prosperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!
4063 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 915.

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PROVIDENCE—*see* **Deity, Fate, God, Heaven.**

But Heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
4064 *Shaks.: Richard II.* **Act v. Sc. 2**

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
4065 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* **Act ii. Sc. 1**

There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.
4066 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* **Act v. Sc. 2.**

I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein,
Haply had ends above my reach to know.
4067 *Milton: Samson Agonistes.* **Line 60**

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men.
4068 *Milton: Par. Lost.* **Bk. i. Line 22.**

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.
4069 *Addison: Cato.* **Act i. Sc. 1.**

If piety be thus debarr'd access
On high; and of good men, the very best
Is singled out to bleed, and bear the scourge,
What is reward? or what is punishment?
But who shall dare to tax eternal justice?
4070 *Congreve: Mourning Bride.* **Act iii. Sc. 1**

Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
4071 *Pope: Essay on Man.* **Epis. iv. Line 53**

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?
4072 *Pope: Essay on Man.* **Epis. i. Line 205.**

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One thing is clear. Whatever is, is right.
4073 *Pope: Essay on Man.* **Epis. i. Line 289**

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But every human path leads on to God;
He holds a myriad finer threads than gold,
And strong as holy wishes, drawing us
With delicate tension upward to Himself.

4074 *E. C. Stedman: Protest of Faith.* Line 4[illegible]

Nothing with God can be accidental.

4075 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. V

God smiles as he has always smiled;
Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled
The Heavens, God thought on me his child;
Ordained a life for me, arrayed
Its circumstances, every one
To the minutest; ay, God said
This head this hand should rest upon
Thus, ere he fashioned star or sun.

4076 *Robert Browning: Madhouse Cell.* Pt. [illegible]

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way.

4077 *William Cullen Bryant: To a Waterfowl*

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

4078 *Whittier: Eternal Goodness.* St. 20

Somewhat of goodness, something true
From sun and spirit shining through
All faiths, all worlds, as through the dark
Of ocean shines the lighthouse spark,
Attests the presence everywhere
Of love and providential care.

4079 *Whittier: Miriam.* Line 421

All which is real now remaineth,
And fadeth never:
The hand which upholds it now sustaineth
The soul forever.

4080 *Whittier: My Soul and I.* St. 42

God's errands never fail!

4081 *Whittier: Mantle of St. John de Matha.* St. 11

Through heaven and earth
God's will moves freely, and I follow it,
As color follows light. He overflows
The firmamental walls with deity,
Therefore with love; His lightnings go abroad,
His pity may do so, His angels must,
Whene'er He gives them charges.

4082 *Mrs. Browning: A Drama of Exile.* Sc. *Outer Side of the Gate of Eden.*

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God's hours are never late.
4083 *Helen Hunt: A Christmas Symphony*

That's best
Which God sends. 'Twas His will: it is mine.
4084 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. ii. Canto vi. St. 29

Happy the man who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that checker life!
4085 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 161

Yes, Thou art ever present, Power supreme!
Not circumscrib'd by time, nor fix'd to space,
Confin'd to altars, nor to temples bound.
In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,
In dungeons or on thrones, the faithful find thee!
4086 *Hannah More: Belshazzar.* Pt. i.

PRUDENCE — *see* Conduct, Discretion, Feasting.

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model:
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:
Which, if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all?
4087 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 3

Henceforth His might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked. —
4088 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 643

He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore;
Before he builds computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost.
4089 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 5

PRUDERY.

Yon ancient prude, whose wither'd features show
She might be young some forty years ago,
Her elbows pinion'd close upon her hips,
Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
Her eyebrows arch'd, her eyes both gone astray
To watch yon amorous couple in their play,
With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies
The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
And sails, with lappet-head and mincing airs,
Duly at chink of bell to morning prayers.
4090 *Cowper: Truth.* Line 19

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PUNISHMENT.

Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers
Of such as do offend, make less the sin;
For each particular crime a strict account
Will be exacted; and that comfort, which
The damn'd pretend, fellows in misery,
Takes nothing from their torments: every one
Must suffer in himself the measure of
His wickedness.
4091 *Massinger: Picture.* Act iv. Sc. 2

Love is a boy by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
4092 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 843

Justice wake, and Rigor take her time,
For, lo! our mercy is become our crime.
While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
Our sovereign right, heaven's sacred trust, decays!
. . . . . .
Right lives by law, and law subsists by power;
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
4093 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. ii. Line 733

PURITANS—*see* **Presbyterians.**

A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water:
That always preys on grace or sin;
A sheep without, a wolf within.
4094 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto iii. Line 1227

PURITY—*see* **Chastity, Modesty.**

A spirit pure as hers,
Is always pure, even while it errs:
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.
4095 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Fire-Worshippers.*

'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity.
4096 *Byron: Siege of Corinth.* St. 21

PURPOSE.

Make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose.
4097 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 5

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I do believe, you think what now you speak:
But, what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruits unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be
. . . . . .
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
4098 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2

PURSUIT — *see* **Anticipation.**

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
4099 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 6

Q.

QUACKS — *see* **Doctors.**

Out, you imposters!
Quack-salving cheating mountebanks! — your skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.
4100 *Massinger: Virgin-Martyr.* Act iv. Sc. 1

From powerful causes spring the empiric's gains,
Man's love of life, his weakness, and his pains;
These first induce him the vile trash to try,
Then lend his name that other men may buy.
4101 *Crabbe: Borough.* Letter vii. Line 124

Void of all honor, avaricious, rash,
The daring tribe compound their boasted trash —
Tincture of syrup, lotion, drop, or pill:
All tempt the sick to trust the lying bill;
. . . . . .
There are among them those who cannot read,
And yet they'll buy a patent and succeed;
Will dare to promise dying sufferers aid,
For who, when dead, can threaten or upbraid?
With cruel avarice still they recommend
More draughts, more syrup to the journey's end.
4102 *Crabbe: Borough.* Letter vii. Line 75

QUAKERS — *see* **Religion.**

Quakers, that like to lanterns, bear
Their light within them, will not swear;
Their gospel is an accidence,
By which they construe conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red
As that of breaking Priscian's head.
4103 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 219

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Upright Quakers please both man and God.
4104 *Pope: Dunciad.* Bk. iv. Line 208.

QUARRELS — *see* **Argument, Conscience, Disputes.**

In a false quarrel there is no true valor.
4105 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
4106 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3.

If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog.
4107 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

They who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
4108 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 34.

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.
4109 *Sheridan: Rivals.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

QUICKNESS.

With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought.
4110 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 97.

QUIET.

Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.
4111 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 42.

No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
4112 *Keats: Hyperion.* Bk. i. Line 7.

QUOTATION — *see* **Plagiarism.**

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
4113 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Some for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are allied:
But strive to make our poverty our pride.
4114 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire i. Line 81.

'Twas counted learning once and wit
To void but what some author writ;
And when men understood by rote
By as implicit sense to quote.
4115 *Butler: Sat. upon Plagiaries.* Line 99.

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Then why should those who pick and choose
The best of all the best compose,
And join it by mosaic art,
In graceful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty suit,
Not merit as complete repute
As those who, with less art and pains,
Can do it with their native brains.
4116 *Butler: Sat. on Plagiaries.* Line 109.

He ranged his tropes, and preached up patience;
Backed his opinion with quotations.
4117 *Prior: Paulo Purganti and His Wife.* Line 143.

Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
4118 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. iii. Line 103.

R.

RAIN.

How it pours, pours, pours,
In a never-ending sheet!
How it drives beneath the doors!
How it soaks the passer's feet!
How it rattles on the shutter!
How it rumples up the lawn!
How 'twill sigh, and moan, and mutter,
From darkness until dawn.
4119 *Rossiter Johnson: Rhyme of the Rain.*

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!
How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout.
4120 *Longfellow: Rain in Summer.* Sts. 1 and 2.

The rain comes when the wind calls.
4121 *Emerson: Woodnotes.* Pt. ii. Line 271.

'Twas so; I saw thy birth. That drowsy lake
From her faint bosom breath'd thee, the disease
Of her sick waters, and infectious ease.
But now at even,
Too gross for heaven,
Thou fall'st in tears, and weep'st for thy mistake.
4122 *Henry Vaughan: The Shower*

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Last night, above the whistling wind,
I heard the welcome rain, —
A fusillade upon the roof,
A tattoo on the pane:
The keyhole piped; the chimney-top
A warlike trumpet blew.
4123 *Bret Harte: A Sanitary Message.*

The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
4124 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 198.

The mighty Rain
Holds the vast empire of the sky alone.
4125 *William Cullen Bryant: A Rain Dream.*

RAINBOW — *see* **Sky.**

Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth.
4126 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine!
4127 *Henry Vaughan: The Rainbow.*

Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.
4128 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 228.

What skilful limner ere could choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven.
4129 *Scott: Marmion.* Canto vi. St. 5.

That gracious thing made up of tears and light.
4130 *Coleridge: Two Founts.* St. 5

'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf: 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.
4131 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 122.

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Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue,
And all within its arch appear'd to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free.

It chang'd, of course; a heavenly cameleon,
The airy child of vapor and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every color into one.

4132 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. Sts. 91 and 92

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part!
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

4133 *Campbell: To the Rainbow.*

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

4134 *Wordsworth: On Childhood.*

Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unroll'd
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold;
'Twas born in a moment, yet quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

4135 *Mrs. Welby: The Rainbow.*

RANK.

Superior worth your rank requires:
For that, mankind reveres your sires;
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your disgrace.

4136 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 11

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Rank is a Farce — if People Fools will be,
A Scavenger and King's the same to *me*.
4137 *Peter Pindar: Title Page. Peter's Prophecy*

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.
4138 *Burns: For a' That and a' That.*

RAPHAEL.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labors in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colors glow.
4139 *Addison: Italy.* Line 93

RASHNESS.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without dismay.
4140 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 145

RAZORS.

"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge with wond'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries, —
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile, — "to sell."
4141 *Peter Pindar: Farewell Odes to Royal Academicians*

READING — *see* **Books, Learning.**

Many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains —
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.
4142 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. iv. Line 321

All rests with those who read. A work or thought
Is what each makes it to himself, and may
Be full of great dark meanings, like the sea,
With shoals of life rushing.
4143 *Bailey: Festus.* Proem. Line 326

O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped!
Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent dead!
4144 *Longfellow: On Mrs. Kemble's Readings from Shakespeare*

When the last reader reads no more.
4145 *Oliver Wendell Holmes: The Last Reader*

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REASON — *see* **Fancy, Man.**

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
4146 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act i. Sc. 2

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
4147 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.
4148 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 131.

Thought
Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reason can be born. Reason, the power
To guess at right and wrong, the twinkling lamp
Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by turns
Fooling the follower 'twixt shade and shining.
4149 *Congreve: Mourning Bride.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Whether with reason or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
4150 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iii. Line 79

Reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
4151 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iii. Line 97.

Who reasons wisely, is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies.
4152 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 117.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
4153 *Pope:* Satire i. Line 127.

I would make
Reason my guide.
4154 *William Cullen Bryant: Conjunction of Jupiter and* [*Venus*

Reason progressive, instinct is complete;
Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs,
Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once: in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were man to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning still;
Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearned.
4155 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vii. Line 81.

Reason the hoary dotard's dull directress,
That loses all, because she hazards nothing:
Reason! the tim'rous pilot, that, to shun
The rocks of life, for ever flies the port.
4156 *Dr Johnson: Irene.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

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REBELLION — *see* **Contention, Discord, Mob, People, Traitor.**

Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.
4157 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond.
4158 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 1.

One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.
4159 *Shaks.: 1 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

O, pity, God, this miserable age! —
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
4160 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 5.

The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.
4161 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 2.

You may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state: whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment.
4162 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act i. Sc. 1.

All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools.
4163 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act iv. Sc. 6.

Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!
4164 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack.
4165 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 31

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The devil was the first o' th' name
From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the first bold undertaker
Of bearing arms against his Maker,
And, though miscarrying in th' event,
Was never yet known to repent,
Though tumbled from the top of bliss
Down to the bottomless abyss;
A property which, from their prince,
The family owns ever since,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do or suffer, like the devil.
4166 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 169

The worst of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm,
But draw their swords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.
4167 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 181

Righteous heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! blast the traitor!
And his pernicious counsels; who, for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars.
4168 *Rowe: Jane Shore.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

And perjury stood up to swear all true;
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
His speech rebellion against common sense;
A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule,
And when by that of reason a mere fool;
The world's best comfort was, his doom was pass'd,
Die when he might, he must be damn'd at last.
4169 *Cowper: Hope.* Line 565.

I have seen some nations, like o'erloaded asses,
Kick off their burdens — meaning the high classes.
4170 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xi. St. 84.

Rebellion! foul dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd!
How many a spirit born to bless
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame!
4171 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Fire-Worshippers.*

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REBUKE — *see* **Love, Philosophy.**

Forbear sharp speeches to her; She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.
4172 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act iii. Sc. 5.

RECIPROCITY.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.
4173 *Sheridan: Duenna.* Act i. Sc 2

RECKONING.

So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more.
4174 *Gay: What D'ye Call It.* Act ii. Sc. 9

RECONCILIATION — *see* **Forgiveness.**

Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed.
4175 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep.
4176 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 98

RECREATION — *see* **Pleasure.**

Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
4177 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Nothing more preserves men in their wits,
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,
And waking, little less extravagances,
The rest and recreation of tired thought,
When 'tis run down with care, and overwrought;
Of which whoever does not freely take
His constant share, is never broad awake.
4178 *Butler: Abuse of Human Learning.* Line 81

REDEMPTION — *see* **Christ, Religion.**

Art tired?
There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?
There is a Sacrifice. Lift up thy head,
The lovely world, and the over-world alike,
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede,
"THY FATHER LOVES THEE."
4179 *Jean Ingelow: Songs with Preludes. Dominion.* [Prelude. Line 32

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REDRESS.

What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress.
4180 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act ii. Sc. 1

REFLECTION.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
4181 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 53

REFORMATION — *see* **Mob, People.**

Sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue.
4182 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act i. Sc. 5.

No sow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cried Reform.
The oyster women lock'd their fish up,
And trudged away to cry No Bishop.
4183 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto ii. Line 537.

'Tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new Reformation.
4184 *Dryden: Sophonisba.* Prologue.

All zeal for a reform that gives offence
To peace and charity is mere pretence.
4185 *Cowper: Charity* Line 533.

REGRET — *see* **Remembrance.**

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life! the days that are no more.
4186 *Tennyson: The Princess.* Canto iv.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout;
It makes me sigh to think on it, — but yet
My days will not be better days, should I forget.
4187 *Jean Ingelow: Songs with Preludes. Regret.*

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
4188 *Whittier: Maud Muller*

RELATION.

The near in blood
The nearer bloody.
4189 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

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RELIGION—*see* **Bigotry, Church, Converts, Creed, Devotion, Faith, Hypocrisy, Independence, Piety, Prayer, Proselytes, Quakers, Reformation, Saints.**

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his
hat; it ever changes with the next block.
4190 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
4191 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

In Religion
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.
4192 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

All our scourging of religion
Began with tumult and sedition;
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became strong motives to devotion,
As carnal seamen, in a storm,
Turn pious converts and reform.
4193 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 533.

Let us think less of men and more of God.
4194 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Wood and Water.*

Not he who scorns the Saviour's yoke
Should wear His cross upon the heart.
4195 *Schiller: Fight with the Dragon.* St. 24.

Religion's lustre is, by native innocence,
Divinely pure, and simple from all arts:
You daub and dress her like a common mistress,
The harlot of your fancies; and by adding
False beauties, which she wants not, make the world
Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,
And will not bear all lights.
4196 *Rowe: Tamerlane.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Religion is a spring,
That from some secret, golden mine
Derives her birth, and thence doth bring
Cordials in every drop, and wine.
4197 *Henry Vaughan: Religion.*

Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands.
4198 *Whittier: The Meeting.* Line 42.

Religion crowns the statesman and the man,
Sole source of public and of private peace.
4199 *Young: Public Situation of the Kingdom.* Line 500.

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Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went,
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

4200 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire i. Line 63.

When nations are to perish in their sins,
'Tis in the church the leprosy begins:
The priest, whose office is with zeal sincere,
To watch the fountain, and preserve it clear,
Carelessly nods and sleeps upon the brink,
While others poison what the flock must drink.

4201 *Cowper: Expostulation.* Line 97

Pity Religion has so seldom found
A skilful guide into poetic ground!
The flowers would spring where'er she deign'd to stray,
And every Muse attend her in her way.
Virtue indeed meets many a rhyming friend,
And many a compliment politely penned;
But unattired in that becoming vest
Religion weaves for her, and half undress'd,
Stands in the desert shivering and forlorn,
A wintry figure, like a wither'd thorn.

4202 *Cowper: Table Talk.* Line 717.

See the sage hermit by mankind admired,
With all that bigotry adopts, inspired,
Wearing out life in his religious whim,
Till his religious whimsy wears out him.
His works, his abstinence, his zeal allow'd,
You think him humble — God accounts him proud.
High in demand, though lowly in pretence,
Of all his conduct this the genuine sense —
"My penitential stripes, my streaming blood
Have purchased heaven, and prove my title good."

4203 *Cowper: Truth.* Line 87.

What, always dreaming over heavenly things,
Like angel-heads in stone, with pigeon-wings?
Canting and whining out all day the Word,
And half the night? fanatic and absurd!
Mine be the friend less frequent in his prayers,
Who makes no bustle with his soul's affairs,
Whose wit can brighten up a wintry day,
And chase the splenetic dull hours away,
Content on earth in earthly things to shine,
Who waits for heaven ere he becomes divine,
Leaves saints to enjoy those altitudes they teach,
And plucks the fruit placed more within his reach.

4204 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 575.

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Religion does not censure or exclude
Unnumber'd pleasures, harmlessly pursued.
To study culture, and with artful toil
To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil;
To give dissimilar yet fruitful lands
The grain, or herb, or plant that each demands.
4205 *Cowper: Retirement.* Line 783.

There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion; thus it was,
Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung psalms.
4206 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 34.

I think that friars and their hoods,
Their doctrines and their maggots,
Have lighted up too many feuds,
And far too many faggots;
I think, while zealots fast and frown,
And fight for two or seven,
That there are fifty roads to town,
And rather more to heaven.
4207 *Praed: Chant of Brazen Head.* St. 8.

And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improv'd by burning.
4208 *Praed: Every-Day Characters. The Vicar.* St. 9.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
4209 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. xcv. St. 3.

I take possession of man's mind and deed,
I care not what the sects may brawl;
I sit as God, holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all.
4210 *Tennyson: Palace of Art.* St. 53.

'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known,
Without much hazard may be let alone;
And, after hearing what our Church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb;
For points obscure are of small use to learn,
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
4211 *Dryden: Religio Laici.* Line 443.

REMEDIES.

Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worse than the disease.
4212 *Dryden's Juvenal.* Satire xvi. Line 30.

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Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
4213 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act i. Sc. 1.

REMEMBRANCE — *see* **Memory, Regret, The Past.**

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
4214 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.
4215 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act v. Sc. 3.

I've been so long remembered, I'm forgot.
4216 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Line 57.

Sooner shall the blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!
Or think of anything, excepting thee.
4217 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 19.

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.
4218 *Emerson: Threnody.* Line 266.

Go where glory waits thee;
But while fame elates thee,
O, still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,
O, then remember me.
4219 *Moore: Go Where Glory Waits Thee.*

Departed suns their trails of splendor drew
Across departed summers: whispers came
From voices, long ago resolved again
Into the primeval Silence, and we twain,
Ghosts of our present selves, yet still the same,
As in a spectral mirror wandered there.
4220 *Bayard Taylor: Poet's Journal. First Evening.*

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.
4221 *Longfellow: Day is Done*

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Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
4222 *Longfellow: My Lost Youth.* St. 9

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.
4223 *Longfellow: A Gleam of Sunshine.*

His years with others must the sweeter be
For those brief days he spent in loving me.
4224 *George Eliot: Brother and Sister.* Pt. ix.

O years, gone down into the past,
What pleasant memories come to me
Of your untroubled days of peace,
And hours almost of ecstasy.
4225 *Phœbe Cary: Reconciled.*

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago!
4226 *George P. Morris: Near the Lake.*

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high:
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.
4227 *Hood: I Remember, I Remember.*

REMORSE.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have;
Thou art the torturer of the brave.
4228 *Scott: Marmion.* Canto iii. St. 18

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows,
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is the poison tree that, pierced to the inmost,
Weeps only tears of poison.
4229 *Coleridge: Remorse.* Act 1. Sc. 1.

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REPARTEE.

A man renown'd for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling,
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
By way of balm for healing.
4230 *Cowper: Friendship.* Line 16

REPENTANCE — *see* **Apology, Consideration, Forgiveness**

Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleased;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased.
4231 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act v. Sc. 4.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad.
4232 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act v. Sc. 1.

I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
4233 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
4234 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Let me tell the world, —
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England never did owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
4235 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 2.

I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world;
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming.
4236 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Presume not that I am the thing I was:
For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
4237 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 5.

What is done cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
4238 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

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Man should do nothing that he should repent,
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault, if he be not truly.
4239 *Beaumont & Fletcher: H. Man's Fort.* Act iv. Sc 2.

O ye powers that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not! —
The best may err, but you are good.
4240 *Addison: Cato.* Act v. Sc. 4.

Illusion is brief, but Repentance is long!
4241 *Schiller: Lay of the Bell.* St. 4.

Repentance is the weight
Of indigested meals eat yesterday.
4242 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. ii.

Habitual evils seldom change too soon,
But many days must pass, and many sorrows;
Conscious remorse, and anguish must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a second nature in the soul,
Ere virtue can resume the place she lost.
4243 *Rowe: Ulysses. A Palace.* Act i. Sc.

REPORTERS — *see* **Journalists, Newspapers, Press.**

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.
4244 *Burns: Captain Grose.*

REPOSE — *see* **Rest, Sleep.**

These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.
4245 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act v. Sc. 1.

The best of men have ever loved repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancor grows,
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
E'en those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away.
4246 *Thomson: Castle of Indolence.* Canto i. St. 17

REPROOF — *see* **Chiding, Rebuke.**

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.
4247 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

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Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
4248 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. iii. Line 23

REPUTATION—*see* **Character, Detraction, Fame, Honor.**

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
4249 *Shaks.: Richard II.* **Act i. Sc. 1**

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure.
4250 *Shaks.: Othello.* **Act ii. Sc. 3.**

O, I have lost my reputation!
I have lost the immortal part of myself,
And what remains is bestial.
4251 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteemed,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
4252 *Shaks.: Sonnet* **cxxi.**

RESIGNATION—*see* **Despair, Grief, Patience.**

Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done is done.
4253 *Shaks.: Macbeth* Act iii. Sc 2.

But Heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
4254 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act v. Sc. 2.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
4255 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 2

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
4256 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3

Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well sustain;
And could we choose the time, and chose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honor at the height.
4257 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. iii. Line 2362.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.
4258 *Pomfret: To his Friend*

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Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil, is no more:
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.
4259 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 1054

If age and sickness, poverty and pain,
Should each assault me with alternate plagues,
I know mankind is destin'd to complain,
And I submit to torment and fatigues;
The pious farmer, who ne'er misses pray'rs,
With patience suffers unexpected rain;
He blesses Heav'n for what its bounty spares,
And sees, resign'd, a crop of blighted grain.
But, spite of sermons, farmers would blaspheme,
If a star fell to set their thatch on flame.
4260 *Lady Mary Wortley Montague: Poems.*

Well — peace to thy heart, tho' another's it be;
And health to that cheek, tho' it bloom not for me.
4261 *Moore: Well — peace to thy Heart.*

RESOLUTION — *see* **Activity, Determination, Promptitude.**

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviors from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
4262 *Shaks.: King John.* Act v. Sc. 1.

My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant.
4263 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act v. Sc. 2.

The native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.
4264 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.
4265 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
4266 *Herrick: Aph. Seek and Find.*

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RESOURCES — *see* **Caution.**

'Tis good in every case, you know,
To have two strings unto your bow.
4267 *Churchill: Ghost.* Bk. iv. Line 129

RESPECT — *see* **Servility, Submission, Suppleness.**

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
4268 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i Sc. 1

REST — *see* **Repose, Sleep.**

Rest that strengthens unto virtuous deeds,
Is one with prayer.
4269 *Bayard Taylor: Tempt. of Hassan Ben Khaled.* St. 4

There is a rest for all things. On still nights
There is a folding of a million wings —
The swarming honey-bees in unknown woods,
The speckled butterflies and downy broods
In dizzy poplar heights:
Rest for innumerable nameless things,
Rest for the creatures underneath the Sea,
And in the Earth, and in the starry Air.
4270 *T. B. Aldrich: Invocation to Sleep*

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
4271 *Longfellow: Day is Done.*

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
4272 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Pt. ii. v. Line 125.

Rest is sweet after strife.
4273 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. i. Canto vi. St. 25

Friend, I sigh for repose, I am weary of roaming.
I know not what Ararat rises for me
Far away, o'er the waves of the wandering sea:
I know not what rainbow may yet, from far hills,
Lift the promise of hope, the cessation of ills.
4274 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. i. Canto vi. St. 25.

RESULTS — *see* **Goodness.**

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted, — they have torn me, and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.
4275 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 10

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Sure of the Spring that warms them into birth,
The golden germs thou trustest to the Earth;
Heed'st thou as well to sow in Time the seeds
Of Wisdom for Eternity — good deeds?
4276 *Schiller: The Sower.*

Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old;
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold.
4277 *Julia C. R. Dorr: To the Bouquet Club.*

The evening shows the day, and death crowns life.
4278 *Webster: A Monumental Column.* Last Line.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
4279 *Whittier: Raphael.* St. 15

RESURRECTION — *see* **Eternity, Futurity.**

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thoughts?
I think of nothing else — I see, I feel it!
All nature like an earthquake, trembling round!
All deities, like summer swarms on wing,
All basking in the full meridian blaze!
I see the Judge enthroned, the flaming guard!
The volume open'd — open'd every heart!
A sunbeam pointing out each secret thought!
No patron! intercessor none! now past
The sweet the clement mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain no pause! no bound!
Inexorable all! and all extreme!
4280 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ix. Line 262.

RETIREMENT — *see* **Adversity, Country Life, Rural Life, Solitude.**

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
4281 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act v. Sc. 4.

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
4282 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease.
4283 *Milton: Samson Agonistes.* Line 16.

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Now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: Now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.

4284 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 153.

Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

4285 *Parnell: Hermit.* Line 5.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

4286 *Pope: Ode on Solitude.*

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven!

4287 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 1161.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul.

4288 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 392.

The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.

4289 *Thomson: Seasons. Autumn.* Line 1199.

O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid.

4290 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire v. Line 247.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor, with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.

4291 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 97.

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To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind;
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
In one hot throng, where we become the spoil
Of our infection, till too late and long
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
'Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong
4292 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 69.

Scenes must be beautiful which daily viewed,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.
4293 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. i. Line 177.

Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish that I possess not here?
Health, leisure, means t' improve it, friendship, peace.
4294 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 687.

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.
4295 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 88.

Hackney'd in business, wearied at that oar,
Which thousands, once fast chain'd to, quit no more,
But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego;
The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where, all his long anxieties forgot,
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er
And add a smile to what was sweet before.
4296 *Cowper: Retirement.* Line 1

Anticipated rents and bills unpaid,
Force many a shining youth into the shade,
Not to redeem his time, but his estate,
And play the fool, but at a cheaper rate.
4297 *Cowper: Retirement.* Line 559.

Some retire to nourish hopeless woe;
Some seeking happiness not found below;
Some to comply with humor, and a mind
To social scenes by nature disinclined;
Some sway'd by fashion, some by deep disgust;
Some self-impoverish'd, and because they must;
But few that court retirement are aware
Of half the toils they must encounter there.
4298 *Cowper: Retirement.* Line 603.

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The fall of waters and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief favorites share.
4299 *Cowper: Retirement.* Line 182

Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Where the sacred owl, on pinions gray,
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away,
To more profound repose.
4300 *Beattie: Retirement.* St. 7

RETREAT — *see* **Battle, Solitude, War.**

In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat;
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least of the enemy.
4301 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto iii. Line 607

RETROSPECTION — *see* **Experience, Remembrance.**

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they've borne to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news,
Their answers form what men experience call;
If wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
4302 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 378

Where is the one who hath not had
Some anguish-trial, long gone by,
Steal, spectre-like, all dark and sad
On busy thought, till the full eye
And aching breast, betray'd too well,
The Past still held undying spell?
4303 *Eliza Cook: Melaia.* Line 134

REVENGE — *see* **Anger, Bond, Hatred, Vengeance.**

Pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.
4304 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act ii. Sc. 2

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atê by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havock," and let slip the dogs of war.
4305 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 1

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It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
4306 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 2

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
4307 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
4308 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2.

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand, —
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd.
4309 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 5

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.
4310 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ix. Line 171.

My injur'd honor,
Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge.
4311 *Rowe: Lady Jane Grey.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

'Tis sweet to love; but when with scorn we meet,
Revenge supplies the loss with joys as great.
4312 *Lord Lansdowne: British Enchanter.* Act v. Sc. 1.

If we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.
4313 *Byron: Mazeppa.* St. 10.

There are things
Which make revenge a virtue by reflection,
And not an impulse of mere anger; though
The laws sleep, justice wakes, and injur'd souls
Oft do a public right with private wrong.
4314 *Byron: Mar. Faliero.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

A slave insults me — I require his punishment
From his proud master's hands; if he refuse it,
The offence grows his, and let him answer it.
4315 *Byron: Mar. Faliero.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But, when I think of all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame.
4316 *Scott: Marmion.* Canto v. St. 7

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REVERSES — *see* **Adversity, Greatness, Misfortune, Patience.**

You should have feared false times, when you did feast;
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
4317 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.
4318 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act ii. Sc. 1

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
4319 *Pope: Prol. to Addison's Cato.* Line 21

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies — alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim!
4320 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 299

REVOLUTION — *see* **Despotism.**

Fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
. . . . . .
. . . moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.
4321 *Shaks.:* 1 *Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 1.

The world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
4322 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 3.

There is great talk of revolution,
And a great chance of despotism,
German soldiers, camps, confusion,
Tumults, lotteries, rage, delusion,
Gin, suicide, and Methodism.
4323 *Shelley: Peter Bell the Third. Hell.* St. 8.

RHETORIC — *see* **Law, Oratory.**

For Rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.
4324 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto 1. Line 87

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RHINE.

The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?
4325 *Coleridge: Cologne.*

RICHES — *see* **Apparel, Wealth.**

Mammon led them on:
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoy'd
In vision beatific.
4326 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 678.

Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
4327 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. ii. Line 453.

Nor is't your person
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
But 'tis your better part, your riches,
That my enamor'd heart bewitches.
4328 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 473.

Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can those (when tortur'd by disease,)
Cheer our sick hearts, or purchase ease?
Can those prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?
4329 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 16.

To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
4330 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 185

O grievous folly to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun,
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
And gives th' untasted portion you have won
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you, gone to Pluto's reign.
4331 *Thomson: Castle of Indolence.* Canto i. St. 14.

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Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy:
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amazed,
They fail to find what they so plainly see;
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.
4332 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vi. Line 615

The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn.
4333 *James Russell Lowell: The Heritage.*

RIDICULE — *see* **Jesting.**

But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.
4334 *Pope:* Satire i. Line 76.

Ridicule is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong mind;
But common men are cowards, and dread an empty laugh.
4335 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Ridicule.*

RIVERS — *see* **Rhine, Thames.**

And see the rivers how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun;
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
4336 *Dyer: Grongar Hill.* Line 93

A little stream came tumbling from the height,
And struggling into ocean as it might.
Its bounding crystal frolick'd in the ray,
And gush'd from cliff to crag with saltless spray.
4337 *Byron: Island.* Canto iii. St. 8

The river knows the way to the sea:
Without a pilot it runs and falls
Blessing all lands with its charity.
4338 *Emerson: Woodnotes.* Pt. ii. Line 272

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Oh, River! darkling River! what a voice
Is that thou utterest while all else is still —
The ancient voice that, centuries ago,
Sounded between thy hills, while Rome was yet
A weedy solitude by Tiber's stream!

. . . . . .

At dead of night the child awakes and hears
Thy soft, familiar dashings, and is soothed,
And sleeps again.

4339 *William Cullen Bryant: Night Journey of a River.*

Oh, River, gentle River! gliding on
In silence underneath this starless sky!
Thine is a ministry that never rests
Even while the living slumber.

. . . . . .

Thou pausest not in thine allotted task,
Oh, darkling River!

4340 *William Cullen Bryant: Night Journey of a River.*

See the rivers, how they run,
Changeless to the changeless sea.

4341 *Charles Kingsley: Saint's Tragedy.* Act ii. Sc. 2

The Nile, forever new and old,
Among the living and the dead,
Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled.

4342 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. 1

ROBBERY — *see* **Resignation.**

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

4343 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3

ROMANCE — *see* **Story, Tales.**

O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.

4344 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act i. Sc. 4.

Waters . . . . . .
. . . when they kiss one bank, and leaving this,
Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,
Then are they purest.

4345 *John Donne:* Elegy iii. *Change.*

Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages:
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss.
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

4346 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 8.

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ROME.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!
With nodding arches, broken temples spread,
The very tombs now vanished like their dead!
4347 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. v. Line 1.

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, — the world.
4348 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 145.

ROSES — *see* **Flowers, Love.**

O, how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
4349 *Shaks.: Sonnet* liv.

You love the roses — so do I. I wish
The sky would rain down roses, as they rain
From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?
Then all the valleys would be pink and white,
And soft to tread on. They would fall as light
As feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be
Like sleeping and yet waking, all at once.
Over the sea, Queen, where we soon shall go,
Will it rain roses?
4350 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. iii.

As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.
4351 *Keats: Eve of St. Agnes.* St. 27.

Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild!
E'en the gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh;
Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids.
4352 *Moore: Odes of Anacreon.* Ode xliv.

The rose saith in the dewy morn,
I am most fair;
Yet all my loveliness is born
Upon a thorn.
4353 *Christina G. Rossetti: Consider the Lilies of the Field.*

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.
4354 *Herrick: To Virgins, to Make Much of Time.*

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Go, lovely rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
4355 *Waller: Go, Lovely Rose.*

No flowers embalm'd the air but one white rose,
Which, on the tenth of June, by instinct blows.
4356 *Churchill: Prophecy of Famine.* Line 307

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
4357 *Scott: Lady of the Lake.* Canto iv. St. 1.

If on creation's morn the king of heaven
To shrubs and flowers a sovereign lord had given,
O beauteous rose, he had anointed thee
Of shrubs and flowers the sovereign lord to be;
The spotless emblem of unsullied truth,
The smile of beauty and the glow of youth,
The garden's pride, the grace of vernal bowers,
The blush of meadows, and the eye of flowers.
4358 *Bohn: Ms.*

A sunbeam warm'd thee into bloom;
A zephyr's kiss thy blushes gave:
The tears of ev'ning shed perfume,
And morn will beam upon thy grave.
How like to thee, thou transient flower,
The doom of all we love on earth;
Beauty, like thee, but decks an hour,
Decay feeds on it from its birth.
4359 *Bohn: Ms.*

ROUSSEAU.

The self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction — he, who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence.
4360 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 77

ROYALTY — *see* **Kings, Princes, Victoria.**

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honor for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares.
4361 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 4

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Princes, that would their people should do well,
Must at themselves begin, as at the head;
For men, by their example, pattern out
Their imitations and regard of laws;
A virtuous court a world to virtue draws.
4362 *Ben Jonson: Cynthia's Revels.* Act v. Sc. 3

O wretched state of Kings! O doleful fate!
Greatness misnamed, in misery only great!
Could men but know the endless woe it brings,
The wise would die before they would be Kings.
Think what a King must do! It tasks the best
To rule the little world within his breast,
Yet must he rule it, and the world beside,
Or King is none, undone by power and pride.
Think what a King must be! What burdens bear
From birth to death! His life is one long care.
It wears away in tasks that never end.
He has ten thousand foes, but not one friend.
4363 *R. H. Stoddard: The King's Bell.*

RUINS—*see* **Decay, Mortality.**

Where my high steeples whilom used to stand,
On which the lordly falcon wont to tower,
There now is but an heap of lime and sand,
For the screech-owl to build her baleful bower.
4364 *Spenser: Ruins of Time.* Line 127

All things decay with time; the forest sees
The growth and downfall of her aged trees:
That timber tall, which threescore lustres stood
The proud dictator of the state-like wood—
I mean the sov'reign of all plants, the oak,
Droops, dies, and falls, without the cleaver's stroke.
4365 *Herrick: Aph. All Things Decay and Die.*

There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement;
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.
4366 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 129.

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long-forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!
Out upon Time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!
4367 *Byron: Siege of Corinth.* St. 18.

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Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how much ye strike
All phantasies, not even excepting mine:
A gray wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line
Between the present and past worlds, and hover
Upon their airy confines, half-seas over.
4368 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto x. St. 61

RULING PASSIONS.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Search then the Ruling Passion: there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known.
4369 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 172

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath,
Shall feel your Ruling Passion strong in death.
4370 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 262

In men, we various Ruling Passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.
4371 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 207.

RUMOR—*see* **News.**

Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.
4372 *Shaks.: Henry IV.* Pt. ii. Induction.

Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd.
4373 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

The flying rumors gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
4374 *Pope: Temple of Fame.* Line 468.

RURAL LIFE—*see* **Country Life, Evening, Home, Retirement.**

Of men
The happiest he, who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
4375 *Thomson: Seasons. Autumn* Line 1132

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She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion. d halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks, and prayers three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon:
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heaven.
4376 *Pope: Epis. to Miss Blount on leaving Town.* Line 11.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
4377 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 57.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind.
4378 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. i. Line 181.

Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please;
Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there;
If peace be his — that drooping weary sire,
Or theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire;
Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth, th' expiring brand!
4379 *Crabbe: Village.* Bk. i. Line 172.

S.

SABBATH.

The Sabbath bell,
That over wood, and wild, and mountain dell
Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy
With sounds most musical, most melancholy.
4380 *Rogers: Human Life.* Line 515.

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What! shut the Gardens! lock the latticed gate!
Refuse the shilling and the Fellow's ticket!
And hang a wooden notice up to state,
"On Sundays no admittance at this wicket!"
The birds, the beasts, and all the reptile race
Denied to friends and visitors till Monday?
Now, really, this appears the common case
Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday —
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?
4381 *Hood: An Open Question.* St. 1.

What harm if men who burn the midnight oil,
Weary of frame, and worn and wan in feature,
Seek once a week their spirits to assoil,
And catch a glimpse of "Animated Nature?"
Better it were if, in his best of suits,
The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,
Should spend a leisure hour among the brutes,
Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday —
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?
4382 *Hood: An Open Question.* St. 15.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
On other days the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread, lonely — the ground
Both seat and board — screen'd from the winter's cold
And summer's heat, by neighb'ring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves.
4383 *Grahame: Sabbath.*

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man:
London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer:
Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:
The coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
And humblest gig, through sundry suburbs whirl;
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make repair;
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.
4384 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto i. St. 62.

Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss,
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladness prepossest in this;
A day to seek;
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages: lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight.
4385 *Henry Vaughan: Silex Scintillans.* Pt. i. *Sun-Days*

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E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.
4386 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 12.

A taste of heav'n on earth; the pledge and cue
Of a full feast; and the out-courts of glory.
4387 *Henry Vaughan: Sun-Days*

The returns of trust;
A gleam of glory after six-days-showers.
4388 *Henry Vaughan: Sun-Days.*

He made the Sabbath shine before
The work-days and the care,
And set about its golden door
The messengers of prayer.
4389 *Alice Cary: Mercies.*

Yes, child of suffering, thou mayest well be sure,
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor.
4390 *Oliver Wendell Holmes: Urania.*

The Sabbath brings its kind release,
And Care lies slumbering on the lap of Peace.
4391 *Oliver Wendell Holmes. A Rhymed Lesson.* Line 229.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known; —
Man's world awhile hath surely ceas'd,
When God proclaims His own!
Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives! from thy banquet-hall —
The seventh the Father opes the door,
And holds His feast for all!
4392 *Bulwer-Lytton: Corn Flowers.* Bk. ii. *The Sabbath.*

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of Want may be;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain —
A God hath made thee free!
4393 *Bulwer-Lytton: Corn Flowers.* Bk. ii. *The Sabbath.*

Take the Sunday with you through the week,
And sweeten with it all the other days.
4394 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. i. 5.

SAILORS — *see* **Ocean, Sea, Shipwreck, Waves.**

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sails set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.
4395 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 17.

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Hark to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
Or school-boy Midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.
4396 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 18

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for.
4397 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3

What though the sea be calm? trust to the shore,
Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc'd before.
4398 *Herrick: Aph. Safety on the Shore*

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
4399 *Allan Cunningham: Song.*

O Thou, who in thy hand dost hold
The winds and waves that wake or sleep,
Thy tender arms of mercy fold
Around the seamen on the deep.
4400 *Hannah F. Gould: Changes on the Deep.*

There's one whose fearless courage yet has never failed in fight;
Who guards with zeal our country's weal, our freedom, and our right;
But though his strong and ready arm spreads havoc in its blow;
Cry "Quarter!" and that arm will be the first to spare its foe.
He recks not though proud Glory's shout may be the knell of death;
The triumph won, without a sigh he yields his parting breath.
He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast! "In peace, my boys, or war,
Here's to the brave upon the wave, the gallant English Tar."
4401 *Eliza Cook: Gallant English Tar.*

SAINT PETER.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate:
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late;
Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight"
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And "a pull all together," as they say
At sea—which drew most souls another way.
4402 *Byron: Vision of Judgment.* St. 1

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SAINTS — *see* **Dissenters, Hypocrisy, Puritans.**

For saints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate;
Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,
In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
Abates the sharpness of its edge,
Without the pow'r of sacrilege.
4403 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 643

And now the saints began their reign,
For which they'd yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel-hankerings,
To see an empire, all of kings.
4404 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 287.

In the wicked there's no vice,
Of which the saints have not a spice,
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in th' other is a sin.
Is it not ridiculous, and nonsense,
A saint should be a slave to conscience?
4405 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 243.

A godly man, that has serv'd out his time
In holiness, may set up any crime;
As scholars, when they've taken their degrees,
May set up any faculty they please.
4406 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 291.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chanc'llor juster still;
A gown-man learn'd: a bishop what you will:
Wise if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'rything.
4407 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 135.

The devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And longed to tempt him like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
4408 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 349.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
4409 *Pope:* Satire iv. Line 26.

But jest apart — what virtue canst thou trace
In that broad brim that hides thy sober face?
Does that long-skirted drab, that over-nice
And formal clothing, prove a scorn of vice?
Then for thine accent — what in sound can be
So void of grace as dull monotony?
4410 *Crabbe: Frank Courtship.* Line 428.

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For a sinner, thou'rt too much a saint;
Hast too much show of the sedate and pure,
And without cause art formal and demure:
This makes a man unsocial, unpolite;
Odious when wrong, and insolent if right.
Thou may'st be good, but why should goodness be
Wrapt in a garb of such formality?
4411 *Crabbe: Frank Courtship.* Line 419.

His native sense is hurt by strange complaints
Of inward motions in these warring saints;
Who never cast on sinful bait a look,
But they perceive the devil at the hook.
4412 *Crabbe: Advice.* Line 408.

When, at his humble pray'r, you deign'd to eat,
Saints as you are, a civil sinner's meat;
When as you sat contented and at ease,
Nibbling at leisure on the ducks and peas,
And, pleased some comforts in such place to find,
You could descend to be a little kind;
And gave us hope, in heaven there might be room
For a few souls beside your own to come;
While this world's good engaged your carnal view,
And like a sinner you enjoy'd it too;
All this perceiving, can you think it strange
That change in you should work an equal change?
4413 *Crabbe: Convert.* Line 292.

They pray, they fight, they murder, and they weep —
Wolves in their vengeance, in their manners sheep;
Too well they act the prophet's fatal part,
Denouncing evil with a zealous heart;
And each, like Jonah, is displeased if God
Repent his anger, or withhold his rod.
4414 *Crabbe: Library.* Line 229.

The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shown,
To saints whose lives are better than his own.
4415 *Churchill: Epis. to Hogarth.* Line 25.

SALT.

Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.
4416 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 37.

Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge,
Which once partaken blunts the sabre's edge,
Makes even contending tribes in peace unite,
And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight.
4417 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto ii. St. 4.

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SALUTATION — *see* **Meeting, Welcome.**

A fair good evening to my fairer hostess.
4418 *Byron: Werner.* Act i. Sc. 1

SATAN — *see* **Devil.**

Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left:
Now shaves with level wing the deep; then soars
Up to the fiery concave, tow'ring high.
4419 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 629.

Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind.
4420 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 34

SATIETY — *see* **Excess, Surfeit.**

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint.
4421 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act i. Sc. 3.

They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
4422 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

With pleasure drugg'd he almost long'd for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.
4423 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto i. St. 6.

SATIRE — *see* **Critics, Poetry.**

Satire or sense, alas! can it feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
4424 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 307.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
4425 *Pope:* Satire i. Line 69

Satire should, like a polish'd razor, keen,
Wound with a touch, that's scarcely felt or seen;
Tnine is an oyster-knife, that hacks and hews:
The rage, but not the talent to abuse;
And is in hate, what love is in the stews.
4426 *Lady M. W. Montague: Imit. First Sat. Horace.* Bk. ii.

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Though folly, robed in purple, shines,
Though vice exhausts Peruvian mines,
Yet shall they tremble and turn pale
When satire wields her mighty flail.
4427 *Churchill: Ghost.* Bk. iii. Line 923

Enough of satire; in less harden'd times
Great was her force, and mighty were her rhymes.
I've read of men, beyond man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gave;
Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms
From her one line, than from a world in arms.
4428 *Churchill: Candidate.* Line 155.

Why should we fear? and what? The laws?
They all are armed in Virtue's cause;
And aiming at the self-same end,
Satire is always Virtue's friend.
4429 *Churchill: Ghost.* Bk. iii. Line 943.

When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But when to truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
4430 *Churchill: Author.* Line 217.

Satire, whilst envy and ill-humor sway
The mind of man, must always make her way;
Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,
Is all her malice worth a single thought.
The wise have not the will, nor fools the power,
To stop her headstrong course; within the hour
Left to herself, she dies; opposing strife
Gives her fresh vigor, and prolongs her life.
4431 *Churchill: Author.* Line 197.

Instructive satire! true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
4432 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire i. Line 11.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly;
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.
4433 *Young: Epis. to Pope.* Epis. ii. Line 161.

Let satire less engage you than applause;
It shows a generous mind to wink at flaws.
4434 *Young: Epis. to Pope.* Epis. ii. Line 153.

Prepare for rhyme — I'll publish, right or wrong;
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
4435 *Byron: Eng. Bards.* Line 5

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Most satirists are indeed a public scourge;
Their mildest physic is a farrier's purge;
Their acrid temper turns, as soon as stirr'd,
The milk of their good purpose all to curd.
Their zeal begotten, as their works rehearse,
By lean despair upon an empty purse.
4436 *Cowper: Charity.* Line 501

When scandal has new-minted an old lie,
Or tax'd invention for a fresh supply,
'Tis call'd a satire, and the world appears
Gathering around it with erected ears;
A thousand names are toss'd into the crowd,
Some whisper'd softly, and some twang'd aloud,
Just as the sapience of an author's brain,
Suggests it safe or dangerous to be plain.
4437 *Cowper: Charity.* Line 513.

In general satire, every man perceives
A slight attack, yet neither fears nor grieves.
4438 *Crabbe: Advice.* Line 244.

SATISFACTION.

He is well paid, that is well satisfied.
4439 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

SAVIOUR (OUR).

Of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold: on Thee
Impress'd, th' effulgence of His glory abides;
Transfused on Thee His ample spirit rests.
He Heav'n of heav'ns, and all the Powers therein,
By Thee created.
4440 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iii. Line 388.

SCANDAL — *see* **Satire, Slander, Society.**

Flavia, most tender of her own good name,
Is rather careless of her sister's fame!
Her superfluity the poor supplies,
But if she touch a character it dies.
4441 *Cowper: Charity.* Line 453.

He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,
But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off.
4442 *Young: Epis. to Pope.* Epis. i. Line 199.

What is a scandal of the first renown,
But letter'd knaves and atheists in a gown?
4443 *Young: Epis. to Pope.* Epis. ii. Line 61.

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You know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them.
4444 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 2

The whole court melted into one wide whisper,
And all lips were applied unto all ears!
The elder ladies' wrinkles curled much crisper
As they beheld; the younger cast some leers
On one another, and each lovely lisper
Smiled as she talked the matter o'er: but tears
Of rivalship rose in each clouded eye
Of all the standing army that stood by.
4445 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ix. St. 78.

The circle smil'd, then whisper'd, and then sneer'd:
The misses bridled, and the matrons frown'd:
Some hoped things might not turn out as they fear'd:
Some would not deem such women could be found:
Some ne'er believ'd one half of what they heard:
Some look'd perplex'd, and others look'd profound:
And several pitied, with sincere regret,
Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.
4446 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiv. St. 44.

SCARS.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
4447 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

SCEPTICISM — *see* **Learning, Infidelity.**

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was formed
In vain, or not for admirable ends,
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind.
4448 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 285.

This a sacred rule we find
Among the nicest of mankind,
(Which never might exception brook
From Hobbes even down to Bolingbroke,)
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unless they know the causes too.
4449 *Churchill: Ghost.* Bk. ii. Line 355.

Oh! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of chance,
Content to feed with pleasures unrefin'd,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?
4450 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. ii. Line 295.

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SCHISMATICS.

Our schismatics so vastly differ,
The hotter they're they grow the stiffer;
Still setting off their spiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious feuds;
For zeal's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches saints to tear and rant.
4451 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 673.

SCHOLARSHIP — *see* **Authors, Character.**

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
4452 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

SCHOOL — *see* **Boyhood, Education.**

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play,
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day.
4453 *Gray: Ode. On Eton College.* St. 6.
Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah! fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.
4454 *Gray: Ode. On Eton College.* St. 2.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view, —
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face.
4455 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 193.
To every class we have a school assign'd,
Rules for all ranks, and food for every mind:
Yet one there is, that small regard to rule
Or study pays, and still is deem'd a school;
That, where a deaf, poor, patient widow sits,
And awes some thirty infants as she knits;
Infants of humble, busy wives, who pay
Some trifling price for freedom through the day.
At this good matron's hut the children meet,
Who thus becomes the mother of the street.
4456 *Crabbe: Schools.* Line 1.

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SCIENCE — *see* **Genius, Knowledge.**

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come.
4457 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 43.

What cannot art and industry perform,
When science plans the progress of their toil!
4458 *Beattie: Minstrel.* Bk. ii. St. 54.

O star-eyed Science! hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
4459 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. ii. Line 325.

Blessings on Science, and her handmaid Steam!
They make Utopia only half a dream;
And show the fervent, of capacious souls,
Who watch the ball of Progress as it rolls,
That all as yet completed, or begun,
Is but the dawning that precedes the sun.
4460 *Charles Mackay: Railways.* Line 43.

Blessings on Science! When the earth seem'd old,
When Faith grew doting, and the Reason cold,
'Twas she discover'd that the world was young,
And taught a language to its lisping tongue:
'Twas she disclosed a future to its view,
And made old knowledge pale before the new.
4461 *Charles Mackay: Railways.* Line 27

SCORN.

Scorn at first, makes after-love the more.
4462 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.
4463 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
4464 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Alas! to make me
The fixed figure of the time, for scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at.
4465 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn!
4466 *Byron: Curse of Minerva.* Line 207.

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Know ye not, then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown.
4467 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 827

He hears,
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.
4468 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. x. Line 506.

SCOTLAND.

The Scots are poor, cries surly English pride,
'Tis true is the charge, nor by themselves denied,
Are they not, then, in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here.
4469 *Churchill: Prophecy of Famine.* Line 195.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
4470 *Scott: Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto vi. St. 2.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content.
4471 *Burns: Cotter's Saturday Night.* St. 20.

And though, as you remember, in a fit
Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
I railed at Scots to show my wrath and wit,
Which must be owned was sensitive and surly,
Yet 'tis in vain such sallies to permit,
They cannot quench young feelings fresh and early:
I "*scotched*, not killed" the Scotchman in my blood,
And love the land of "mountain and of flood."
4472 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto x. St. 19.

SCRIBBLERS — *see* **Authors, Critics.**

Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again.
4473 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 89.

Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.
4474 *Byron: English Bards.* Line 48.

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SCULPTURE.

Sculpture is more divine, and more like Nature,
That fashions all her works in high relief,
And that is Sculpture. This vast ball, the Earth,
Was moulded out of clay, and baked in fire;
Men, women, and all animals that breathe
Are statues, and not paintings. Even the plants
Are colored later. Painting is a lie,
A shadow merely.

4475 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. i. 5.

Sculpture is more than painting. It is greater
To raise the dead to life than to create
Phantoms that seem to live. The most majestic
Of the three sister arts is that which builds;
The eldest of them all, to whom the others
Are but the handmaids and the servitors,
Being but imitation, not creation.

4476 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. i. 5.

A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty.

4477 *William Cullen Bryant: Flood of Years.*

SEA — *see* **Ocean, Sailors, Sea-sickness, Sea-weed, Shipping, Storm, Swimming, Waves.**

I saw a thousand fearful wracks:
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon:
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

4478 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 4

He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,
What signs portend the storm: to subtler minds
He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause
Charybdis rages in the Ionian wave;
Whence those impetuous currents in the main
Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why
The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.

4479 *Armstrong: A. of Preserving Health.* Bk. iii. Line 232

Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,
Like hope's gay glance from ocean's troubled foam.

4480 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto iii. St. 18

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O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway,
Our flag the sceptre, all who meet obey.
4481 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto i. St. 1.

There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,
Which changeless rolls eternally;
So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,
Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood;
And the powerless moon beholds them flow,
Heedless if she come or go.
4482 *Byron: Siege of Corinth.* St. 16.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.
4483 *Barry Cornwall: The Sea.*

SEA-SICKNESS.

The best of remedies is a beef-steak
Against sea-sickness; try it, sir, before
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
For I have found it answer — so may you.
4484 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 13.

SEA-WEED.

A weary weed, toss'd to and fro,
Drearily drench'd in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine, —
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea,
Flung on the foam afar and anear,
Mark my manifold mystery, —
Growth and grace in their place appear.
4485 *Cornelius G. Fenner: Gulf-Weed.*

We entered the great deep. . . .
Here were mighty groves
Far down the ocean-valleys, and between
Lay what might seem fair meadows, softly tinged
With orange and with crimson. Here arose
Tall stems, that, rooted in the depths below,
Swung idly with the motions of the sea;
And here were shrubberies in whose mazy screen
The creatures of the deep made haunt.
4486 *William Cullen Bryant: Sella.* Line 134.

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SEASONS — *see* Autumn, Spring, Summer, Winter.

How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise, and true perfection!
4487 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act v. Sc. 1

The Summer comes and the Summer goes;
Wild-flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The swallows go darting through fragrant rains,
Then, all of a sudden — it snows.
4488 *T. B. Aldrich: Love's Calendar*

O, Winter! Put away thy snowy pride;
O, Spring! Neglect the cowslip and the bell;
O, Summer! Throw thy pears and plums aside;
O, Autumn! Bid the grape with poison swell.
4489 *Chatterton: February.* St. 1

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in ev'ry shape they wear?
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed: . . .
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The *Summer* grows adult, and ripens into man. . . .
Autumn succeeds, a sober, tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage; . . .
Last, *Winter* creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrowed is his face.
4490 *Dryden: Of Pythagorean Phil. From 15th Book Ovid's [Metamorphoses.* Line 2 &c.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing *Spring*
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
. . . . . .
Then comes Thy glory in the *Summer* months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
. . . . . .
Thy bounty shines in *Autumn* unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that live.
In *Winter* awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime.
4491 *Thomson: Hymn.* Line 1.

When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil;
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.
4492 *Heber: Seventh Sunday after Trinity.*

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Autumn: wheezy, sneezy, freezy;
Winter: slippy, drippy, nippy;
Spring: showery, flowery, bowery;
Summer: hoppy, croppy, poppy.
4493 *John Brady: Clavis Calendaria. Kalendar.*

SECRECY — *see* **Love.**

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.
4494 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
4495 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
4496 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents,
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous.
4497 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 3.

I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee.
4498 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

He deserves small trust,
Who is not privy-counsellor to himself.
4499 *Ford: Broken Heart.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

A secret in his mouth,
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
Whose door no sooner opens, but 'tis out.
4500 *Ben Jonson: Case is Altered.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

SECTS — *see* **Creed, Saints.**

But since our sects in prophecy grow higher,
The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire.
4501 *Dryden: Medal.* Line 165.

His liberal soul with every sect agreed,
Unheard their reasons, he received their creed.
4502 *Crabbe: Tales. Convert.* Line 45.

SECURITY.

You all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.
4503 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 5

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SEDITION — *see* **Treason.**

The vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate.
4504 *Pope: Statius's Thebais.* Bk. i. Line 225

Methinks I hear the bellowing demagogue
Dumb-sounding declamations disembogue,
Expressions of immeasurable length,
Where pompous jargon fills the place of strength;
Where fulminating, rumbling eloquence,
With loud theatric rage, bombards the sense;
And words, deep rank'd in horrible array,
Exasperated metaphors convey!
With these auxiliaries, drawn up at large,
He bids enraged sedition beat the charge.
4505 *Falconer: Demagogue.* Line 400.

SELFISHNESS — *see* **Self-Love.**

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
No one will change his neighbor with himself:
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of heaven.
4506 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 261.

Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.
4507 *Scott: Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto vi. St. 1

Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
In the soul's honest volume read mankind,
And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
The same grand leading principle in all;
. . . . . .
For parent and for child, for wife and friend,
Our first great mover, and our last great end
Is one; and by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, Self, is all in all.
4508 *Churchill: Conference.* Line 167

How pleased is every paltry elf
To prate about that thing, himself!
4509 *Churchill: Ghost.* Bk. iii. Line 957

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Enough of self, that darling luscious theme,
O'er which philosophers in raptures dream;
Of which with seeming disregard they write
Then prizing most when most they seem to slight.
4510 *Churchill: Candidate.* Line 111

Glory, built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt;
The deeds that men admire as half divine,
Stark naught, because corrupt in their design.
4511 *Cowper: Table Talk.* Line 1

SELF-CONCEIT.

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake.
4512 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. i. Line 2.

While tumbling down the turbid stream,
Lord love us, how we apples swim.[1]
4513 *Mallet: Tyburn.*

SELF-CONTROL.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
4514 *Tennyson: Œnone.* Line 144.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.
. . . by a gentle decay.
4515 *Dr. Walter Pope: The Old Man's Wish.* Chorus

SELF-DEFENCE — *see* **Caution.**

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
4516 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iii. Sc. 5

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
4517 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Self-defence is a virtue,
Sole bulwark of all right.
4518 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

SELF-DENIAL.

Brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.
4519 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act i. Sc. 1

[1] See *Swift's Brother Protestants.* Line 14.

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SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
4520 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act i. Sc. 1.

He who depends upon his wind and limbs,
Needs neither cork or bladder when he swims;
Nor will by empty breath be puff'd along,
As not himself — but in his helpers — strong.
4521 *Crabbe: Tales. Convert.* Line 11.

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A coxcomb claims distinction most.
4522 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 5.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE — *see* **Knowledge, Man.**

That man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know.
4523 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 5

Man, know thyself! all wisdom centres there!
4524 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Line 484.

Man's science is the culture of his heart;
And not to lose his plummet in the depths
Of nature, or the more profound of God.
4525 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ix. Line 1861.

To know *thyself* — in others self-concern;
Would'st thou know others? read thyself — and learn!
4526 *Schiller: Votive Tablets. The Key.*

SELF-LOVE — *see* **Selfishness.**

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.
4527 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
4528 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 59.

SELF-RESPECT.

He that respects himself is safe from others;
He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.
4529 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. ii. [illegible]

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Patience, and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her
4530 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Pt. ii. v. Line 31.

SENSE.

Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous even to taste — 'tis sense:
Good sense which only is the gift of heav'n,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
4531 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iv. Line 41

SENSIBILITY — *see* **Blushing, Music.**

Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
4532 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 351.

A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.
4533 *Shelley: The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. i.

O why are farmers made so coarse,
Or clergy made so fine?
A kick, that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine.
4534 *Cowper: Yearly Distress.* St. 16.

Sweet sensibility! thou keen delight!
Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!
Perception exquisite! fair virtue's seed!
Thou quick precursor of the liberal deed!
Thou hasty conscience! reason's blushing morn!
Instinctive kindness, ere reflection's born!
Prompt sense of equity! to thee belongs
The swift redress of unexamin'd wrongs!
Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
But always apt to choose the suffering side!
4535 *Hannah More: Sensibility.* Line 227.

Where bright imagination reigns,
The fine-wrought spirit feels acuter pains;
Where glow exalted sense and taste refin'd,
There keener anguish rankles in the mind:
There feeling is diffus'd through every part,
Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart;
And those whose gen'rous souls each tear would keep
From others' eyes, are born themselves to weep.
4536 *Hannah More: Sensibility.* Line 67

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SEPARATION — *see* **Adieu, Farewell, Parting.**

The limner's art may trace the absent feature,
And give the eye of distant weeping faith
To view the form of its idolatry;
But oh! the scenes 'mid which they met and parted;
The thoughts — the recollections sweet and bitter, —
Th' Elysian dreams of lovers, when they loved, —
Who shall restore them?
4537 *Maturin: Bertram.* I. 5.

Thy soul . . .
Is as far from my grasp, is as free,
As the stars from the mountain-tops be,
As the pearl in the depths of the sea,
From the portionless king that would wear it.
4538 *E. C. Stedman: Stanzas for Music.* St. 3.

SERENADE — *see* **Music, Singing.**

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous; — answer him, ye owls.
4539 *Pope: Dunciad.* Bk. iii. Line 165.

SERMONS — *see* **Preaching, Worship.**

That from your meetings I refrain, is true;
I meet with nothing pleasant — nothing new;
But the same proofs, that not one text explain,
And the same lights, where all things dark remain.
4540 *Crabbe: Tales. Convert.* Line 262.

SERVICE — *see* **Favor.**

I have done the state some service, and they know it.
4541 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
4542 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

—From the king
To the beggar, by gradation, all are servants;
And you must grant, the slavery is less
To study to please one, than many.
4543 *Massinger: Unnatural Combat.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

And ye shall succor men;
'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again:
Beware from right to swerve.
4544 *Emerson: Boston Hymn.* St. 13.

From kings to cobblers 'tis the same;
Bad servants wound their masters' fame.
4545 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 6.

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SEVERITY.

With common men
There needs too oft the show of war to keep
The substance of sweet peace; and for a king,
'Tis sometimes better to be fear'd than loved.
4546 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act i. Sc. 2

SEXTON — *see* **Funeral, Grave.**

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand,
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors! Scarce a skull's cast up
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.
4547 *Blair: Grave.* Line 452.

SHADOW.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.
4548 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.
4549 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
4550 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act ii. Sc. 9.

The very shadows seem to listen.
4551 *Anna Katharine Green: The Leavenworth Case.* [Ch. xii.

Across the singing waves the shadows creep.
4552 *Celia Thaxter: Expectation.* St. 11.

SHAKESPEARE.

Soul of the age!
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee room;
Thou art a monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
4553 *Ben Jonson: Underwoods. To the Mem. of Shakespeare.*

He was not of an age but for all time.
4554 *Ben Jonson: Underwoods. To the Mem. of Shakespeare.*

Sweet Swan of Avon!
4555 *Ben Jonson: Underwoods. To the Mem. of Shakespeare.*

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What needs my Shakespeare for his honor'd bones,
The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
. . . . . .
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.

4556 *Milton: On Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

4557 *Dryden: The Tempest.* Prologue.

Nature listening stood, whilst Shakespeare play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herself had made.

4558 *Churchill: Author.* Line 61.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat Shakespeare: in one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore:
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through nature at a single view:
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And passing nature's bounds, was something more.

4559 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 259.

Happy in tragic and in comic powers,
Have we not Shakespeare? is not Jonson ours?
For them, your natural judges, Britons, vote;
They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote.

4560 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 223.

Shakespeare (whom you and every playhouse bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.

4561 *Pope:* Satire v. Line 69.

There, Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world. Oh, eyes sublime,
With tears and laughters for all time!

4562 *Mrs. Browning: Vision of Poets.* St. 101

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;
Each change of many-colored life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain,
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

4563 *Dr. Johnson: Prol. at Opening of Drury L. Theatre,* [1747. Line 1.

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SHAME.

O, shame! where is thy blush?
4564 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4

When knaves and fools combin'd o'er all prevail,
When justice halts, and right begins to fail,
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame — unknown to other fears.
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.
4565 *Byron: English Bards.* Line 31

SHERIDAN.

Long shall we seek his likeness — long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die — in moulding Sheridan.
4566 *Byron: Monody on the Death of Sheridan.* Last lines.

SHIPPING — *see* **Sailors, Sea, Shipwreck.**

Behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge.
4567 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iii. Chorus.

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it.
4568 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act i. Sc. 2

Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home:
The merry seamen laugh'd to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.
4569 *Scott: Marmion.* Canto ii. St. 1

Heaven speed the canvas, gallantly unfurl'd,
To furnish and accommodate a world,
To give the Pole the produce of the sun,
And knit th' unsocial climates into one.
4570 *Cowper: Charity.* Line 123

How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying — never from her foes;
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire — the wreck —
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?
4571 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto i. St. 3

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Like sister sails that drift at night
Together on the deep,
Seen only where they cross the light
That pathless waves must pathlike keep
From fisher's signal fire, or pharos steep.
4572 *Ruskin: The Broken Chain.* Pt. v. St. 25.

SHIPWRECK—*see* **Sea, Sailors.**

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swol'n that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him.
4573 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act ii. Sc. 1

O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! poor souls! they perish'd.
4574 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act i. Sc. 2.

He who has suffered shipwreck, fears to sail
Upon the seas, though with a gentle gale.
4575 *Herrick: Aph. Shipwreck.*

What though the sea be calm? Trust to the shore:
Ships have been drown'd where late they danc'd before.
4576 *Herrick: Aph. Safety on the Shore.*

Lashed furious by destiny severe,
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
. . . . . .
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore,
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
4577 *Falconer: Shipwreck.* Canto iii. Line 409

Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Bilges the splitting Vessel on the Rock—
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries
The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes,
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:
Ah Heaven!—behold her crashing ribs divide!
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the Tide.
4578 *Falconer: Shipwreck.* Canto iii. Line 649

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Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
Of candles to their saints, — but there were none
To pay them with; and some look'd o'er the bow;
Some hoisted out the boats; and there was one
That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be damn'd, — in his confusion.
4579 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 44

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate the grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave.
4580 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 52

SHOES.

Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet,
Thro' freezing snows, and rain, and soaking sleet;
Should the big last extend the sole too wide,
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.
4581 *Gay: Trivia.* Bk. i. Line 38.

SHORT-HAND.

These lines and dots are locks and keys,
In narrow space to treasure thought,
Whose precious hoards, whene'er you please,
Are thus to light from darkness brought.
4582 *James Montgomery: Short-Hand.*

SICKNESS — *see* **Diseases, Doctors.**

Lemira's sick; make haste, the doctor call,
He comes: but where's his patient? — at the ball;
The doctor stares; her woman curtsies low,
And cries, "My lady, sir, is always so:
Diversions put her maladies to flight;
True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night:
I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
For fevers take an opera in June:
And, though perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
A midnight park is sov'reign for a cold."
4583 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire v. Line 179

SIGHS — *see* **Love.**

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
4584 *Pope: Eloisa to A.* Line 57.

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But sighs subside, and tears (e'en widows') shrink,
Like Arno in the summer, to a shallow
So narrow as to shame their wintry brink,
Which threatens inundations deep and yellow!
Such diff'rence do a few months make. You'd think
Grief a rich field that never would lie fallow;
No more it doth; its ploughs but change their boys,
Who furrow some new soil to sow for joys.
4585 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto x. St. 7

He sighed; — the next resource is the full moon,
Where all sighs are deposited; and now
It happen'd luckily, the chaste orb shone.
4586 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xvi. St. 18

SIGNS.

Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish:
A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
4587 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act iv. Sc. 12

SILENCE — *see* **Sabbath, Stillness, Storm.**

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:
I were but little happy, if I could say how much.
4588 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act ii. Sc. 1

O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing.
4589 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 1

Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
4590 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 1

Silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
4591 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity!
4592 *Sir Walter Raleigh: Silent Lover.* St. 6.

Silence more musical than any song.
4593 *Christina G. Rossetti: Rest.*

Silence in woman is like speech in man.
4594 *Ben Jonson: Silent Woman.* Act ii. Sc. 2

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When wit and reason both have fail'd to move
Kind looks and actions, (from success) do prove
Ev'n silence may be eloquent in love.
4595 *Congreve: Old Bachelor.* Act ii. Sc. 6

Silence! coeval with eternity.
Thou wert ere nature's self began to be;
'Twas one vast nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee;
. . . . . .
But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How church and state should be obliged to thee!
At senate, and at bar, how welcome wouldst thou be!
4596 *Pope: Imitation of the Earl of Rochester*

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence.
4597 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. iii. Line 7

Down through the starry intervals,
Upon this weary-laden world,
How soft the soul of Silence falls!
How deep the spell wherewith she thralls,
How wide her mantle is unfurled.
4598 *Mary Clemmer: Silence.*

Of all our loving Father's gifts,
I often wonder which is best, —
And cry: Dear God, the one that lifts
Our soul from weariness to rest,
The rest of Silence, — that is best.
4599 *Mary Clemmer: Silence.*

God's poet is silence! His song is unspoken,
And yet so profound, so loud, and so far,
It fills you, it thrills you with measures unbroken,
And as soft, and as fair, and as far as a star.
4600 *Joaquin Miller: Isles of the Amazons.* Pt. i. St. 46.

Let me silent be;
For silence is the speech of love,
The music of the spheres above.
4601 *R. H. Stoddard: Speech of Love.*

You know
There are moments when silence, prolonged and unbroken,
More expressive may be than all words ever spoken.
It is when the heart has an instinct of what
In the heart of another is passing.
4602 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. ii. Canto i. St. 20.

SIMILARITY — *see* **Bashfulness, Chastity.**

Like will to like: each creature loves his kind,
Chaste words proceed still from a bashful mind.
4603 *Herrick: Aph. Like Loves His Like.*

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SIMPLICITY—*see* **Beauty, Folly, Indifference.**

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
4604 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 255

SIN—*see* **Crime, Vice.**

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.
4605 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 1

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
4606 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act i. Sc. 1

He is no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
4607 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act i. Sc. 1.

I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.
4608 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

O, what authority, and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
4609 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

There is a method in man's wickedness;
It grows up by degrees.
4610 *Beaumont & Fletcher: King and No King.* Act v. Sc. 4

The knowledge of my sin
Is half-repentance.
4611 *Bayard Taylor: Lars.* Bk. ii

Drudgery and knowledge are of a kin,
And both descended from one parent sin.
4612 *Butler: Sat. on the Licentious Age of Chas. II.* Line 181

In lashing sin, of every stroke beware,
For sinners feel, and sinners you must spare.
4613 *Crabbe: Tales. Advice.* Line 242

SINCERITY—*see* **Candor, Faith, Fidelity, Honesty.**

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth
What his breast forges that his tongue must vent.
4614 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Better is the wrong with sincerity, rather than the right with falsehood.
4615 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Tolerance.*

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.
4616 *Henry Vaughan: Rules and Lessons*

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SINGING— *see* **Music, Voice.**

At every close she made, th' attending throng
Replied, and bore the burden of the song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.
4617 *Dryden: Flower and the Leaf.* **Line 197**

The tenor's voice is spoilt by affectation,
And for the bass, the beast can only bellow;
In fact, he had no singing education,
An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow;
But being the prima donna's near relation,
Who swore his voice was very rich and mellow,
They hired him, though to hear him you'd believe
An ass was practising recitative.
4618 *Byron: Don Juan.* **Canto iv. St. 87**

Sing, seraph with the glory! heaven is high.
Sing, poet with the sorrow! earth is low.
The universe's inward voices cry
"Amen" to either song of joy and woe.
Sing, seraph, poet! sing on equally!
4619 *Mrs. Browning: Sonnets. Seraph and Poet*

When God helps all the workers for His world,
The singers shall have help of Him, not last.
4620 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* **Bk. ii. Line 1303.**

Above the clouds I lift my wing
To hear the bells of Heaven ring;
Some of their music, though my flights be wild,
To Earth I bring;
Then let me soar and sing!
4621 *E. C. Stedman: The Singer.* **St. 2.**

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing!
For the stars help me, and the sea bears part.
4622 *Robert Browning: In a Gondola.*

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.
4623 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* **Pt. xxi. St. 6**

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.
4624 *Longfellow: The Singers.* **St. 1.**

. . . Songs of that high art
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart.
4625 *Longfellow: Oliver Basselin.* **St. 6**

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Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings . . . and skim away.
4626 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. xlvii. St. 4.

The gift of Song was chiefly lent
To give consoling music for the joys
We lack, and not for those which we possess.
4627 *Bayard Taylor: Poet's Journal. Third Evening*

Song forbids victorious deeds to die.
4628 *Schiller: Artists.* St. 11.

The lively Shadow-world of Song.
4629 *Schiller: Artists.* St. 23

Songs are but sweet and skilful words,
That tinkle unto certain chords,
And are but born to die.
4630 *R. H. Stoddard: The Speech of Love*

SINGULARITY.

No two on earth in all things can agree;
All have some darling singularity:
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In gewgaws take delight, and sigh for toys,
Your sceptres and your crowns, and such like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indifferent reason bids us choose,
Whether the whim's a monkey or a muse.
4631 *Churchill: Apology.* Line 407

SKULL.

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, its portals foul;
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.
4632 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 6

SKY — *see* **Blue, Clouds, Rainbow, Stars, Sun, Sunrise, Sunset.**

The witchery of the soft blue sky.
4633 *Wordsworth: Peter Bell.* Pt. i. St. 15

The blue sky
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.
4634 *Byron: Dream.* St. 4

SLANDER — *see* **Detraction, Calumny, Rumor, Scandal Society.**

Slanderous reproaches, and foul infamies,
Leasings, backbitings, and vainglorious crakes,
Bad counsels, praises, and false flatteries;
All those against that fort did bend their batteries.
4635 *Spenser: Fairie Queene.* Bk. ii. Canto xi. St. 16

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I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
4636 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iii. Sc. 1

The jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
4637 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act ii. Sc. 1

Slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd where it gets possession.
4638 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act iii. Sc. 1

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear.
4639 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act i. Sc. 1.

We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd.
4640 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 2.

'Tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword: whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world, — kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, — nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.
4641 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
4642 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

Slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot.
4643 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 1

I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander.
4644 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iv. Sc. 2

Slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater.
4645 *Shaks.: Sonnet* lxx.

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The feeblest vermin can destroy,
As sure as stoutest beasts of prey;
And only with their eyes and breath
Infect, and poison men to death.
4646 *Butler: Ode on Critics*

Malicious slander never would have leisure
To search, with prying eyes, for faults abroad,
If all, like me, consider'd their own hearts,
And wept the sorrows which they found at home.
4647 *Rowe: Jane Shore.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

But 'tis a busy, talking world,
That, with licentious breath, blows like the wind,
As freely on the palace as the cottage.
4648 *Rowe: Fair Penitent.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or, by the tossing of a fan,
Describe the lady and the man.
4649 *Swift: Journal of Modern Lady.* Line 188.

The whisper'd tale,
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows;
Fair-faced Deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct; the tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting.
4650 *Thomson: Liberty.* Pt. iv. Line 604.

Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford:
And reputation bleeds in every word.
4651 *Churchill: Apology.* Line 47

He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff;
But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off.
4652 *Young: Epis. to Pope.* Epis. i. Line 93.

Skilled by a touch to deepen scandal's tints,
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles,
A thread of candor with a web of wiles;
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming;
A lip of lies, a face formed to conceal;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown,
A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone.
4653 *Byron: Sketch.* Line 55.

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Does not the law of Heaven say blood for blood?
And he who *taints* kills more than he who sheds it.
4654 *Byron: Mar. Faliero.* Act ii. Sc. 1

'Twas slander filled her mouth with lying words, —
Slander, the foulest whelp of sin.
4655 *Pollok: Course of Time.* Bk. viii. Line 715

'Tis false! 'tis basely false!
What wretch could drop from his envenom'd tongue
A tale so damn'd? It chokes my breath.
4656 *Joanna Baillie: De Monfort.* Act iv. Sc. 2

SLAVERY — *see* **Freedom, Liberty, Slave-Trade.**

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favor never clasp'd: but bred a dog.
4657 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view.
4658 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Base is the slave that pays.
4659 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 1

Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace,
Whate'er the humanizing muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the tempered breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the light that leads to heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:
These are not theirs.
4660 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 875

Sharp penury afflicts these wretched isles!
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.
The vassal wretch contented drags his chain,
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
4661 *Falconer: Shipwreck.* Canto i. Line 70

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not color'd like his own, and having pow'r
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
4662 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 12

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
4663 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 29

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Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free:
They touch our country and their shackles fall.
4664 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 40

The hearts within thy valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves — nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
And callous, save to crime.
4665 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 147

A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,
And age, and sex, were in the market rang'd;
Each bevy with the merchant in his station:
Poor creatures! their good looks were sadly chang'd:
All save the blacks seem'd jaded with vexation,
From friends, and home, and freedom far estrang'd.
The negroes more philosophy display'd, —
Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flay'd.
4666 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 7

SLAVE-TRADE — *see* **Slavery.**

What wish can prosper, or what prayer,
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gauge and span
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end,
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
4667 *Cowper: Charity.* Line 137

SLEEP — *see* **Care, Dreams, Repose, Rest.**

Come, sleep, O sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The impartial judge between the high and low.
4668 *Sir Philip Sidney: Astrophel and Stella.* St. 39

As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labor,
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.
4669 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iv. Sc. 2

Sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye.
4670 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
4671 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act ii. Sc. 2

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Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
4672 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 1.

O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
4673 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.
4674 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act iii. Sc. 6.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast! —
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest.
4675 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.
4676 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
4677 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
4678 *Pope: Dunciad.* Bk. i. Line 94.

Sleep and death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace.
4679 *Pope: Iliad.* Bk. xvi. Line 831

Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul,
. . . . . .
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves?
4680 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 71.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles — the wretched he forsakes.
4681 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night i. Line 1.

O soft embalmer of the still midnight!
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine.
4682 *Keats: To Sleep* Sonnet ix

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth!
4683 *Keats: Endymion.* Line 456

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Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality.
4684 *Byron: Dream.* Line 1.

Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.
4685 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iv. St. 30.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
4686 *Scott: Lady of the Lake.* Canto i. St. 31.

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
But 'tis the happy who have called thee so.
4687 *Southey: Curse of Kehama.* Canto xv. St. 12.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me,
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest; — this once I'll favor her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven.
4688 *Addison: Cato.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Beauties, when disposed to sleep,
Should from the eye of keen inspector keep:
The lovely nymph who would her swain surprise,
May close her mouth, but not conceal her eyes;
Sleep from the fairest face some beauty takes,
And all the homely features homelier makes.
4689 *Crabbe: Edward Shore.* Line 245.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."
4690 *Mrs. Browning: Sleep.*

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this —
"He giveth His beloved sleep"?
4691 *Mrs. Browning: Sleep.*

Be thy sleep
Silent as night is, and as deep.
4692 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. ii.

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O peaceful Sleep! until from pain released
I breathe again uninterrupted breath!
Ah, with what subtile meaning did the Greek
Call thee the lesser mystery, at the feast
Whereof the greater mystery is death.
4693 *Longfellow: Sleep*

Sleep! to the homeless, thou art home;
The friendless find in thee a friend;
And well is he, where'er he roam,
Who meets thee at his journey's end.
4694 *Ebenezer Elliott: Sleep*

Sleep will bring thee dreams in starry number —
Let him come to thee and be thy guest.
4695 *Aytoun: Hermotimus*

O sleep! O sleep!
Do not forget me. Sometimes come and sweep,
Now I have nothing left, thy healing hand
Over the lids that crave thy visits bland,
Thou kind, thou comforting one.
For I have seen his face, as I desired,
And all my story is done.
O, I am tired!
4696 *Jean Ingelow: S. of the Night Watches. First Watch.* [St. 10.

O sleep, we are beholden to thee, sleep;
Thou bearest angels to us in the night,
Saints out of heaven with palms. Seen by thy light
Sorrow is some old tale that goeth not deep;
Love is a pouting child.
4697 *Jean Ingelow: Sleep*

Be sure they sleep not whom God needs.
4698 *Robert Browning: Paracelsus.* Sc. 1.

The unchecked thought
Wanders at will upon enchanted ground,
Making no sound
In all the corridors . . .
The bell sleeps in the belfry — from its tongue
A drowsy murmur floats into the air,
Like thistle-down. Slumber is everywhere.
The rook's asleep, and, in its dreaming, caws;
And silence mopes where nightingales have sung;
The Sirens lie in grottos cool and deep,
The Naiads in the streams.
4699 *T. B. Aldrich: Invocation to Sleep*

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SLOTH—*see* **Idleness.**

Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful wise,
Your few important days of trial here?
Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
Through endless states of being, still more near
To bliss approaching and perfection clear:
Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?
No! no!—Your Heaven-touched hearts disdain the sordid crime!

4700 *Thomson: Castle of Indolence.* Canto ii. St. 61.

Sloth views the towers of Fame with envious eyes,
Desirous still, but impotent to rise.

4701 *Shenstone: Moral Pieces.*

SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."

4702 *Watts: The Sluggard.*

A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth.

4703 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act i. Sc. 5.

SMALL-POX.

That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower.

4704 *Goldsmith: Double Transformation.* Line 75.

SMATTERERS—*see* **Ignorance.**

Men's talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they're beyond their just extent,
As smatt'rers prove more arrogant and pert,
The less they truly understand an art;
And, when they've least capacity to doubt,
Are wont t' appear most perempt'ry and stout.

4705 *Butler: Satire upon the Imperfection and Abuse of Human Learning. Fragments of an Intended Satire* ii. [Line 1.

All smatt'rers are more brisk and pert,
Than those that understand an art:
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

4706 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 682.

SMILES—*see* **Laughter.**

What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles.

4707 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act i. Sc 4

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One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
4708 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act 1. Sc. 5

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
4709 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 315

With the smile that was childlike and bland.
4710 *Bret Harte: Plain Language from Truthful James.*

Her smile was prodigal of summery shine, —
Gaily persistent, — like a morn in June
That laughs away the clouds, and up and down
Goes making merry with the ripening grain,
That slowly ripples, — its bent head drooped down,
With golden secret of the sheathèd seed.
4711 *Margaret J. Preston: Unvisited.*

SMITHS.

The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
4712 *Longfellow: Village Blacksmith.*

SMOKING — *see* **Tobacco.**

May never lady press his lips, his proffer'd love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps his chimney burning;
May each true woman shun his sight, for fear his fumes should choke her,
And none but those who smoke themselves have kisses for a smoker.
4713 *Anonymous.*

A club there is of smokers — dare you come
To that close, clouded, hot, narcotic room?
When, midnight past, the very candles seem
Dying for air, and give a ghastly gleam;
When curling fumes in lazy wreaths arise,
And prosing topers rub their winking eyes.
4714 *Crabbe: Clubs and Social Meetings.* Line 238

SNAIL.

The snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up in shade, doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again.
4715 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 1032

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SNOW—*see* **Months, Seasons, Winter.**

A cheer for the snow—the drifting snow;
Smoother and purer than Beauty's brow;
The creature of thought scarce likes to tread
On the delicate carpet so richly spread.
With feathery wreaths the forest is bound,
And the hills are with glittering diadems crown'd:
'Tis the fairest scene we can have below,
Sing, welcome, then, to the drifting snow!
4716 *Eliza Cook: Snow*

On turf and curb and bower-roof
The snow-storm spreads its ivory woof;
It paves with pearl the garden-walk;
And lovingly around the tatter'd stalk
And shivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily-leaves.
4717 *J. T. Trowbridge: Midwinter.*

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.
4718 *J. T. Trowbridge: Midwinter.*

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven.
4719 *Emerson: The Snow-Storm.*

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh;
Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake!
4720 *William Cullen Bryant: Snow Shower*

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.
4721 *William Cullen Bryant: Snow Shower*

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See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil;
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet, and are still in the depths below;
Flake after flake
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.
4722 *William Cullen Bryant: Snow Shower*

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.
4723 *Longfellow: Snow-Flakes.*

SNOW-DROP.

The snow-drop, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on, the herald of fair Flora's train.
4724 *Churchill: Gotham.* Bk. i. Line 245.

SNUFF — *see* **Tobacco.**

After he'd administer'd a dose
Of snuff mundungus to his nose;
And powder'd th' inside of his skull
Instead of th' outward jobbernol,
He shook it with a scornful look,
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke:
4725 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 1005.

SOCIETY — *see* **Soirée, Solitude.**

Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
4726 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. viii. Line 383.

One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
4727 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto iii. Line 13

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
4728 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 249

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bor'd.*
4729 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiii. St. 95.

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We loathe what none are left to share —
E'en bliss 'twere woe alone to bear;
The heart once left thus desolate
Must fly at last for ease — to hate.
4730 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 941

Society itself, which should create
Kindness, destroys what little we had got:
To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's stoics — men without a heart.
4731 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 25

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death.
4732 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 937.

Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed; 'tis there alone
His faculties expanded in full bloom
Shine out; there only reach their proper use.
4733 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 659

SODA WATER.

Ring for your valet — bid him quickly bring
Some hock and soda water, then you'll know
A pleasure worthy Xerxes, the great king;
For not the best sherbet, sublim'd with snow,
Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda water.
4734 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 180

SOIRÉE — *see* **Society.**

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink
With the three thousandth curtsy: there the waltz,
The only dance which teaches girls to think,
Makes one in love e'en with its very faults.
Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their brink,
And long the latest of arrivals halts,
'Midst royal dukes and dames condemn'd to climb,
And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

Thrice happy he, who, after a survey
Of the good company, can win a corner,
A door that's *in*, or boudoir *out* of the way,
Where he may fix himself, like small "Jack Horner,"
And let the Babel round run as it may,
And look on as a mourner, or a scorner,
Or an approver, or a mere spectator,
Yawning a little as the night grows later.
4735 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xi. Sts. 68 and 69

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SOLACE — *see* **Resignation.**

Consider man in every sphere,
Then tell me is your lot severe:
'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched: God is just;
. . . . . .
We're born a restless, needy crew;
Show me a happier man than you.
4736 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 15

SOLDIER — *see* **Battle, Militia, Warrior.**

A soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.
4737 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7

'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor,
To act in safety.
4738 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 1

You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true.
And it shall please me well.
4739 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself.
4740 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3

He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction.
4741 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

'Tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.
4742 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3

When he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier.
4743 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a red-coat is in sight;
Behind the door she hides her face;
Next time at distance eyes the lace.
4744 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 13

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The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
4745 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 155.

'Tis universal soldiership has stabb'd
The heart of merit in the meaner class.
4746 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 617.

To swear, to game, to drink, to show at home
By lewdness, idleness, and Sabbath-breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad,
T' astonish and to grieve his gazing friends,
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart,
To be a pest where he was useful once,
Are his sole aim, and all his glory now.
4747 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 652.

A mere soldier, a mere tool, a kind
Of human sword in a friend's hand.
4748 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act v. Sc. 1.

There were foreigners of much renown,
Of various nations, and all volunteers;
Not fighting for their country or its crown,
But wishing to be one day Brigadiers:
Also to have the sacking of a town;
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.
'Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,
Sixteen call'd Thomson, and nineteen nam'd Smith.
4749 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto vii. St. 18.

Soldiers in arms! Defenders of our soil!
Who from destruction save us; who from spoil
Protect the sons of peace, who traffic or who toil;
Would I could duly praise you, that each deed
Your foes might honor, and your friends might read.
4750 *Crabbe: Professions — Law.* Line 22.

Enough of merit has each honored name
To shine untarnished on the rolls of fame,
And add new lustre to the historic page.
4751 *David Humphreys: Revolutionary Soldiers*

SOLICITATION.

He was not taken well; he had not din'd;
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts.
4752 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act v. Sc. 1.

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SOLITUDE—*see* **Retirement, Retreat, Society.**

Solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
4753 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ix. Line 249

Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude;
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
4754 *Milton: Comus.* Line 375

The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, as I have vainly done,
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
4755 *Parnell: Hymn to Contentment.* Line 19.

Bear me, some god! oh, quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense;
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings.
4756 *Pope:* Satire iv. (Donne's). Line 180.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.
4757 *Pope: Ode on Solitude.* St. 5.

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.
4758 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iii. Line 6.

The man how bless'd, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves,)
Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk
Beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs.
4759 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 310

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.
4760 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 1

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.
4761 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 1

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For solitude, however some may rave,
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave —
A sepulchre in which the living lie,
Where all good qualities grow sick and die.
I praise the Frenchman,[1] his remark was shrewd —
"How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet."
4762 *Cowper: Retirement.* Line 735

The man to solitude accustom'd long,
Perceives in everything that lives a tongue;
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees
Have speech for him, and understood with ease,
After long drought when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all.
4763 *Cowper: Needless Alarm.* Line 55

O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.
4764 *Cowper: Verses supposed to be written by Alex. Selkirk.* [St. 1.

And here no more shall human voice
Be heard to rage — regret — rejoice —
The last sad note that swell'd the gale
Was woman's wildest funeral wail.
4765 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 320

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen;
With the wild flock that never needs a fold:
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.
4766 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 25.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless:
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!
4767 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 26.

[1] La Bruyère.

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Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow
4768 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 75

If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone, man with his God must strive.
4769 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 33

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
4770 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 177

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before.
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
4771 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 178

Perhaps there's nothing — I'll not say appals,
But saddens more, by night as well as day,
Than an enormous room without a soul
To break the lifeless splendor of the whole.
4772 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 56

To view alone
The fairest scenes of land and deep,
With none to listen and reply
To thoughts with which my heart beat high
Were irksome — for whate'er my mood,
In sooth I love not solitude.
4773 *Byron: Bride of Ab.* Canto i. St. 3

Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease,
He makes a solitude, and calls it peace!
4774 *Byron: Bride of Ab.* Canto ii. St. 20

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.
4775 *Moore: Come o'er the Sea*

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Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has will'd, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

4776 *Keble: Christian Year. 24th Sunday after Trinity*

Cease, triflers! would you have me feel remorse?
Leave me alone — nor cell, nor chain, nor dungeon
Speaks to the murderer with the voice of solitude.

4777 *Maturin: Bertram.* v. 3.

I am not alone,
For solitude like this is populous,
And its abundant life of sky and sun,
High-floating clouds, low mists, and wheeling birds,
And waves that ripple shoreward all day long,
Whether the tide is setting in or out,
Forever rippling shoreward, dark and bright,
As lights and shadows, and the shifting winds
Pursue each other in their endless play,
Is more than the companionship of man.

4778 *R. H. Stoddard: Hymn to the Sea.*

Solitude delighteth well to feed on many thoughts;
There as thou sittest peaceful, communing with fancy,
The precious poetry of life shall gild its leaden cares;
There, as thou walkest by the sea beneath the gentle stars,
Many kindling seeds of good will sprout within thy soul;
Thou shalt weep in Solitude, — thou shalt pray in Solitude.
Thou shalt sing for joy of heart, and praise the grace of Solitude.

4779 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Solitude.*

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known,
For lack of listeners are not said.

4780 *Jean Ingelow: Afternoon at a Parsonage. Afterthought.*

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee
. . . . . .
Fills the savannas with his murmurings.

4781 *William Cullen Bryant: The Prairies.*

I am left alone.
I have no friends and want none. My own thoughts
Are my sole companions.

4782 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. iii. 2

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SONNET — *see* **Love.**

If when I look on thee and hear thy voice,
In a low whisper'd melody, alone;
When it is breathing in its softest tone,
All the deep feelings of my heart rejoice;
Oh! what were it to sit beside thee long,
And gaze on thy bright looks and thy dark eyes,
And hear thy tender words and thy sweet song,
As sweet as if it floated from the skies!
O! what were it to know that thou art mine,
Indissolubly mine! that thou wilt be
For ever as an angel unto me,
Whether the day be dark or future shine,
Giving me, in the bliss of loving thee,
A portion of the bliss they call divine!
4783 *Bohn: M*

SOPHISTRY — *see* **Philosophy.**

Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite sentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears seemed so profound,
They fancied learning in the sound.
4784 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 14.

As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,
And hides the ruin that it feeds upon,
So sophistry cleaves close to and protects
Sin's rotten trunk, concealing its defects.
4785 *Cowper: Progress of Error.* Line 285.

SORROW — *see* **Care, Grief, Knowledge, Memory, Mischief, Misfortune, Mourning.**

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
4786 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
4787 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours, —
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
4788 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 4.

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders.
4789 *Shaks.: Titus And.* Act ii. Sc. 5.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor.
4790 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act i. Sc. 4.

I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.
4791 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2.

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One fire burns out another's burning;
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

4792 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act i. Sc. 2

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions!

4793 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 5.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.

4794 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 7.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.

4795 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.

4796 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. iii. Line 1425

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reach'd that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.

4797 *Cowper: Epistle to an Afflicted Protestant Lady.*

Nothing comes to us too soon but sorrow.

4798 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Sorrow preys upon
Its solitude, and nothing more diverts it
From its sad visions of the other world
Than calling it at moments back to this;
The busy have no time for tears.

4799 *Byron: Two Foscari.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep
As any man's clay-mixture undergoes.
Our least of sorrows are such as we weep;
'Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

4800 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto vi. St. 20.

And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought;
Those furrows, which the burning share
Of sorrow ploughs untimely there:
Scars of the lacerating mind,
Which the soul's war doth leave behind.

4801 *Byron: Parisina.* St. 20

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Ah, the sweet young rose of hope is dead —
'Twill never bloom again!
And the tears I shed for the beautiful dead,
They fall like the desolate rain.
4802 *William Winter: Murmur of the Rain*

'Tis better that our griefs should not spread far.
4803 *George Eliot: Armgart.* Sc. 5.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.
4804 *Longfellow: Resignation.*

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.
4805 *Longfellow: Resignation.*

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
4806 *Longfellow: Resignation.*

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.
4807 *Longfellow: The Rainy Day*

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.
4808 *Longfellow: The Rainy Day.*

But O! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
4809 *Tennyson: Break, break, break*

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
4810 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. vi. St. 2

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
4811 *Tennyson: Locksley Hall.* St. 38

Tell me what is sorrow? It is an endless sea.
And what is joy? It is a little pearl,
Round which the waters whirl.
4812 *R. H. Stoddard: Sorrow and Joy*

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Tell me what is sorrow? It is a gloomy cage.
And what is joy? It is a little bird,
Whose song therein is heard.
4813 *R. H. Stoddard: Sorrow and Joy*

Tell me what is sorrow? It is a garden-bed.
And what is joy? It is a little rose,
Which in that garden grows.
4814 *R. H. Stoddard: Sorrow and Joy*

Everywhere —

. . . . . .

Sorrow, the heart must bear,
Sits in the home of each, conspicuous there.
Many a circumstance, at least,
Touches the very breast.
For those
Whom any sent away, — he knows:
And in the live man's stead,
Armor and ashes reach
The house of each.
4815 *Robert Browning: Agamemnon*

Great sorrows cannot speak.
4816 *John Donne:* Elegy xi. *Death.*

Affliction is a mother,
Whose painful throes yield many sons,
Each fairer than the other.
4817 *Henry Vaughan: Thou That Know'st*

To each his sufferings: all are men
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
4818 *Gray: Ode. On Eton College.* St. 10

SOUL — *see* **Eternity, Futurity, Immortality.**

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.
4819 *Shaks.: Sonnet* CXXV

But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
4820 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. iii. Line 2120

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The Soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds!
4821 *Addison: Cato.* Act v. Sc. 1

It is the Soul's prerogative, its fate,
To shape the outward to its own estate.
If right itself, then, all around is well;
If wrong, it makes of all without a hell.
So multiplies the Soul its joys or pain,
Gives out itself, itself takes back again.
Transformed by thee, the world hath but one face.
4822 *R. H. Dana: Thoughts on the Soul.*

Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven!
By tyrant life dethroned, imprison'd, pain'd?
By death enlarg'd, ennobled, deified?
Death but entombs the body; life the soul.
4823 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iii. Line 455.

Who tells me he denies his soul's immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me he's a knave;
His duty, 'tis to love himself alone,
Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles,
Who thinks ere long the man shall wholly die,
Is dead already; nought but brute survives.
4824 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vii. Line 1168.

Silence and solitude, the soul's best friends.
4825 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. ii. 2.

The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole —
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!
4826 *Byron: Bride of Ab.* Canto i. St. 6.

He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.
4827 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 57.

Wander at will,
Day after day, —
Wander away,
Wandering still —
Soul that canst soar!
Body may slumber:
Body shall cumber
Soul-flight no more.
4828 *Robert Browning: La Saisiaz.* Prologue.

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SOUND.

Sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.
4829 *Tennyson: The Princess.* Canto vii

SPAIN.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
Not Albuera lavish of the dead,
Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.
When shall her olive-branch be free from blight?
When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?
How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,
And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!
4830 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto i. St. 90

Fair land! of chivalry the old domain,
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain!
Though not for thee with classic shores to vie
In charms that fix th' enthusiast's pensive eye;
Yet hast thou scenes of beauty, richly fraught
With all that wakes the glow of lofty thought;
Fountains, and vales, and rocks, whose ancient name
High deeds have raised to mingle with their fame.
4831 *Mrs. Hemans: Abencerrage.* Canto ii. Line 1.

SPECTACLES.

Between nose and eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.
4832 *Cowper: Report of an Adjudged Cas*

SPECULATION—*see* **Chance, Gambling.**

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
4833 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iii. Sc. 4

All's to be fear'd where all is to be gain'd.
4834 *Byron: Werner.* Act ii. Sc. 2

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The history of humankind to trace
Since Eve, the first of dupes, our doom unriddled,
A certain portion of the human race
Has certainly a taste for being diddled.
Witness the famous Mississippi dreams!
A rage that time seems only to redouble—
The Banks, Joint-Stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,
For rolling in Pactolian streams
That cost our modern rogues so little trouble
No matter what, to pasture cows on stubble
To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,
To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,
Or light with gas the whole celestial cope--
Only propose to blow a bubble,
And Lord! what hundreds will subscribe for soap!
4835 *Hood: A Black Job*

SPEECH — *see* **Language, Talking, Words.**

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
4836 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2

We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.
4837 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Rude am I in my speech
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace.
4838 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken; even your loved words
Float in the larger meaning of your voice
As something dimmer.
4839 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. i

Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought.
4840 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Speaking.*

Speech is reason's brother, and a kingly prerogative of man.
4841 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Speaking*

Speech? is that all? And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their cares confined
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind:
To syllable-dissectors they appeal.
4842 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 951

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SPENDTHRIFT — *see* **Extravagance.**

After he scores, he never pays the score:
. . . . . .
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before.
4843 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
4844 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. Line 559.

Let friends of prodigals say what they will,
Spendthrifts at home, abroad are spendthrifts still.
4845 *Churchill: Candidate.* Line 519.

Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
Always at speed, and never drawing bit.
4846 *Cowper: Table Talk.* Line 685.

SPENSER — *see* **Poets.**

Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, poured his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well-moralized, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
4847 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 1574.

SPHERE.

The measure of capacity is the measure of sphere to either man or woman.
4848 *Elizabeth Oakes Smith: Ms.*

SPIDER.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.
4849 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. i. Line 217.

SPIRES.

Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
4850 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 261.

How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Ascend the skies!
4851 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vi. Line 781.

Ye swelling hills and spacious plains!
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple towers,
And spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."[1]
4852 *Wordsworth: Excursion.* Bk. vi. Line 17.

[1] Compare Coleridge: The Friend. No. 14.

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SPIRIT-RAPPING — *see* **Ghosts.**

Hark! on the wainscot now it knocks!
"If thou'rt a ghost," cried Orthodox,
With that affected solemn air
Which hypocrites delight to wear,
And all those forms of consequence
Which fools adopt instead of sense;
"If thou'rt a ghost, who from the tomb
Stalk'st sadly silent through this gloom,
In breach of nature's stated laws,
For good, or bad, or for no cause,
Give now nine knocks; like priests of old,
Nine we a sacred number hold."
4853 *Churchill: Ghost.* Bk. ii. Line 80.

SPIRITS.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?
4854 *Shaks.:* 1 *Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
4855 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc.

There's a spirit above, and a spirit below,
A spirit of joy, and a spirit of woe,
The spirit above is the spirit divine,
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.
4856 *Ms. Written about* 1825, *on the vaults below Portman Chapel, Baker St*

SPLEEN.

Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen;
Parent of vapors, and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays:
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
4857 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto iv. Line 57

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears:
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
4858 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. i. Line 455.

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SPORTING—*see* **Child, Gambling.**

See from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings;
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
4859 *Pope: Windsor Forest.* Line 111

Ah, nut-brown partridges! ah, brilliant pheasants!
And ah, ye poachers!—'tis no sport for peasants.
4860 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiii. St. 75

Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun
And dog, impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season desolate the fields.
4861 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 788

He learn'd the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
And how to scale a fortress or—a nunnery.
4862 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 38

SPRING—*see* **April, May, Months, Seasons.**

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.
4863 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act v. Sc. 2. Song

In that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray.
4864 *Pope: Temple of Fame.* Line 1

What change has made the pastures sweet
And reached the daisies at my feet,
And cloud that wears a golden hem?
This lovely world, the hills, the sward—
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them.
4865 *Jean Ingelow: Reflections*

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!"—
Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How could'st thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season.
4866 *Hood: Spring*

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
And from the bosom of your dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
4867 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 1

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See where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest and the ravished vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
4868 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 11

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all surrounding heaven.
4869 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 26

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast?
4870 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 858.

Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze.
4871 *Cowper: Tirocinium.* Line 43.

Spring is strong and virtuous,
Broad-sowing, cheerful, plenteous,
Quickening underneath the mould
Grains beyond the price of gold.
So deep and large her bounties are,
That one broad, long midsummer day
Shall to the planet overpay
The ravage of a year of war.
4872 *Emerson: May-Day.* Line 243.

Mighty nature bounds as from her birth.
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
4873 *Byron: Lara.* Canto ii. St. 1.

O fresh-lit dawn! immortal life!
O Earth's betrothal, sweet and true!
4874 *E. C. Stedman: Betrothed Anew.* St. 6.

Showers and sunshine bring,
Slowly, the deepening verdure o'er the earth;
To put their foliage out, the woods are slack,
And one by one the singing-birds come back.
4875 *William Cullen Bryant: Spring in Town.*

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The breath of Spring-time at this twilight hour
Comes through the gathering glooms,
And bears the stolen sweets of many a flower
Into my silent rooms.

4876 *William Cullen Bryant: May Evening*

Alas! bright Spring! not long
Shall I enjoy thy pleasant influence:
For thou shalt die the summer heat among,
Sublimed to vapor in his fire intense,
And, gone forever hence,
Exist no more; no more to earth belong,
Except in song.

4877 *Albert Pike: To Spring.*

It was in the prime
Of the sweet spring-time,
In the linnet's throat
Trembled the love-note,
And the love-stirred air
Thrilled the blossoms there.
Little shadows danced,
Each a tiny elf,
Happy in large light
And the thinnest self.

4878 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. i. Song.

The trumpet winds have sounded a retreat,
Blowing o'er land and sea a sullen strain;
Usurping March, defeated, flies again,
And lays his trophies at the Winter's feet.
And lo! where April, coming in his turn,
In changeful motleys, half of light and shade,
Leads his belated charge, a delicate maid,
A nymph with dripping urn.

4879 *R. H. Stoddard: Spring.*

Up comes the primrose, wondering;
The snowdrop droopeth by;
The holy spirit of the spring
Is working silently.

4880 *George Macdonald: Songs of the Spring Days*

Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley
stretching for miles below
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered
with lightest snow.

4881 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. iv.

Winter is past; the heart of Nature warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender green.

4882 *Oliver Wendell Holmes: Spring*

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The butterfly springs on its new-born wings,
The dormouse starts from his wintry sleeping;
The flowers of earth find a second birth,
To light and life from the darkness leaping:
The roses and tulips will soon resume
Their youth's first perfume and primitive bloom.
4883 *Horace Smith: The Flower*

The bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud,
And Earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood,
Which, warmed by summer suns in the alembic of the vine,
From her founts will overrun in a ruddy gush of wine.
The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed to their pre-appointed roots.
4884 *Horace Smith: First of March.*

Welcome, all hail to thee! welcome, young Spring!
Thy sun-ray is bright on the butterfly's wing.
Beauty shines forth in the blossom-robed trees;
Perfume floats by on the soft southern breeze.
. . . . . .
The hedges, luxuriant with flowers and balm,
Are purple with violets, and shaded with palm;
The zephyr-kiss'd grass is beginning to wave,
Fresh verdure is decking the garden and grave.
4885 *Eliza Cook: Spring*

Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring,
Laden with glory and light you come;
With the leaf, the bloom, and the butterfly's wing,
Making our earth a fairy home.
The primroses glitter — the violets peep;
And zephyr is feasting on flower and bloom.
Arouse, ye sluggards, what soul shall sleep
While the lark's in the sky, and the bee's on the palm?
The sweetest song, and the loudest string,
Should pour a welcome to beautiful Spring.
4886 *Eliza Cook: Spring*

Uprose the wild old winter-king,
And shook his beard of snow;
"I hear the first young harebell ring,
'Tis time for me to go!
Northward o'er the icy rocks,
Northward o'er the sea,
My daughter comes with sunny locks:
This land's too warm for me!"
4887 *Charles Godfrey Leland: Spring*

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Fled now the sullen murmurs of the North,
The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps forth.
4888 *Bloomfield: Spring. The Farmer's Boy*

STAGE — *see* **Actors.**

The stage I chose — a subject fair and free —
'Tis yours — 'tis mine — 'tis public property.
All common exhibitions open lie,
For praise or censure, to the common eye.
Hence are a thousand hackney writers fed;
Hence Monthly Critics earn their daily bread.
This is a general tax which all must pay,
From those who scribble, down to those who play.
4889 *Churchill: Apology.* Line 186

STARS — *see* **Moon, Night, Sky.**

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.
4890 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 4

Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls:
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
4891 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act v. Sc. 1

The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number!
4892 *Herrick: Aph. Night Piece. To Julia.*

Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends:
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble.
4893 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 1708

But who can count the stars of heaven,
Who sing their influence on this lower world?
4894 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 523

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundless in magnificence and might!
O, what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
4895 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ix. Line 748

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The sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light
So wildly, spiritually bright.
Whoever gaz'd upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
4896 *Byron: Siege of Corinth.* St. 11

Oh, thou beautiful
And unimaginable ether! and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still increasing lights! what are ye? what
Is this blue wilderness of interminable
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?
Is your course measur'd for ye? Or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an aërial universe of endless
Expansion, — at which my soul aches to think, —
Intoxicated with eternity?
4897 *Byron: Cain.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, — 'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.
4898 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 88.

The stars hang bright above her dwelling
Silent, as though they watch'd the sleeping earth.
4899 *Coleridge: Dejection.* St. 8.

The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest.
4900 *Wordsworth: Misc. Sonnets.* Pt. ii. Sonnet 25.

Stars
Which stand as thick as dewdrops on the fields
Of heaven.
4901 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Wood and Water.*

The stars are images of love.
4902 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Garden and Bower by the Sea*

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The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen in breathless silence,
To the solemn litany.

4903 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. v

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

4904 *Longfellow: The Light of Stars.* St. 2.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

4905 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Pt. I. iii. Line 83.

The very stars
Tremble above, as though the Voice Divine
Reverberated through the dread expanse.

4906 *Anna Katharine Green. Sunrise from the Mountains.*

The sad and solemn night
Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
The glorious host of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires;
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.
. . . . . .
And thou dost see them rise,
Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set.
Alone, in thy cold skies.

4907 *William Cullen Bryant: Hymn to the North Star.*

Now only here and there a little star
Looks forth alone.

4908 *William Cullen Bryant: The Constellations.*

Oh, Constellations of the early night
That sparkled brighter as the twilight died,
And made the darkness glorious! I have seen
Your rays grow dim upon the horizon's edge,
And sink behind the mountains. I have seen
The great Orion, with his jewelled belt,
That large-limbed warrior of the skies, go down
Into the gloom. Beside him sank a crowd
Of shining ones.

4909 *William Cullen Bryant: The Constellations.*

The eternal jewels of the short-lived night.

4910 *Mary Mapes Dodge: The Stars.*

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They wait all day unseen by us, unfelt;
Patient they bide behind the day's full glare;
And we who watched the dawn when they were there,
Thought we had seen them in the daylight melt,
While the slow sun upon the earth-line knelt.
4911 *Mary Mapes Dodge: The Stars*

In the stillness of the night,
Quick rays of intermingling light
Sparkle from star to star.
4912 *James Montgomery: To Cynthia*

Stars are of mighty use: the night
Is dark and long;
The road is foul; and where one goes right,
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray,
Shot o'er some cloud,
May clear much way,
And guide a crowd.
4913 *Henry Vaughan: Joy of My Life.*

Host of spies,
The stars, shine in their watches.
4914 *Henry Vaughan: Midnight.*

The milky way chalkt out with suns.
4915 *Henry Vaughan: Sun-Days.*

STATESMEN — *see*, **Dignity, Parliament, Patriotism, Politics.**

Forbear, you things
That stand upon the pinnacles of state,
To boast your slippery height! when you do fall,
You dash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise:
And he that lends you pity, is not wise.
4916 *Ben Jonson: Sejanus.* Act v. Sc. 10.

An honest statesman to a prince,
Is like a cedar planted by a spring;
The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree
Rewards it with his shadow.
4917 *Webster: Duchess of Malfi.* Act iii. Sc. 2

You have not, as good patriots should do, studied
The public good, but your particular ends:
Factious among yourselves; preferring such
To offices and honors, as ne'er read
The elements of saving policy;
But deeply skill'd in all the principles
That usher to destruction.
4918 *Massinger: Bondman.* Act i. Sc 3.

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For as two cheats, that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim;
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,
The public bus'ness is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.
4919 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 757

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvied, by the muse he lov'd.
4920 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. v. Line 67

Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen;
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show;
Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
Unseen the hand which guides the master wire.
4921 *Churchill: Night.* Line 257

STATION.

What is station high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
4922 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vi. Line 287

STATURE.

In small proportion we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.
4923 *Ben Jonson: Good Life, Long Life.*

STILLNESS — *see* **Silence.**

A lonely stillness, so like death,
So touches, terrifies all things,
That even rooks that fly o'erhead
Are hush'd, and seem to hold their breath,
To fly with muffled wings,
And heavy as if made of lead.
4924 *Joaquin Miller: Californian.* Pt. iii.

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STOICS — *see* **Pride.**

As monumental bronze, unchang'd his look;
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook;
Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook;
Impassive — fearing but the shame of fear —
A stoic of the woods — a man without a tear.
4925 *Campbell: Gertrude of Wyoming.* **Pt. i. St. 28**

STORM — *see* **Silence, Tempest, Wind.**

Flash!
Lightning, I swear! — there's a tempest brewing!
Crash!
Thunder, too — swift-footed lightning pursuing!
The leaves are troubled, the winds drop dead,
The air grows ruminant overhead —
Splash!
That great round drop fell pat on my nose.
Flash! crash! splash! —
I must run for it, I suppose.
O what a flashing, and crashing, and splashing,
The earth is rocking, the skies are riven —
Jove in a passion, in god-like fashion,
Is breaking the crystal urns of heaven.
4926 *Robert Buchanan: Fine Weather on the Digentia.* [*Horatius Cogitandibus.* **St. 16.**

We often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death.
4927 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* **Act ii. Sc 2.**

A red morn that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds.
4928 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* **Line 453**

A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes
Descend; the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze,
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
4929 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* **Line 1118**

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Defeating oft the labors of the year,
The sultry South collects a potent blast.
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn;
But as the aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world.
4930 *Thomson: Seasons. Autumn.* Line 311

A mighty wind, like a leviathan,
Ploughed through the brine, and from these solitudes
Sent Silence frightened.
4931 *T. B. Aldrich: Pythagoras.*

The poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind, — and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!
4932 *T. B. Aldrich: Before the Rain.*

The clouds are scudding across the moon,
A misty light is on the sea;
The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune,
And the foam is flying free.
4933 *Bayard Taylor: Storm Song.*

Unsparing as the scourge of war,
Blasts follow blasts, and groves dismantled roar.
4934 *Bloomfield: Winter. The Farmer's Boy.*

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain, —
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.
4935 *Whittier: The Tent on the Beach. Abraham Davenport.*

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea —
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds;
The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains —
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.
4936 *Barry Cornwall: Stormy Petrel*

STORY.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
4937 *Thomas Haynes Bayly: Long, Long Ago.*

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A story, in which native humor reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains;
A graver fact enlisted on your side
May furnish illustration, well applied;
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,
To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
And echo conversations dull and dry,
Embellish'd with, — He said, — and, So said I.
4938 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 208

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.
4939 *Scott: Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto ii. St. 22.

STRANGENESS.

'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful: 'twas wondrous pitiful.
4940 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3.

STRAWBERRY.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbor'd by fruit of baser quality.
4941 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act i. Sc. 1.

STREAMS — *see* **Brooks.**

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.
4942 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act ii. Sc. 7.

Streams, as if created for his use,
Pursue the track of his directing wand,
Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow,
Now murmuring soft, now roaring in cascades.
4943 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 774.

STRENGTH.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
4944 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
4945 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

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What is strength, without a double share
Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome;
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
4946 *Milton: Samson Agonistes.* Line 53

To be strong
Is to be happy!
4947 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. II

STRIKES.

A mechanic his labor will often discard
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock, — and its case is uncommonly hard, —
Will continue to work though it strikes.
4948 *Hood: Epigram on the Superiority of Machinery*

STRIVING.

When workmen strive to do better than well
They do confound their skill in covetousness.
4949 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 2

How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
4950 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 4.

STUDY.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
4951 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.
4952 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigor of the traveller.
4953 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en; —
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
4954 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act i. Sc. 1

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So man that thinks to force and strain
Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,
In vain torments it on the rack,
And, for improving, sets it back.
4955 *Butler: Sat. on Weakness & Misery of Man.* Line 215

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought:
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out our powers, and leaves a blank behind.
4956 *Churchill: Ep. to Hogarth.* Line 645

If not to some peculiar end design'd
Study's the specious trifling of the mind,
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, and not for game.
4957 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire ii. Line 67

STUPIDITY — *see* **Folly, Simplicity.**

For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
Than tools of sharp or subtle edges,
And dullest nonsense has been found
By some to be the most profound.
4958 *Butler: Upon An Hypocritical Nonconformist. Pin-[daric Ode.* 4. Line 82.

STYLE — *see* **Authors, Language, Poetry.**

The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks.
4959 *Butler: Sat. on Abuse of Human Learning.* Line 211.

In all you write be neither low nor vile:
The meanest theme may have a proper style.
4960 *Dryden: Art of Poetry.* Canto i. Line 79.

SUBMISSION — *see* **Obedience.**

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this?
4961 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 3.

You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear:
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.
4962 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 2.

SUCCESS — *see* **Applause, Fate, Industry, Perseverance.**

Didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
4963 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.
4964 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1

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Life lives only in success.
4965 *Bayard Taylor: Amran's Wooing.* St. 5.

One thing is forever good;
That one thing is Success. —
4966 *Emerson: Fate.*

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius — we'll deserve it.
4967 *Addison: Cato.* Act i. Sc 2.

What though success will not attend on all,
Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.
4968 *Smollett: Advice.* Line 207.

SUFFERANCE.

Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
4969 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 3.

The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
4970 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

SUICIDE — *see* **Death, Despair, Immortality.**

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
4971 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life.
4972 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act v. Sc. 1.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die — to sleep; —
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.
4973 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?
4974 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

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— He
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it;
And at the best shows but a bastard valor.
4975 *Massinger: Maid of Honor.* Act iv. Sc. 3

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.
4976 *G. Sewell: The Suicide. From Martial.* Bk. xi. Epis. 56

If there's an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
4977 *Blair: Grave.* Line 398.

Our time is fix'd; and all our days are number'd!
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission.
4978 *Blair: Grave.* Line 417

To run away
From this world's ills, that, at the very worst,
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark! — 'tis mad!
No frenzy half so desperate as this.
4979 *Blair: Grave.* Line 425

How! leap into the pit our life to save?
To save our life leap all into the grave.
4980 *Cowper: Needless Alarm.* Line 107.

My spirit shrunk not to sustain
The searching throes of ceaseless pain;
Nor sought the self-accorded grave
Of ancient fool and modern knave.
4981 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 1021.

He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world!
4982 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. ii. Line 163.

SUITORS.

Mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there.
4983 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act v. Sc. 2

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
4984 *Scott: Marmion.* Canto v. St. 9

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SUMMER — *see* **Indian Summer, Months, Seasons.**

From bright'ning fields of ether fair disclos'd
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth;
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way:
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
4985 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 1

Through the open door
A drowsy smell of flowers — gray heliotrope,
And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette —
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends
To the pervading symphony of peace.
4986 *Whittier: Among the Hills.* Prelude.

White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!
4987 *Whittier: Summer by the Lakeside.*

The weary August days are long;
The locusts sing a plaintive song,
The cattle miss their master's call
When they see the sunset shadows fall.
4988 *E. C. Stedman: Alice of Monmouth.* Pt. ix.

The air of summer was sweeter than wine.
4989 *Longfellow: T. of a Wayside Inn. Queen Sigrid, the Haughty.* Line 8.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing.
4990 *William Cullen Bryant: Summer Wind.*

SUN — *see* **Dawn, Evening, Morning, Sunrise, Sunset.**

The glorious sun,
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.
4991 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

What light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon.
4992 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

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Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry.
4993 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act I. Sc. 3

As sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.
4994 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Fire-Worshippers*

See the sun himself! on wings
Of glory up the east he springs.
Angel of light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!
4995 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Fire-Worshippers.*

Thou material God!
And representative of the Unknown,
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star!
Centre of many stars! — which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects, — thou dost rise,
And shine and set in glory!
4996 *Byron: Manfred.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Busy old fool, unruly sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows and through curtains call on us?
4997 *John Donne: The Sun-Rising.*

SUNFLOWER.

The lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and when he warm returns,
Points her enamor'd bosom to his ray.
4998 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 216.

Light enchanted sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendor!
. . . . . .
Restless sunflowers, cease to move.
4999 *Shelley: Tr. of "Magico Prodigioso" of Calderon.* [Sc. 3

The heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
5000 *Moore: Believe Me, If all Those Endearing Young* [*Charms.*

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Sunflowers by the sides of brooks,
Turn'd to the sun.
5001 *Moore: Summer Fête.*

Ah, sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done.
5002 *William Blake: The Sunflower*

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture of your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids.
5003 *Keats: I Stood Tiptoe upon a Little Hill*

Eagle of flowers! I see thee stand,
And on the sun's noon-glory gaze;
With eye like his, thy lids expand,
And fringe their disk with golden rays;
Though fixed on earth, in darkness rooted there,
Light is thy element, thy dwelling air,
Thy prospect heaven.
5004 *James Montgomery: The Sunflower*

When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious marigold,
How duly, every morning, she displays
Her open breast when Titan spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walks,
Still bending towards him her tender stalks.
5005 *George Wither: Emblems.*

Miles and miles of gold and green
Where the sunflowers blow
In a solid glow.
5006 *Robert Browning: Lovers' Quarrel.* St. 6.

A flower, I know,
He cannot have perceived, that changes ever
At his approach; and in the lost endeavor
To live his life, has parted, one by one,
With all a flower's true graces, for the grace
Of being but a foolish mimic sun,
With ray-like florets round a disk-like face.
. . . . . .
Men call the flower the sunflower, sportively.
5007 *Robert Browning: Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli.*

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed.
5008 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. c. St. 2

Space for the sunflower, bright
With yellow glow,
To court the sky.
5009 *Caroline Gilman: To the Ursulines*

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With bending head submissive I adore,
With constant gaze my father's face explore;
I turn my face following where'er he turns.
Still fix'd my pious gaze as round he burns.
5010 *Cowley: Poemata Latina Plantarum*

Nor shall the marigold unmentioned die,
Which Acis once found out in Sicily;
She Phœbus loves, and from him draws her hue,
And ever keeps his golden beams in view.
5011 *Gardiner: Tr. from Rapin*

I will not have the mad Clytie
Whose head is turn'd by the sun.
5012 *Hood: Flowers*

With zealous steps he climbs the upland lawn,
And bows in homage to the rising dawn;
Imbibes with eagle eye the golden ray,
And watches, as it moves, the orb of day.
5013 *Erasmus Darwin: Love of the Plants.*

SUNRISE—*see* **Dawn, Morning, Ocean, Sun.**

Yonder comes the powerful king of day
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth and color'd air
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar.
5014 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 81.

Prime cheerer, light!
Of all material beings first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker!
5015 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 90

When from the opening chambers of the east
The morning springs in thousand liveries drest,
The early larks their morning tribute pay,
And, in shrill notes, salute the blooming day.
5016 *Thomson: The Morning in the Country*

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I say the sun is a most glorious sight,
I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
I have sat up on purpose all the night,
Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate;
And so all ye, who would be in the right
In health and purse, begin your day to date
From daybreak, and when coffin'd at fourscore,
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.

5017 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 140.

Yonder fly his scattered golden arrows,
And smite the hills with day.

5018 *Bayard Taylor: Poet's Journal. Third Even.*

'Tis morn. Behold the kingly Day now leaps
The eastern wall of earth with sword in hand,
Clad in a flowing robe of mellow light,
Like to a king that has regain'd his throne,
He warms his drooping subjects into joy,
That rise rejoiced to do him fealty,
And rules with pomp the universal world.

5019 *Joaquin Miller: Ina.* Sc. 2.

The east is blossoming! Yea, a rose,
Vast as the heavens, soft as a kiss,
Sweet as the presence of woman is,
Rises and reaches, and widens and grows
Large and luminous up from the sea,
And out of the sea, as a blossoming tree.

5020 *Joaquin Miller: Sunrise in Venice.* St. 3.

It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirsty east with gold.

5021 *James Russell Lowell: Above and Below.*

The morning light, which rains its quivering beams
Wide o'er the plains, the summits, and the streams,
In one broad blaze expands its golden glow
On all that answers to its glance below.

5022 *Oliver Wendell Holmes: Poetry. A Metrical Essay*

SUNSET — *see* **Clouds, Evening, Tempest, Twilight.**

The dying light,
Ere it departed, swathed each mountain height
In robes of purple; and adown the west,
Where sea and sky seemed mingling — breast to breast —
Drew the dense barks of ponderous clouds, and spread
A mantle o'er them of a royal red,
Belted with purple — lined with amber — tinged
With fiery gold — and blushing-purple fringed.

5023 *Chas. Mackay: Voices from the Mountains and from the Crowd.* Prologue.

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The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
5024 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 3

'Tis sunset: to the firmament serene,
The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene;
Broad in the cloudless west a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere; above, unroll'd,
The keen clear air grows palpable to sight,
Imbodied in a flush of crimson light.
5025 *James Montgomery: Greenland.* Canto iii. Line 344.

Dipp'd in the hues of sunset, wreath'd in zones,
The clouds are resting on their mountain-thrones;
One peak alone exalts its glacier crest,
A golden paradise, above the rest;
Thither the day with lingering steps retires,
And in its own blue element expires.
5026 *James Montgomery: Greenland.* Canto v. Line 95.

The sun was down,
And all the west was paved with sullen fire.
I cried "Behold! the barren beach of hell
At ebb of tide."
5027 *Alexander Smith: A Life Drama.* Sc. 4.

Cæsar-like the sun
Gathered his robes around him as he fell.
5028 *Alexander Smith: A Life Drama.* Sc. 8.

A day unsealed with sunset.
5029 *Alexander Smith: A Life Drama.* Sc. 4.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.
5030 *Whittier: Tent on the Beach. Abraham Davenport.*

Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.
5031 *Whittier: Sunset on the Bearcamp*

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Yon miracle-play of night and day
Makes dumb its witnesses.
What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair?
5032 *Whittier: Sunset on the Bearcamp.*

In the vale beneath the hill
The evening's growing purple strengthens.
5033 *Margaret J. Preston: Afternoon.* St. 7

The bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed.
5034 *Collins: Ode to Evening*

Loveliest are thy setting smiles, and fair,
Fairest of all that earth beholds, the hues
That live among the clouds, and flush the air,
Lingering and deepening at the hour of dews.
Then softest gales are breathed, and softest heard
The plaining voice of streams, and pensive note of bird.
5035 *William Cullen Bryant: Walk at Sunset.*

O the wondrous golden sunset of the blest October day.
5036 *Julia C. R. Dorr: Margery Grey.* St. 24.

And topples round the dreary west
A looming bastion fringed with fire.
5037 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. xv. St. 5.

Like a dying king, the parting day,
In calm, majestic prescience of decay,
Lighted his pyre that he a king might die.
5038 *H. H. Boyesen: I Sat and Gazed into the Burning [Sky.*

A wonderful glory of color,
A splendor of shifting light —
Orange and scarlet and purple —
Flamed in the sky to-night.
5039 *Margaret E. Sangster: A Winter Sunset.*

The day is done; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver!
5040 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. i.

The descending sun
Seems to caress the city that he loves,
And crowns it with the aureole of a saint.
5041 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. i. 2.

Day's lustrous eyes grow heavy in sweet death.
5042 *Schiller: The Expectation.*

The sun is going down,
And I must see the glory from the hill.
5043 *George Eliot: Agatha.*

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SUNSHINE.

See the gold sunshine patching,
And streaming and streaking across
The gray-green oaks; and catching,
By its soft brown beard, the moss.
5044 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *The Surface.*

On dreary night let lusty sunshine fall.
5045 *Schiller: Pompeii and Herculaneum.*

The sunshine on my path
Was to me as a friend.
5046 *William Cullen Bryant: A Winter Piece.*

SUPERFLUITY.

If ye know
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?
5047 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 831.

SUPERSTITION — *see* **Gipsies.**

"Alas! you know the cause too well:
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.
Then, to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell,
God send my Cornish friends be well!"
5048 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 37

Force first made conquest, and that conquest law,
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made:
She, 'midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To Power unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise;
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods.
5049 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iii. Line 245.

England, a fortune-telling host,
As num'rous as the stars could boast;
Matrons, who toss the cup, and see
The grounds of fate in grounds of tea.
5050 *Churchill: Ghost.* Bk. i. Line 115.

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'Tis a history
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale—
Which children, open-ey'd and mouth'd, devour;
And thus as garrulous ignorance relates,
We learn it and believe.
5051 *Southey: Thalaba.* Bk. iv. 9

SUPPLENESS — *see* **Deceit, Hypocrisy.**

How hard for real worth to gain its price:
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If blest with pliant, though but slender sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face.
5052 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire iii. Line 251.

SURFEIT — *see* **Excess, Gluttony, Satiety.**

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint.
5053 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act i. Sc. 3.

They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
5054 *Shaks.:* 1 *Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

People may have too much of a good thing—
Full as an egg of wisdom thus I sing.
5055 *Peter Pindar: Subjects for Painters. The Gent. and* [*his Wife.*

SURPRISE — *see* **Amazement, Astonishment.**

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
5056 *Pope: Epis. to Arbuthnot.* Line 171.

SUSPENSE — *see* **Crime.**

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense, from pleasure and from pain.
5057 *Pope: Eloisa to A.* Line 249

SUSPICION — *see* **Conscience, Jealousy, Love.**

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he feared is chanced.
5058 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 1

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SWALLOW.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warned of approaching Winter, gathered, play
The swallow-people; and tossed wide around
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feathered eddy floats; rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire.
5059 *Thomson: Seasons. Autumn.* Line 836.

SWANS.

The swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet.
5060 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. vii. Line 438.

The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young.
5061 *Thomson: Seasons. Spring.* Line 769.

SWEARING—*see* **Boasting, Oaths.**

When perjury, that heaven-defying vice,
Sells oaths by tale, and at the lowest price,
Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
To turn a penny in the way of trade.
5062 *Cowper: Table Talk.* Line 419.

And hast thou sworn, on every slight pretence,
Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book's outside who ne'er look within?
5063 *Cowper: Expostulation.* Line 388.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
5064 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 10.

SWEETNESS.

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
5065 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
5066 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
5067 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 1.

How sweet must be the lips that guard that tongue!
5068 *Farquhar: Constant Couple.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

SWIFTNESS.

I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.
5069 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 2

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SWIMMING — *see* **Shipwreck.**

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands
Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and through the obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humor leads, an easy-winding path;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

5070 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 1246.

How many a time have I
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
The wave all roughen'd; with a swimmer's stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me.

5071 *Byron: Two Foscari.* Act i. Sc. 1.

SYMPATHY — *see* **Kindness, Loss, Love, Music, Nature, Sensibility.**

How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping.

5072 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act i. Sc. 1.

What my tongue dares not that my heart shall say.

5073 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act v. Sc. 5.

Thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

5074 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Like will to like; each creature loves his kind,
Chaste words proceed still from a bashful mind.

5075 *Herrick: Aph. Like Loves his Like.*

There's nought in this bad world like sympathy:
'Tis so becoming to the soul and face —
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.

5076 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiv. St. 47.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

5077 *Longfellow: Endymion.*

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How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?
5078 *Longfellow: Annie of Tharaw. Tr. from Simon Dach.* [St. 12.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;
Something with passion clasp or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.
5079 *Longfellow: Motto. Hyperion.* Bk. ii

Our hearts, my love, were form'd to be
The genuine twins of sympathy,
They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Like chords in unison they move,
And thrill with like vibration.
5080 *Moore: Sympathy. To Julia.*

Whose hearts in every thought are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills,
Answering, as echo doth, some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain.
5081 *Moore: Loves of the Angels. Third Angel's Story*

How bless'd the heart that has a friend
A sympathizing ear to lend
To troubles too great to smother?
For as ale and porter, when flat, are restor'd
Till a sparkling, bubbling head they afford,
So sorrow is cheer'd by being pour'd
From one vessel into another.
5082 *Hood: Miss Kilmansegg. Her Misery.*

Whom the heart of man shuts out,
Sometimes the heart of God takes in,
And fences them all round about
With silence 'mid the world's loud din.
5083 *James Russell Lowell: The Forlorn.* St. 16

He who steps on stones is glad to feel
The smallest spray of moss beneath his feet.
5084 *Anna Katharine Green: Paul Isham.*

We are much bound to them that do succeed;
But, in a more pathetic sense, are bound
To such as fail. They all our loss expound;
They comfort us for work that will not speed,
And life — itself a failure.
5085 *Jean Ingelow: Failure*

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SYNODS — *see* **Creed, Religion.**

Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
And other members of the court,
Manage the Babylonish sport.
5086 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto iii. Line 1095.

Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
A mungrel breed of like pernicion.
5087 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto iii. Line 1149.

T.

TAILOR.

O monstrous arrogance! thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou:—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
5088 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

TALE — *see* **Astonishment, Fear, Life, Story.**

This act is an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
5089 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 2

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
5090 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave, and, strange to tell,
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.
5091 *Blair: Grave.* Line 67.

TALENTS.

Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.
5092 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vi. Line 273.

TALKING — *see* **Boasting, Bores, Eloquence, Speech, Tongue, Words.**

You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense.
5093 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

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The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.
5094 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 5

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first called my brother's father, dad.
5095 *Shaks.: King John.* Act ii. Sc. 2

Why, what a wasp-tongued and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
5096 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 3.

We will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be assured
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
5097 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 3.

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:
What is your study?
5098 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease;
And with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
5099 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 443.

They always talk who never think.
5100 *Prior: Upon this Passage in the Scaligeriana.*

My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain;
We from the wordy torrent fly;
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye?
5101 *Gay: Fables.* Introduction

Words learn'd by rote, a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign.
5102 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 7

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TASSO.

Tasso is their glory and their shame.
Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!
And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell:
The miserable despot could not quell
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend
With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end
Scatter'd the clouds away — and on that name attend.
5103 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 36

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
Aim'd with her poison'd arrows, — but to miss.
Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song!
Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combin'd and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine? Though all in one
Condens'd their scatter'd rays, they would not form a sun.
5104 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 39

TASTE.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face as soon as of a mind.
5105 *Pope:* Satire vi. Line 265

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some demon whispered, "Visto! have a taste."
5106 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iv. Line 13

Good native Taste, tho' rude, is seldom wrong,
Be it in music, painting, or in song:
But this, as well as other faculties,
Improves with age and ripens by degrees.
5107 *Armstrong: Taste.* Line 26

'Tis chiefly taste, or blunt, or gross, or fine,
Makes life insipid, bestial, or divine.
Better be born with taste to little rent
Than the dull monarch of a continent;
Without this bounty which the gods bestow,
Can Fortune make one favorite happy? No.
5108 *Armstrong: Benevolence.* Line 48

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TATTLERS.

Who ever keeps an open ear
For tattlers, will be sure to hear
The trumpet of contention;
Aspersion is the babbler's trade,
To listen is to lend him aid,
And rush into dissension.
5109 *Cowper: Friendship.* St. 17

TAVERNS — *see* **Inns.**

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
5110 *Keats: Mermaid Tavern.*

Would you have each blessing full,
Hither fly and live with Bull,
Feast for body, feast for mind,
Best of welcome, taste refin'd.
Bull does nothing here by halves,
All other landlords are but calves.
5111 *Lord Erskine: N. Q. Sept. 8th,* 1866

TAXATION.

These exactions
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em
The back is sacrifice to the load.
5112 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 2

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection.
5113 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails;
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
5114 *Congreve: Epis. to Sir Richard Temple. Of Pleasing.*
What is't to us if taxes rise or fall? [Line 17
Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
5115 *Churchill: Night.* Line 263

TEA.

The gentle fair on nervous tea relies,
Whilst gay good-nature sparkles in her eyes;
An inoffensive scandal fluttering round,
Too rough to tickle, and too light to wound.
5116 *Crabbe: Inebriety.* Line 31

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TEACHING — *see* **Education.**

I have labored,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way.
5117 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act v. Sc 2

Teachers men honor, learners they allure;
But learners teaching, of contempt are sure.
Scorn is their certain meed, and smart their only cure.
5118 *Crabbe: Learned Boy.* Last lines.

TEARS — *see* **Affection, Grief, Love, Petitions, Sympathy, Weeping.**

The big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.
5119 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 1

What's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet,
The many-colored Iris, rounds thine eye?
5120 *Shaks.: All's Well.* Act i. Sc. 3

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
That honorable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown.
5121 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act ii. Sc. 1

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
5122 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Let me wipe off this honorable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks;
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
5123 *Shaks.: King John.* Act v. Sc. 2

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.
5124 *Shaks.: Henry V* Act iv. Sc. 6

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To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me.
5125 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

What I should say
My tears gainsay: for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
5126 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 4.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears:
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops.
5127 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 2.

I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
5128 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

He has strangled
His language in his tears.
5129 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheek!
5130 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: those happy smiles
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.
5131 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
5132 *Shaks.: Titus And.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
5133 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes,
What rocky heart to water will not wear?"
5134 *Shaks.: Lover's Complaint.* Line 288.

Our present tears here, not our present laughter,
Are but the handsells of our joys hereafter.
5135 *Herrick: Noble Numbers.* **Tears.**

She by the river sat, and sitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a tear.
5136 *Herrick: Aph. Another Upon Her* **Weeping**

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Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.
5137 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. i. Line 619

Thy tears are no reproach:
Tears oft look graceful on the manly cheek;
The cruel cannot weep. Even friendship's eye
Gives thee the drop it would refuse itself.
5138 *Thomson: Sophonisba.* Act v. Sc. 1

Hide not thy tears; weep boldly . . . and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way:
'Tis nature's mark, to know an honest heart by.
Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot melt
In soft adoption of another's sorrow.
5139 *Aaron Hill: Alzira.* Act ii

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
5140 *Scott: Rokeby.* Canto iv. St. 11

A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A stripling for a woman's heart:
But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
5141 *Scott: Marmion.* Canto v. St. 16

So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
Even Pity scarce can wish it less!
5142 *Byron: Bride of Ab.* Canto i. St. 3

What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
That starts at once — bright — pure — from pity's mine,
Already polished by the hand divine!
5143 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto ii. St. 15

Oh! too convincing — dangerously dear —
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue — at once her spear and shield;
Avoid it — virtue ebbs and wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
5144 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto ii. St. 15

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear.
5145 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 24

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She was a good deal shock'd; not shock'd at tears.
For women shed and use them at their liking;
But there is something when man's eye appears
Wet, still more disagreeable and striking.
5146 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St 118

Hide thy tears —
I do not bid thee *not* to shed them — 'twere
Easier to stop Euphrates at its source
Than one tear of a true and tender heart —
But let me not behold them; they unman me.
5147 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

I wish'd but for a single tear,
As something welcome, new and dear,
I wish'd it then, I wish it still,
Despair is stronger than my will.
5148 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 1263.

When friendship or love our sympathies move,
When truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a tear.
5149 *Byron: The Tear.*

May no marble bestow the splendor of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame shall blazon my name,
All I ask — all I wish — is a Tear.
5150 *Byron: The Tear.*

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
5151 *Wordsworth: Intimations of Immortality.*

My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread.
5152 *Hood: Song of the Shirt.*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.
5153 *Tennyson: The Princess.* Pt. iv. Line 21.

The smile that illumines the features of beauty,
When kindled by virtue, alluring appears;
But smiles, tho' alluring, no magic can borrow,
To vie with the softness of beauty in tears.
The smiles that are sweetest are often deceiving;
Too often a mask which the cold-hearted wears;
But a tear is the holiest offspring of feeling,
And monarchs are weak before beauty in tears.
5154 *Bohn: Ma*

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Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.
5155 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. i. Line 180

TEETH.

Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my Girl,
To part her lips, and show'd them there
The quarrelets of Pearl.
5156 *Herrick: Rock of Rubies and Quarry of Pearls*

TELEGRAPH.

O star-eyed Science! hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
5157 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. ii. Line 325

TEMPER — *see* **Discretion.**

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?
5158 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act i. Sc. 2

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.
5159 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 257

TEMPERANCE — *see* **Abstinence, Old Age, Water.**

If all the world
Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd;
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons.
5160 *Milton: Comus.* Line 720

Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance. She, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
5161 *Milton: Comus.* Line 762

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If thou well observe
The rule of "*Not too much,*" by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return;
So mayst thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.
5162 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. xi. Line 530

Temp'rate in every place, — abroad, at home,
Thence will applause, and hence will profit come;
And health from either — he in time prepares
For sickness, age, and their attendant cares.
5163 *Crabbe: The Borough.* Letter xvii. Line 198.

TEMPESTS — *see* **Storm, Sunset, Thunder, Wind.**

Suddeine they see from midst of all the maine
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea, puft up with proud disdaine,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatning to devoure all that his powre despise.
5164 *Spenser: Faerie Queene.* Bk. ii. Canto xii. St. 21.

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
5165 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 1.

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
5166 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Who shall face
The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?
. . . . . .
The vast hulks
Are whirled like chaff upon the waves; the sails
Fly, rent like webs of gossamer; the masts
Are snapped asunder.
5167 *William Cullen Bryant: Hymn of the Sea.*

There is war in the skies!
Lo! the black-wingèd legions of tempest arise
O'er those sharp splinter'd rocks that are gleaming below
In the soft light, so fair and so fatal, as though
Some seraph burn'd through them, the thunderbolt search-
ing
Which the black cloud unbosom'd just now.
5168 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. i. Canto iv. St. 12

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Meanwhile
The sun, in his setting, sent up the last smile
Of his power, to baffle the storm. And, behold!
O'er the mountains embattled, his armies, all gold,
Rose and rested: while far up the dim airy crags,
Its artillery silenced, its banners in rags,
The rear of the tempest its sullen retreat
Drew off slowly, receding in silence, to meet
The powers of the night, which, now gathering afar,
Had already sent forward one bright, single star.
5169 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. i. Canto iv. St. 18

An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
5170 *Dryden: Astræa Redux.* Line 7

From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass,
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.
5171 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 799

Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.
5172 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 66

And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
In one wild moment ruined; the big hopes
And well-earned treasures of the painful year.
5173 *Thomson: Seasons. Autumn.* Line 836

The sky
Is overcast, and musters muttering thunder,
In clouds that seem approaching fast, and show
In forked flashes a commanding tempest.
5174 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act ii. Sc. 1

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Hark! hark! deep sounds, and deeper still,
Are howling from the mountain's bosom:
There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom;
Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.
5175 *Byron: Heaven and Earth.* Pt. i. Sc. 3

Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.
5176 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St. 92.

The night grows wondrous dark: deep-swelling gusts
And sultry stillness take the rule by turns;
Whilst o'er our heads the black and heavy clouds
Roll slowly on. This surely bodes a storm.
5177 *Joanna Baillie: Rayner.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

TEMPTATION — *see* **Saints.**

How many perils doe enfold
The righteous man to make him daily fall.
5178 *Spenser: Faerie Queene.* Bk. i. Canto viii. St. 1.

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
5179 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 3.

To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
5180 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.
5181 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil;
For saints may do the same things by
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do:
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary.
5182 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 233.

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The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
5183 *Pope: Im. of Horace.* Bk. ii. Satire vi. Line 181

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
To wear it? who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
5184 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St 11

TENDERNESS.

Higher than the perfect song
For which love longeth,
Is the tender fear of wrong,
That never wrongeth.
5185 *Bayard Taylor: Improvisations.* Pt. v

TERROR — *see* **Alarm.**

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change.
5186 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 4

THAMES — *see* **Rivers.**

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear: though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
5187 *Denham: Cooper's Hill.* Line 189

The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
5188 *Pope: Windsor Forest* Line 397.

THANKFULNESS — *see* **Gratitude.**

The poorest service is repaid with thanks.
5189 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act iv. Sc. 3

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of th' poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty.
5190 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 3

Thanks to men
Of noble minds, is honorable meed.
5191 *Shaks.: Titus And.* Act i. Sc. 2

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Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.
5192 *Gray: Ode for Music.* Line 61.

THEATRICALS — *see* **Actors, Drama, Stage.**

Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
5193 *Pope: Dunciad.* Bk. iii. Line 261.

THEFT.

I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
5194 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

Every true man's apparel fits your thief.
5195 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

And easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know.
5196 *Shaks.: Titus. And.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Your thief looks
Exactly like the rest, or rather better;
'Tis only at the bar, and in the dungeon,
That wise men know your felon by his features.
5197 *Byron: Werner.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

THEORY.

'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine
On vain refinements vainly to refine,
To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
To boast of apathy when out of pain,
And in each sentence, worthy of the schools,
Varnish'd with sophistry, to deal out rules
Most fit for practice, but for one poor fault
That into practice they can ne'er be brought.
5198 *Churchill: Farewell.* Line 67.

THIRST — *see* **Water.**

That panting thirst, which scorches in the breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death;
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
One drop — the last — to cool it for the grave.
5199 *Byron: Lara.* Canto ii. St. 16.

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THIRTY-FIVE.

Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five!
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five;
He that ever hopes to thrive,
Must begin by thirty-five.

5200 *Dr. Johnson: To Mrs. Thrale, when thirty-five*

Of all the barb'rous Middle Ages, that
Which is most barb'rous is the Middle Age
Of man; it is — I really scarce know what;
But when we hover between fool and sage,
And don't know justly what we would be at, —
A period something like a printed page,
Black letter upon fool's-cap, while our hair
Grows grizzled, and we are not what we were; —

Too old for youth — too young at thirty-five,
To herd with boys, or hoard with good three-score —
I wonder people should be left alive!
But since they are, that epoch is a bore:
Love lingers still, although 'twere late to wive;
And as for other love, the illusion's o'er;
And money, that most pure imagination,
Gleams only through the dawn of its creation.

5201 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xii. Sts. 1 and 2

THOUGHT — *see* **Mind, Reflection.**

I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

5202 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 1

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

5203 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in heaven.

5204 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 95

Thoughts shut up, want air,
And spoil like bales unopened to the sun.

5205 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 468

Thought alone is eternal.

5206 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. ii. Canto v. St. 16

Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush of wings,
Regrets and recollections of things past,
With hints and prophecies of things to be,
And inspirations, which, could they be things,
And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,
Were our good angels, — these I owe to thee.

5207 *Longfellow: Two Rivers. Sonnet* iii

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Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
5208 *Gray: Progress of Poesy.* iii. 3

Thought is the measure of life.
5209 *C. G. Leland: The Return of the Gods.*

When our thoughts are born,
Though they be good and humble, one should mind
How they are reared, or some will go astray
And shame their mother.
5210 *Jean Ingelow: Gladys and her Island.* Line 157.

Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which
Men are and ought to be accountable, —
If not to Thee, to those they influence.
5211 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town*

The ground
Of all great thoughts is sadness.
5212 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Garden and Bower by the Sea.*

One thought
Settles a life, an immortality.
5213 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

The value of a thought cannot be told.
5214 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.
5215 *Tennyson: Locksley Hall.* St. 69.

No thought which ever stirred
A human breast should be untold.
5216 *Robert Browning: Paracelsus.* Sc. 2.

Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.
5217 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. xxiii. St. 4.

THREATS — *see* **Defiance, Honesty.**

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
5218 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act i. Sc. 2.

I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension;
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
5219 *Shaks.: 1 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

Unhand me, gentlemen; —
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.
5220 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 4.

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Hence,
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
5221 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act ii. Sc. 5

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.
5222 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4

I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir, though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: away thy hand.
5223 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 1

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
5224 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3

Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all;
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.
5225 *Beaumont and Fletcher: Philaster.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring.
5226 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 699

Stand there, damn'd meddling villain, and be silent;
For if thou utt'rest but a single word,
A cough or hem, to cross me in my speech,
I'll send thy cursed spirit from the earth,
To bellow with the damn'd:
5227 *Joanna Baillie: Basil.* Act iv. Sc. 2

THRIFT — *see* **Caution, Economy.**

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
5228 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 3

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THUNDER — *see* **Tempest.**

A storm-cloud lurid with lightning,
And a cry of lamentation,
Repeated and again repeated,
Deep and loud
As the reverberation
Of cloud answering unto cloud,
Swells and rolls away in the distance,
As if the sheeted
Lightning retreated,
Baffled and thwarted by the wind's resistance.
5229 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Epilogue

TIME — *see* **Age, Decay, Decision, Dispatch, Life, Mortality, Mutability.**

Still the Years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight, all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great, and worthy of love.
5230 *William Cullen Bryant: Flood of Years.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
5231 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
5232 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.
5233 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
5234 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 3

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
5235 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act v. Sc. 5.

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks,
And formless ruin of oblivion.
5236 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iv. Sc. 5.

The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
5237 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iv. Sc. 5.

Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
5238 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

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Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers, that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.
5239 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 129

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
5240 *Shaks.: Sonnet* lx

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
5241 *Shaks.: Sonnet* lx

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
5242 *Shaks.: Sonnet* lxv.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers.
5243 *Shaks.: R. of Lucrece.* Line 939.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.
5244 *Herrick: To Virgins to Make Much of Time.*

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file. . . .
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
5245 *Emerson: Days.*

Threefold the stride of Time, from first to last!
Loitering slow, the FUTURE creepeth —
Arrow-swift, the PRESENT sweepeth —
And motionless forever stands the PAST.
5246 *Schiller: Sentences of Confucius. Time.*

Forever haltless hurries Time, the Durable to gain.
Be true, and thou shalt fetter Time with everlasting chain.
5247 *Schiller: The Immutable.*

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Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
5248 *Pope: Pastorals. Winter.* Line 88

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
5249 *Longfellow: Psalm of Life*

Time rides with the old
At a great pace. As travellers on swift steeds
See the near landscape fly and flow behind them,
While the remoter fields and dim horizons
Go with them, and seem wheeling round to meet them,
So in old age things near us slip away,
And distant things go with us.
5250 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. ii. 3.

The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man.
5251 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night i. Line 55.

We see Time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves in that just mirror see!
5252 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 627.

Time is eternity,
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes Archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored.
5253 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 107.

Time *wasted* is existence; *used*, is life.
5254 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 152.

Nought treads so silent as the foot of time;
Hence we mistake our Autumn for our prime.
5255 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire v. Line 483.

Time destroyed,
Is suicide where more than blood is spilt.
5256 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 292.

Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth ask death-beds, they can tell.
5257 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 48

Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
5258 *Armstrong: A. of Preserving Health.* Bk. ii. Line 542

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Catch! then, Oh! catch, the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer — man a flower —
He dies — alas! how soon he dies!
5259 *Dr. Johnson: Winter*

Noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers.
5260 *Spencer: Lines to Lady A. Hamilton*

Time is hastening on, and we
What our father's are shall be, —
Shadow-shapes of memory!
Joined to that vast multitude
Where the great are but the good.
5261 *Whittier: To my Old Schoolmaster.*

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and wither'd, of their force
Wait, on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight!
5262 *Scott: Lady of the Lake.* Canto iii. St. 1.

"Where is the world?" cries Young, at *eighty*. "Where
The world in which a man was born?" Alas!
Where is the world of *eight* years past? *'Twas there* —
I look for it — 'tis gone, a globe of glass
Cracked, shivered, vanished, scarcely gazed on ere
A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.
Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,
And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings.
5263 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xi. St. 76.

O Time! Why dost not pause? Thy scythe so dirty
With rust, should surely cease to hack and hew.
Reset it; shave more smoothly, also slower,
If but to keep thy credit as a mower.
5264 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiv. St. 53.

O Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled —
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love, — sole philosopher!
5265 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 130.

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow, —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
5266 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 182.

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Out upon time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!
Out upon time! who forever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve.
5267 *Byron: Siege of Corinth* St. 18

Still on it creeps,
Each little moment at another's heels,
Till hours, days, years, and ages are made up
Of such small parts as these, and men look back,
Worn and bewilder'd, wond'ring how it is.
Thou travellest like a ship in the wide ocean,
Which hath no bounding shore to mark its progress;
O Time! ere long I shall have done with thee.
5268 *Joanna Baillie: Rayner.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Believe me, Time's of monstrous use;
But, ah! how subject to abuse!
It seems that with him, folks were often *cloy'd;*
I do pronounce it, Time's a *public good,*
Just like a youthful Beauty — to be *woo'd,*
Made *much* of, and be *properly* enjoy'd.
5269 *Peter Pindar: Lyric Odes.* Ode xix. 1785.

Oh! never chide the wing of time,
Or say 'tis tardy in its flight!
You'll find the days speed quick enough,
If you but husband them aright.

The span of life is waning fast;
Beware, unthinking youth, beware!
Thy soul's *eternity* depends
Upon the record *moments* bear!
5270 *Eliza Cook: Time*

TIME-SERVING.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
5271 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

TITHES.

This priest he merry is and blithe
Three quarters of a year,
But oh! it cuts him like a scythe,
When tithing-time draws near.

He then is full of frights and fears,
As one at point to die,
And long before the day appears
He heaves up many a sigh.
5272 *Cowper: Yearly Distress.* St. 2.

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TITLES — *see* **Ancestry, Honor, Nobility.**

We all are soldiers, and all venture lives;
And where there is no difference in men's worth,
Titles are jests.
5273 *Beaumont and Fletcher: King or No King.* Act i. Sc. 1

Titles are marks of honest men and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.
5274 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire i. Line 137

Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward,
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants.
5275 *Rowe: Jane Shore.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Titles of honor add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honor to his titles.
5276 *Ford: Lady's Trial.* Act i. Sc. 3.

TOASTS.

Quiet days, fair issue, and long life.
5277 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act iv. Sc. 1

To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure.
5278 *Ben Jonson: Metamorphosed Gipsies. Song*

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty;
Let the toast pass:
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
5279 *Sheridan: School for Scandal.* Act iii. Sc. 3

TOBACCO — *see* **Smoking, Snuff.**

Tobacco, an outlandish weed,
Doth in the land strange wonders breed;
It taints the breath, the blood it dries,
It burns the head, it blinds the eyes;
It dries the lungs, scourgeth the lights,
It 'numbs the soul, it dulls the sprites;
It brings a man into a maze,
And makes him sit for others' gaze;
It mars a man, it mars a purse,
A lean one fat, a fat one worse;
A white man black, a black man white,
A night a day, a day a night;
It turns the brain like cat in pan,
And makes a Jack a gentleman.
5280 *Fairholt: J. Payne. Collier's M.*

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Carmen
Are got into the yellow starch, and chimney sweepers
To their tobacco, and strong waters.
5281 *Ben Jonson: Devil is an Ass.* Act i. Sc. 1

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours:
Thou art indeed the drug a gardener wants,
To poison vermin that infest his plants.
5282 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 251

TO-DAY.

To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.
5283 *Cowley: The Epicure.*

Our cares are all To-day, our joys are all To-day;
And in one little word, our life, what is it but — To-day?
5284 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of To-day.*

Thou art no dreamer, O thou stern To-day!
The dead past had its dreams; the real is thine.
5285 *Julia C. R. Dorr: Three Days.*

What dost thou bring to me, O fair To-day,
That comest o'er the mountains with swift feet?
5286 *Julia C. R. Dorr: To-day*

TOIL — *see* **Industry, Labor, Work.**

Toil, and be strong; by toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone:
The greener juices are by toil subdued,
Mellow'd, and subtilis'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancor of the blood.
5287 *Armstrong: Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. iii. Line 39

He chooses best, whose labor entertains
His vacant fancy most; the toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.
5288 *Armstrong: Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. iii. Line 167

The body . . .
Much toil demands; the lean elastic less.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
No labors are too hard; by those you 'scape
The slow diseases of the torpid year,
Endless to name.
5289 *Armstrong: Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. iii. Line 357

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Toil, and be glad! let industry inspire
Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead; absorbed entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!
5290 *Thomson: Castle of Indolence.* Canto ii. St. 54

There is a time when toil must be preferr'd,
Or joy, by mistimed fondness, is undone.
5291 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 798.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.
5292 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act v. Sc. 5.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun on thee may never rise;
Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight
With her enlivening and unlook'd for light,
How grateful will appear her dawning rays,
As favors unexpected doubly please.
5293 *Congreve: Letter to Cobham.*

To-morrow! never yet was born
In earth's dull atmosphere a thing so fair —
Never tripped, with footsteps light as air,
So glad a vision o'er the hills of morn.
5294 *Julia C. R. Dorr: Three Days.*

O, fair To-morrow, what our souls have missed
Art thou not keeping for us, somewhere, still?
The buds of promise that have never blown —
The tender lips that we have never kissed —
The song whose high, sweet strain eludes our skill,
The one white pearl that life hath never known.
5295 *Julia C. R. Dorr: Three Days.*

There *is* no morrow: Though before our face
The shadow named so stretches, we alway
Fail to o'ertake it, hasten as we may.
5296 *Margaret J. Preston: One Day*

To-morrow comes, and we are where?
Then let us live to-day.
5297 *Schiller: The Victory Feast.* St. 13

A shining isle in a stormy sea,
We seek it ever with smiles and sighs;
To-day is sad. In the fair To-be,
Serene and lovely To-morrow lies.
5298 *Mary Clemmer: To-morrow*

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To-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh, which a traveller never reacheth;
To-morrow, the rainbow's cup, coveted prize of ignorance;
To-morrow, the shifting anchorage, dangerous trust of mariners;
To-morrow, the wrecker's beacon, wily snare of the destroyer.
Reconcile conviction with delay, and To-morrow is a fatal lie;
Frighten resolutions into action, To-morrow is a wholesome truth.
5299 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of To-morrow.*

Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
And through the opening door that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow creep.
5300 *Longfellow: To-morrow.*

To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
And shows its weakness.
5301 *Young: Old Man's Relapse.* Line 6

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow?
5302 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night i. Line 373.

To-morrow's action! Can that hoary wisdom,
Borne down with years, still dote upon to-morrow,—
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose
A useless life in waiting for to-morrow;
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
5303 *Dr. Johnson: Irene.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Where art thou, beloved To-morrow?
Whom young and old, and strong and weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek —
In thy place — ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled — To-day.
5304 *Shelley: To-morrow*

TONGUE — *see* **Eloquence, Language, Loquacity, Talking.**

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
5305 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act iii. Sc. 2

Oh that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.
5306 *Shaks.: Titus And.* Act iii. Sc. 1

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While thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.
5307 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act iii. Sc. 2

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths which true wit cannot need;
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin:
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
5308 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 11.

Sacred interpreter of human thought,
How few respect or use thee as they ought!
But all shall give account of every wrong,
Who dare dishonor or defile the tongue;
Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,
Or sell their glory at a market-price!
5309 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 23

TOOTHACHE.

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.
5310 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act v. Sc. 1.

TOWN.

The town divided, each runs several ways,
As passion, humor, int'rest, party sways,
Things of no moment, color of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favor, or create distaste.
5311 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 37.

TRADE.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose.
5312 *Goldsmith: Des. Village.* Line 63.

Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds
A stream of liberal and heroic deeds;
The swell of pity, not to be confined
Within the scanty limits of the mind.
5313 *Cowper: Charity.* Line 244

If a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe,
Wise to promote whatever end he means,
God opens fruitful Nature's various scenes,
Each climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers something to the general use;
No land but listens to the common call,
And in return receives supply from all.
5314 *Cowper: Charity.* Line 85

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In every age and clime we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
5315 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 21

TRAINING.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
5316 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

TRAITOR — *see* **Rebellion, Treason.**

Remember him, the villain, righteous heav'n!
In thy great day of vengeance blast the traitor,
And his pernicious counsel, who, for wealth,
For power, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars.
5317 *Rowe: Jane Shore.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

TRANSLATION.

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.
5318 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

TRANSPORT — *see* **Passion.**

On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper, here!
5319 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Line 639

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

He was the Word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.
5320 *John Donne: On the Sacrament.*[1]

TRAVELLING — *see* **Authors, Home.**

When I was at home, I was in a better place;
But travellers must be content.
5321 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

To a wise man all the world's his soil:
It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.
5322 *Ben Jonson: Volpone.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

[1] These lines have been variously assigned as well as misquoted, but the author of them is undoubtedly Donne. Sherlock, in his "Practical Christian," 1698, gives them as follows:

"Christ was the Word, and spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what the Word doth make it,
That I believe and take it."

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The man who, with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew:
For, when we risk no contradiction
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.

5323 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. 1. Fable 10

Travel is a ceaseless fount of surface education,
But its wisdom will be simply superficial, if thou add no thoughts to things.

5324 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Things*

In travelling
I shape myself betimes to idleness
And take fools' pleasures. . . .

5325 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. 1

Returning he proclaims by many a grace,
By shrugs and strange contortions of his face,
How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

5326 *Cowper: Prog. of Error.* Line 413.

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters: it unmans one quite,
Especially when life is rather new.

5327 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 12

There is nothing gives a man such spirits,
Leavening his blood as cayenne doth a curry,
As going at full speed — no matter where its
Direction be, so 'tis but in a hurry,
And merely for the sake of its own merits;
For the less cause there is for all this flurry,
The greater is the pleasure in arriving
At the great *end* of travel — which is driving.

5328 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto x. St. 72

She had resolved that he should travel through
All European climes, by land or sea,
To mend his former morals, and get new,
Especially in France and Italy,
(At least this is the thing most people do).

5329 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 191

TREASON — *see* **Danger, Deceit, Kings, Sedition, Traitor.**

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

5330 *Sir John Harrington: Epigrams.* Bk. iv. Epigram 5

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Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live.
5331 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act i Sc. 1

Treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame,[1] so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
5332 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 2

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favor,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness!
5333 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

Treason and murther, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose.
5334 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

So Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried — All hail! when as he meant — all harm.
5335 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 7.

Treason is not own'd when 'tis descried;
Successful crimes alone are justified.
5336 *Dryden: Medals.* Line 207.

Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?
5337 *Addison: Cato.* Act i. Sc. 1.

The man, who pauses on the paths of treason,
Halts on a quicksand, the first step engulfs him.
5338 *Aaron Hill: Henry V.* Act 1.

I know that there are angry spirits
And turbulent mutterers of stifled treason,
Who lurk in narrow places, and walk out
Muffled to whisper curses to the night;
Disbanded soldiers, discontented ruffians,
And desperate libertines who brawl in taverns.
5339 *Byron: Mar. Faliero.* Act iv. Sc. 1

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might —!
5340 *Moore: Lalla Rookh. Fire-Worshippers*

TREES — *see* **Garden, Oak.**

Trees can smile in light at the sinking sun
Just as the storm comes, as a girl would look
On a departing lover — most serene.
5341 *Robert Browning: Pauline.* Line 726

[1] This reading is given by A. Allott in his "England's Parnassus," 1600.

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Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven.

5342 *William Cullen Bryant: Forest Hymn*

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them — ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

5343 *William Cullen Bryant: Forest Hymn.*

These shades
Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while below
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily.

5344 *William Cullen Bryant: Inscription for the Entrance [to a Wood.*

So bright in death I used to say,
So beautiful through frost and cold!
A lovelier thing I know to-day,
The leaf is growing old,
And wears in grace of duty done,
The gold and scarlet of the sun.

5345 *Margaret E. Sangster: A Maple Leaf*

Sure thou did'st flourish once! and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies;
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still-enduring skies;
While the low violet thrives at their root.

5346 *Henry Vaughan: The Timber*

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

5347 *George P. Morris: Woodman, Spare that Tree*

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The trees were gazing up into the sky,
Their bare arms stretched in prayer for the snows.
5348 *Alexander Smith: A Life-Drama.* Sc. 2

TRIALS.

We learn through trial.
5349 *Margaret J. Preston: Attainment.* St. 7

TRICKERY.

That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
5350 *Bret Harte: Plain Language from Truthful James.*

TRIFLER.

Whether he measure earth, compute the sea,
Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or spit a flea,
The solemn trifler with his boasted skill
Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still.
5351 *Cowper: Charity.* Line 353.

TRIFLES.

Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
5352 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

It is a note
Of upstart greatness to observe and watch
For these poor trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects and scorns.
5353 *Ben Jonson: Sejanus.* Act v. Sc. 8.

Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
5354 *Pope: Epis. to Miss Blount.* Line 4.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;
And trifles life.
5355 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire vi. Line 193.

TRINITY.

Since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
Something against the Trinity.
5356 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 10.

TROY.

Troy, for ten long years, her foes withstood,
And daily bleeding bore th' expense of blood:
Now for thick streets it shows an empty space,
Or only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd race,
Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was.
5357 *Dryden: Pyth. Philosophy.* (*Ovid's Met.* xv.) Line 630.

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TRUTH—*see* **Falsity, Fiction, Honor, Lies, Oaths, Philosophy, Roses.**

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
5358 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

This is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.
5359 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act v. Sc. 1.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.
5360 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act iii. Sc. 1

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.
5361 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.
5362 *William Cullen Bryant: The Battle-field.*

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.
5363 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 13.

Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
5364 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. iii. Line 9.

Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the wicked due;
For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.
5365 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto ii. Line 255.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
5366 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto ii. Line 175.

Truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.
5367 *Dryden: Hind and Panther.* Pt. i. Line 33.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true,
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.
. . . . . .
Without good breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.
5368 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. iii. Line 13

Truth . . . needs no flowers of speech.
5369 *Pope:* Satire iv. Line 3

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Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of Truth.
5370 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. 1. Fable 1.

Truth! why shall every wretch of letters
Dare to speak truth against his betters!
Let ragged virtue stand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;
Let ragged wit a mute become,
When wealth and power would have her dumb.
5371 *Churchill: Ghost.* Bk. iii. Line 875.

Truths on which depend our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.
5372 *Cowper: Tirocinium.* Line 77

Marble and recording brass decay,
And, like the 'graver's memory, pass away;
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust;
But Truth divine forever stands secure,
Its head as guarded, as its base is sure;
Fixed in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of the eternal plan appears;
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that Architect who built the skies.
5373 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 551.

"Can this be true?" an arch observer cries, —
"Yes," rather moved, "I saw it with these eyes.
Sir! I believe it on that ground alone;
I could not had I seen it with my own."
5374 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 231.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.
5375 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. v. Line 133.

All truth is precious, if not all divine,
And what dilates the pow'rs must needs refine.
5376 *Cowper: Charity.* Line 331.

'Tis strange, but true, for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction; if it could be told,
How much would novels gain by the exchange!
How differently the world would men behold!
How oft would vice and virtue places change:
The new world would be nothing to the old,
If some Columbus of the moral seas
Would show mankind their soul's antipodes.
5377 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiv. St. 101.

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All that I know is, that the facts I state
Are true as truth has ever been of late.
5378 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto vi. St. 85.

Truth's fountains may be clear — her streams are muddy,
And cut through such canals of contradiction,
That she must often navigate o'er fiction.
5379 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xv. St. 88

No words suffice the secret soul to show
And truth denies all eloquence to woe.
5380 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto iii. St. 22

Truth is one;
And, in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.
5381 *Whittier: Miriam*

Truth! Truth! where is the sound
Of thy calm, unflatt'ring voice to be found?
We may go to the Senate, where Wisdom rules,
And find but deceiv'd or deceiving fools:
Who dare trust the sages of old,
When one shall unsay what another has told?
And even the lips of childhood and youth
But rarely echo the tone of Truth.
5382 *Eliza Cook: Truth.*

Who never doubted, never half believed,
Where doubt, there truth is, 'tis her shadow.
5383 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

The truth of truths is love.
5384 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Another and a Better World.*

The nimble lie
Is like the second-hand upon a clock;
We see it fly; while the hour-hand of truth
Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen,
And wins, at last, for the clock will not strike
Till it has reached the goal.
5385 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. III. v.

Weakness never needs be falseness: truth is truth in each degree
Thunderpealed by God to Nature, whispered by my soul to me.
5386 *Robert Browning: La Saisiaz* Line 150

Truth is truth howe'er it strike.
5387 *Robert Browning: La Saisiaz.* Line 198

Truth is more than a dream and a song.
5388 *Schiller: The Hostage.* Last St

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Truth is eternal, and the Son of Heaven,
Bright effluence of th' immortal ray.
Chief cherub, and chief lamp, of that high sacred Seven,
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by day,
First of God's darling attributes.
5389 *Swift: Ode to Dr. Wm. Sancroft.*

To-day abhorr'd, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run;
And ever the Truth comes uppermost.
5390 *Charles Mackay: Eternal Justice.* St. 2.

I love love: truth's no cleaner thing than love.
5391 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. iii. Line 735.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
5392 *Keats: Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne.
5393 *James Russell Lowell: Present Crisis.* St. 8.

Truth needs not, . . . the eloquence of oaths.
5394 *Peter Pindar: A Benevolent Epistle to John Nichols.*

The sages say, Dame Truth delights to dwell,
Strange mansion! in the bottom of a well.
Questions are, then, the windlass and the rope
That pull the grave old gentlewoman up.
5395 *Peter Pindar: Birthday Ode.*

Flattery's the turnpike road to Fortune's door —
Truth is a narrow lane, all full of quags
Leading to broken heads, abuse, and rags,
And workhouses, — sad refuge for the poor! —
Flattery's a Mountebank so spruce — gets riches;
Truth, a plain Simon Pure, a Quaker Preacher,
A Moral Mender, a disgusting Teacher,
That never got a sixpence by her Speeches!
5396 *Peter Pindar: Lyric Odes.* [1795.] Ode ix.

Truth needs not, John, the eloquence of oaths,
Not more so than a decent suit of clothes
Requires of broad gold lace th' expensive glare,
That makes the linsey-woolsey million stare.
5397 *Peter Pindar: Benevolent Epistle to Nichols.*

TULIPS.

Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffused
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colors run; and while they break
On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
5398 *Thomson; Seasons. Spring.* Line 539

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TURKEYS — *see* **Eating.**

How bless'd, how envied were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days:
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savory chine.
From the low peasant to the lord,
The turkey smokes on every board.
5399 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 38

TURNPIKE ROAD.

What a delightful thing's a turnpike road!
So smooth, so level, such a mode of shaving
The earth, as scarce the eagle in the broad
Air can accomplish, with his wide wings waving;
Had such been cut in Phaeton's time, the god
Had told his son to satisfy his craving
With the York mail; — but onward as we roll,
"*Surgit amari aliquid*" — the toll!
5400 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto x. St. 78.

TURTLE.

Good, well-dress'd turtle beats them hollow,
It almost makes me wish, I vow,
To have *two* stomachs, like a cow!
And lo! as with the cud, an inward thrill
Upheaved his waistcoat and disturb'd his frill,
His mouth was oozing, and he work'd his jaw —
"I almost think that I could eat one raw!"
5401 *Hood: The Turtles*

TWICKENHAM.

Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto and but soothes my sleep.
There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war and statesmen out of place.
There, St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
5402 *Pope:* Satire i. Line 123

Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave
Shines, a broad mirror, through the shady cave,
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow.
Approach. Great nature, studiously behold
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
5403 *Pope: On his Grotto at Twickenham*

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Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames;
Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt,
In Twickenham's bowers, and for their Pope implore.
5404 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 1427

TWILIGHT — *see* **Evening, Morning, Night, Sunrise, Sunset**

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!
5405 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 108.

The moon is bleached as white as wool,
And just dropping under;
Every star is gone but three,
And they hang far asunder, —
There's a sea-ghost all in gray,
A tall shape of wonder!
5406 *Jean Ingelow: S. of the Night Watches. Morn. Watch*

The summer's songs are hushed. Up the lone shore
The weary waves wash sadly, and a grief
Sounds in the wind, like farewells fond and brief:
The cricket's chirp but makes the silence more.
5407 *Celia Thaxter: Twilight.* St. 3.

Peacefully
The quiet stars came out, one after one;
The holy twilight fell upon the sea,
The summer day was done.
5408 *Celia Thaxter: A Summer Day.* St. 15.

Fades the light,
And afar
Goeth day, cometh night,
And a star
Leadeth all
Speedeth all
To their rest.
5409 *Bret Harte: Cadet Grey.* Canto ii. St. 27

The air is full of hints of grief,
Strange voices touched with pain —
The pathos of the falling leaf
And rustling of the rain.
5410 *T. B. Aldrich: Landscape. Twilight*

The deathbed of a day, how beautiful.
5411 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Library and Balcony*

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The west is broken into bars
Of orange, gold, and gray;
Gone is the sun, come are the stars,
And night infolds the day.
5412 *George Macdonald: Songs of the Summer Nights.*

One by one the flowers close,
Lily and dewy rose
Shutting their tender petals from the moon:
The grasshoppers are still; but not so soon
Are still the noisy crows.
5413 *Christina G. Rossetti. Twilight Calm.*

The sky is blue above,
And cool the green sod lies below;
It is the hour that claims for love
The halcyon moments as they flow.
5414 *James T. Fields: Summer-Evening Melody*

The summer day is closed — the sun is set:
Well they have done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red west.
5415 *William Cullen Bryant: An Evening Reverie.*

Still Twilight, welcome! Rest, how sweet art thou!
Now eve o'erhangs the western cloud's thick brow;
The far-stretch'd curtain of retiring light,
With fiery treasures fraught; that on the sight
Flash from its bulging sides, where darkness lowers,
In Fáncy's eye, a chain of mould'ring tow'rs;
Or craggy coasts just rising into view,
Midst jav'lins dire and darts of streaming blue.
5416 *Bloomfield: The Farmer's Boy. Summer*

O Twilight! spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments — melting heaven to earth —
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams.
5417 *Mrs. Norton: Picture of Twilight.*

TYRANNY — *see* **Aggression, Mercy, Necessity, Treason.**

I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name.
5418 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 3

How can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance.
5419 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 3

He hath no friends but what are friends for fear;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.
5420 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 2

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Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly.
5421 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act v. Sc. 5

I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.
5422 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act i. Sc. 2.

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
5423 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act i. Sc. 2.

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this difference known —
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.
5424 *Herrick: Aph. Kings and Tyrants.*

The tyrant should take heed to what he doth,
Since every victim-carrion turns to use,
And drives a chariot, like a god made wroth,
Against each piled injustice.
5425 *Mrs. Browning: Casa Guidi Windows.* Pt. ii. Line 673.

Each animal,
By natural instinct taught, spares his own kind:
But man, the tyrant man! revels at large,
Freebooter unrestrain'd, destroys at will
The whole creation; men and beasts his prey,
These for his pleasure, for his glory those.
5426 *Somerville: Field Sports.* Line 94.

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice —
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury —
The negligence — the apathy — the evils
Of sensual sloth — produce ten thousand tyrants,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.
5427 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Tyranny
Is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem
None rebels except subjects? The prince who
Neglects or violates his trust is more
A brigand than the robber-chief.
5428 *Byron: Two Foscari.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

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U.

UNCERTAINTY.

Really, if a man won't let us know
That he's alive, he's *aead*, or should be so.
5429 *Byron: Beppo.* St. 35

UNCLE—*see* **Relation.**

Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.
5430 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

UNFAITHFULNESS.

Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest.
5431 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act v. Sc. 4

UNITY.

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.
5432 *Maria White Lowell: Ingomar the Barbarian.* Act ii

UNKINDNESS—*see* **Friendship.**

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.
5433 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act iii. Sc. 4.

This was the most unkindest cut of all.
5434 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

USEFULNESS.

Nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes 's by action dignified.
5435 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use, more gold begets.
5436 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 767.

USURPATION.

A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd.
5437 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iii. Sc. 4

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Though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
5438 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 3

V.

VACUITY — *see* **Folly, Stupidity.**

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprise.
5439 *Dryden: Cym. and Iph.* Line 107.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
5440 *Dryden: Cym. and Iph.* Line 84.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come,
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.
5441 *Pope: Epigram.*

VALENTINES, VALENTINE'S DAY.

Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,
Birds choose their mates, and couple too, this day;
But by their flight I never can divine
When I shall couple with my Valentine.
5442 *Herrick: Aph. To His Valentine.*

Apollo has peeped through the shutter,
And awaken'd the witty and fair;
The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,
The twopenny post's in despair;
The breath of the morning is flinging
A magic on blossom, on spray,
And cockneys and sparrows are singing
In chorus on Valentine's Day.
5443 *Praed: Song for the 14th of February.*

On paper curiously shaped
Scribblers to-day of every sort,
In verses Valentines y'clep'd,
To Venus chime their annual court.
I too will swell the motley throng,
And greet the all auspicious day,
Whose privilege permits my song,
My love thus secret to convey.
5444 *Bohn: Ms.*

VALOR — *see* **Contempt, Courage.**

Fear to do base unworthy things is valor;
If they be done to us, to suffer them,
Is valor too.
5445 *Ben Jonson: New Inn.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

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When valor preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with.
5446 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act iii. Sc. 11.

VANITY.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
5447 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way.
5448 *Shaks.: Timon of A.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are ye now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolved,
With new-flushed hopes, to run the giddy round.
5449 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 209.

But one admirer has the painted lass;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass.
5450 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire v. Line 213.

What dotage will not Vanity maintain?
What web too weak to catch a modern brain?
5451 *Cowper: Expostulation.* Line 630.

Ecclesiastes said that "all is vanity"—
Most modern preachers say the same, or show it
By their examples of true Christianity:
In short, all know, or very soon may know it;
And in this scene of all-confessed inanity,
By saint, by sage, by preacher, and by poet,
Must I restrain me through the fear of strife,
From holding up the nothingness of life?
5452 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto vii. St. 6.

VARIETY — *see* **Change.**

Variety's the source of joy below,
From whence still fresh revolving pleasures flow;
In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
And only change the expiring flame renews.
5453 *Gay: Epistles. To Bernard Lintot.* Line 41.

Nature, through all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a blessing from variety.
Music itself her needful aid requires
To rouse the soul, and wake our dying fires.
5454 *Churchill: Apology.* Line 370.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.
5455 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. ii. Line 606.

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Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.
5456 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
5457 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 1.

VENGEANCE.

I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
5458 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iii. Sc. 7.

In high vengeance there is noble scorn.
5459 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. iv.

VENICE.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, thron'd on her hundred isles.
5460 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 1.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone, but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!
5461 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 2.

I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art,
Had stamp'd her image in me.
5462 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iv. St. 18.

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It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state.
5463 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iv. Sc. 1

VENISON — *see* **Eating.**

Thanks, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.
5464 *Goldsmith: Haunch of Venison.* Line 1

VENTURING — *see* **Ambition, Danger, Daring.**

Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing.
5465 *Shaks.: Venus and A.* Line 567

VENUS — *see* **Love.**

Creator Venus, genial power of love,
The bliss of men below, and gods above!
Beneath the sliding sun thou runn'st thy race,
Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place;
For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the year:
Thee, goddess, thee, the storms of winter fly,
Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky,
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply;
For thee the lion loathes the taste of blood.
5466 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. iii. Line 1405

O Venus, hail! all hail, immortal Queen!
Thou reign'st unbounded o'er the human scene,
Where the bright Thames shines forth in azure pride,
To where the Ganges rolls its foamy tide,
Where the redundant Nile expands his course,
Or Niagara throws her headlong force;
Still from the east to west, from pole to pole,
Thou e'er shalt rule great Sovereign of the whole.
5467 *Bohn: Ms.*

VERBOSITY — *see* **Poetry, Poets.**

Of little use, the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place?
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
5468 *Pope:* Satire v. Line 201

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Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
All at her work the village maiden sings;
Nor as she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.
5469 *Gifford: Contemplation*

I was a poet too; but modern taste
Is so refined and delicate and chaste,
That verse, whatever fire the fancy warms,
Without a creamy smoothness has no charms.
Thus, all success depending on an ear,
And thinking I might purchase it too dear,
If sentiment were sacrific'd to sound,
And truth cut short to make a period round,
I judg'd a man of sense could scarce do worse
Than caper in the morris-dance of verse.
5470 *Cowper: Table Talk.* Line 511.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.
5471 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act v. Sc. 1.

VICE — *see* **Crime, Sin, Usefulness.**

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
5472 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.
5473 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act i. Sc. 1.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.
5474 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act v. Sc. 3.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes 's by action dignified.
5475 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
5476 *Shaks.: Sonnet* xcv.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
5477 *Milton: Comus.* Line 760.

No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
5478 *Prior: Henry and Emma.* Line 312.

Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from, and disdains.
5479 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 89.

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Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
5480 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 217

When to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
5481 *Pope: R. of Lock.* Canto iii. Line 125.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more,
Those governments which curb not evils, cause!
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.
5482 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire i. Line 149.

Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze?
5483 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto i. St. 65.

VICE-CHANCELLORS.

Vice-Chancellors, whose knowledge is but small
And Chancellors, who nothing know at all:
Ill-brook'd the generous spirit in those days
When learning was the certain road to praise.
5484 *Churchill: Author.* Line 25.

VICISSITUDE — *see* **Misfortune.**

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
5485 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 2

VICTORIA — *see* **Royalty.**

Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.
5486 *Tennyson: To the Queen.*

VICTORY — *see* **Battle, War.**

O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes.
5487 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
5488 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 3

There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And Triumph weeps above the brave.
5489 *Byron: Death of Sir Peter Parker.*

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VILLAGER, VILLAGES.

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and poverty his guard,
In action simply just, in conscience clear,
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,
His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
Labor his business, and his pleasure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a single hour
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to power.
5490 *Churchill: Gotham.* Bk. iii. Line 117

He that deems his leisure well bestow'd
In contemplation of a turnpike road,
Is occupied as well, employs his hours
As wisely, and as much improves his powers,
As he that slumbers in pavilions graced
With all the charms of an accomplish'd taste.
5491 *Cowper: Retirement.* Line 505

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
That dread th' encroachment of our growing streets,
Tight boxes neatly sash'd, and in a blaze
With all a July sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.
O sweet retirement, who would balk the thought
That could afford retirement, or could not?
'Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and straight, —
The second milestone fronts the garden gate;
A step if fair, and if a shower approach
You find safe shelter in the next stage-coach,
There prison'd in a parlor snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall,
The man of business and his friends compress'd,
Forget their labors, and yet find no rest;
But still 'tis rural, — trees are to be seen
From every window, and the fields are green.
5492 *Cowper: Retirement.* Line 481.

VILLAINY.

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him
I may avoid him.
5493 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act v. Sc. 1.

The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him.
5494 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 1

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame.
5495 *Shaks.: King John.* Act iv. Sc. 2

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Things ill-got had ever bad success.
5496 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

VIOLET — *see* **Flowers.**

What thought is folded in thy leaves!
What tender thought, what speechless pain!
I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Thou darling of the April rain.
5497 *T. B. Aldrich: The Faded Violet*

VIRGINS — *see* **Celibacy, Nun.**

What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, sword-knots with sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
5498 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto i. Line 95.

VIRTUE — *see* **Conduct, Modesty, Puritans, Usefulness, Vice.**

I held it ever,
Virtue and knowledge were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god.
5499 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act iii. Sc. 2.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.
5500 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act i. Sc. 1

Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart.
5501 *Shaks.: 1 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 5.

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousandfold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
5502 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.
5503 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act iv. Sc. 2

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Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
5504 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 4

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
5505 *Milton: Comus.* Line 589

Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and, of that possess'd,
To Providence resign the rest.
5506 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 39.

Why to true merit should they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
5507 *Gay: Epistles. To Methuen.* Line 41.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
5508 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 163.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree.
5509 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. ii. Line 231.

Count all th' advantage prosperous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want — which is, to pass for good.
5510 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 89.

Sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed,
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
5511 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 149.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy —
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy, —
Is virtue's prize; a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit, its great cure, a crown.
5512 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 167.

Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,)
Virtue alone is happiness below.
5513 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 309.

Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue and to me;
Dwelt in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same belov'd contented thing.
5514 *Pope: Epilogue to the Satires.* Dialogue i. Line 137.

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What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform,
And torture man.

5515 *Thomson: Castle of Indolence.* Canto i. St. 16.

Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high.

5516 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 1023.

Believe the muse, the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beams of brighter suns,
Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

5517 *Thomson: Seasons. Summer.* Line 581.

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

5518 *Collins: Oriental Eclogues. Selim.* Line 5.

The virtuous to those mansions go
Where pleasures unembitter'd flow,
Where, leading up a jocund band,
Vigor and Youth dance hand in hand,
Whilst Zephyr, with harmonious gales,
Pipes softest music through the vales,
And Spring and Flora, gaily crown'd,
With velvet carpet spread the ground;
With livelier blush where roses bloom,
And every shrub expires perfume.

5519 *Churchill: Ghost.* Bk. ii. Line 401.

Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound,
Which takes not solid virtue for its ground.

5220 *Churchill: Gotham.* Bk. iii. Line 207.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death.

5521 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 651.

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures,
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.

5522 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 774.

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Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
5523 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vi. Line 312

Virtue, our present peace, our future prize,
Man's unprecarious, natural estate,
Improvable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure sure; its income is divine.
5524 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vi. Line 479

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heaven; a happiness
That, even above the smiles and frowns of fate,
Exalts great Nature's favorites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
5525 *Armstrong: A. of Preserving Health.* Bk. iv. Line 284

Virtue and sense are one; and trust me still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
Virtue (for mere good nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit with humanity.
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just,
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of Fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
5526 *Armstrong: A. of Preserving Health.* Bk. iv. Line 265

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue, the only lasting treasure, truth.
5527 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iii. Line 266

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!
5528 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto i. St. 17.

VIXEN.

Doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
5529 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act i. Sc. 1.

VOCATION — *see* **Labor, Work.**

'Tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.
5530 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 2

VOICE — *see* **Eloquence, Singing.**

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
5531 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act v. Sc. 3.

Her voice changed like a bird's:
There grew more of the music and less of the words.
5532 *Robert Browning: Flight of the Duchess.* St. 15

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His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep, and shrill by fits;
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
5533 *Churchill: Rosciad.* Line 1003.

VOLCANO.

The dread volcano ministers to good:
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world:
Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man.
5534 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ix. Line 489.

VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in *glass* is set,
One of us you'll find in *jet*,
T'other you may see in *tin*,
And the fourth a *box* within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from *you*.
5535 *Swift: On the Vowels.*

VOWS — *see* **Oaths.**

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken.
5536 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act ii. Sc. 6.

No man takes or keeps a vow,
But just as he sees others do;
Nor are they 'blig'd to be so brittle
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as best temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round;
So truest oaths are still more tough,
And tho' they bow, are breaking proof.
5537 *Butler: Hudibras' Epis. to his Lady.* Line 75.

W.

WAITERS.

Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.
5538 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* Act iii. Sc. 1.
You loggerheaded and unpolished grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
5539 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act iv. Sc. 1.

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WALDENSES.

Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not.

5540 *Milton: Sonnet* xviii

WALKING-STICKS.

Let beaux their canes with amber tipt produce;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
. . . . . .
Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane;
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane,
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And miry spots thy clean cravat disgrace.
Oh! may I never such misfortune meet!
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street!

5541 *Gay: Trivia.* Bk. i. Line 67

WALL-FLOWER — *see* **Flowers.**

The wall-flower! the wall-flower!
How beautiful it blooms!
It gleams above the ruin'd tower,
Like sunlight over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of time; —
To beauty give the flaunting rose —
The wall-flower is sublime.

5542 *Moir: The Wall-Flower.*

WANDERING.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care:
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

5543 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 23

WANT — *see* **Compassion, Distress, Poverty.**

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool.
"God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves" — and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits and leaves them Providence's care.

5544 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis iii. Line 101

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WAR — *s.* Battle, Discord, Duelling, Fighting, Murder, Peace, Soldiers, Victory, Warrior.

Shall we upon the footing of our land
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive?
5545 *Shaks.: King John.* Act v. Sc. 1.

The arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.
5546 *Shaks.: 1 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
5547 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act i. Chorus.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.
5548 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime.
5549 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iv. Sc. 3.

To my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain.
5550 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! — Let no soldier fly;
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love: nor he that loves himself.
5551 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou can'st report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard;
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath.
5552 *Shaks.: King John.* Act i. Sc. 1.

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Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment.
5553 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valor.
5554 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Cry "Havock," and let slip the dogs of war.
5555 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

Tell me, he that knows,
. . . . . .
Why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war:
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day;
Who is't that can inform me?
5556 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave Marias with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
5557 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
5558 *Tennyson: Charge of the Light Brigade.*

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them.
5559 *Tennyson: Charge of the Light Brigade.*

Bloody wars at first began,
The artificial plague of man,
That from his own invention rise,
To scourge his own iniquities;
That if the heavens should chance to spare
Supplies of constant poison'd air,
They might not, with unfit delay,
For lingering destruction stay;
Nor seek recruits of death so far,
But plague themselves with blood and war.
5560 *Butler: Sat. Upon the Weakness and Misery of Man.*

War, he sung, is toil and trouble; [Line 105.
Honor, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
5561 *Dryden: Alex. Feast.* Line 99

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War! that in a moment
Lay'st waste the noblest part of the creation,
The boast and masterpiece of the great Maker,
That wears in vain th' impression of his image,
Unprivileged from thee!

5562 *Rowe: Tamerlane.* Act i. Sc. 1

Death is the universal salt of states;
Blood is the base of all things — law and war.

5563 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?

5564 *Addison: Cato.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

5565 *Pope: Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.* St. 2.

Cease to consult, the time for action calls,
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!

5566 *Pope: Iliad.* Bk. ii. Line 966.

Ez fer war, I call it murder, —
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that.

5567 *James Russell Lowell: Biglow Papers.* No. 1.

One to destroy, is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

5568 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire vii. Line 55.

And when the fight becomes a chase,
Those win the day that win the race;
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feat with easy flights.

5569 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. iii. Canto iii. Line 291.

War's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.

5570 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. v. Line 186

All was prepared — the fire, the sword, the men
To wield them in their terrible array.
The army, like a lion from his den,
March'd forth with nerves and sinews bent to slay —
A human Hydra, issuing from its fen
To breathe destruction on its winding way,
Whose heads were heroes, which cut off in vain,
Immediately in others grew again.

5571 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto viii. St. 2

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Three hundred cannon threw up their emetic,
And thirty thousand muskets flung their pills
Like hail, to make a bloody diuretic;
Mortality! thou hast thy monthly bills!
Thy plagues, thy famines, thy physicians, yet tick,
Like the death-watch, within our ears the ills
Past, present, and to come; but all may yield
To the true portrait of one battle-field.

5572 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto viii. St. 12.

All that the mind would shrink from, of excesses;
All that the body perpetrates, of bad;
All that we read, hear, dream, of man's distresses;
All that the devil would do, if run stark mad;
All that defies the worst which pen expresses
All by which hell is peopled, or is sad
As hell — mere mortals who their power abuse —
Was here (as heretofore and since) let loose.

5573 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto viii. St. 123.

War's a brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art,
Unless her cause by right be sanctified.

5574 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ix. St. 4.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

5575 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto i. St. 40.

War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife!"

5576 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto i. St. 86.

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?
The varying fortune of each separate field,
The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?
The smoking ruin and the crumbled wall?
In this the struggle was the same with all.

5577 *Byron: Lara.* Canto ii. St. 10.

The death-shot hissing from afar —
The shock — the shout — the groan of war —
Reverberate along that vale,
More suited to the shepherd's tale:
Though few the numbers — theirs the strife,
That neither spares, nor speaks for life.

5578 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 641

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Thus, as the stream and ocean greet,
With waves that madden as they meet —
Thus join the bands whom mutual wrong,
And fate and fury drive along.

5579 *Byron: Giaour.* Line 634.

I own my natural weakness; I have not
Yet learn'd to think of indiscriminate murder
Without some sense of shuddering; and the sight
Of blood, which spouts through hoary scalps, is not,
To me, a thing of triumph, nor the death
Of men surprised, a glory.

5580 *Byron: Mar. Faliero.* Act iii. Sc. 2

With common men
There needs too oft the show of war to keep
The substance of sweet peace, and for a king,
'Tis sometimes better to be fear'd than lov'd.

5581 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act i. Sc. 2.

War is honorable
In those who do their native rights maintain;
In those whose swords an iron barrier are
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak;
But is, in those who draw th' offensive blade
For added power or gain, sordid and despicable
As meanest office of the worldly churl.

5582 *Joanna Baillie: Ethwald.* Pt. ii. Act i. Sc. 3.

The crystal-pointed tents, from hill to hill,
From vale to vale — until
The heavens on endless peaks their curtain lay.
A magical city! spread to-night
On hills which slope within our sight.
To-morrow, as at the waving of a wand,
Tents, guidons, bannerols are moved afar, —
Rising elsewhere, as rises a morning-star
Or the dream of Aladdin's palace in fairy-land.

5583 *E. C. Stedman: Alice of Monmouth.* Pt. xi. St. 1.

Dreary East winds howling o'er us,
Clay-lands knee-deep spread before us;
Mire and ice and snow and sleet;
Aching backs and frozen feet;
Knees which reel as marches quicken,
Ranks which thin as corpses thicken;
While with carrion birds we eat,
Calling puddle-water sweet,
As we pledge the health of our general, who fares as rough as we:
What can daunt us, what can turn us, led to death by such as he?

5584 *Charles Kingsley: A March.*

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When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.
5585 *Nathaniel Lee: Alexander the Great.* Act iv. Sc. 2

War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder.
5586 *Longfellow: Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. iv. [Line 135

WARNING — *see* **Caution.**

Men that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.
5587 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act iv. Sc. 7

How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
5588 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act i. Sc. 4.

WARRIOR — *see* **Soldier.**

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried.
5589 *Chas. Wolfe: Burial of Sir John Moore.*

The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the books of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
5590 *Shaks.: Sonnet* xxv.

WASHINGTON.

Washington's a watchword such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air.
5591 *Byron: Age of Bronze.* St. 5

WATER — *see* **Thirst.**

Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth:
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where truth is — in a well.
5592 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 84.

Wine, wine, thy power and praise
Have ever been echoed in minstrel lays;
But water, I deem, hath a mightier claim
To fill up a niche in the temple of fame.
. . . . . .
Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell
What treasures exist in the cold deep well;
Sink in despair on the red, parched earth,
And then ye may reckon what water is worth.
5593 *Eliza Cook: Water*

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
5594 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 1

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More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive.
5595 *Shaks.: Titus And.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

WAVES — *see* **Ocean.**

Children are we
Of the restless sea,
Swelling in anger or sparkling in glee;
We follow our race,
In shifting chase,
Over the boundless ocean-space!
Who hath beheld where the race begun?
Who shall behold it run?
Who shall behold it run?
5596 *Bayard Taylor: The Waves.*

The waves are full of whispers wild and sweet;
They call to me, — incessantly they beat
Along the boat from stern to curvèd prow.
5597 *Celia Thaxter: Off Shore.* St. 8.

Waves which vainly seek
To utter all the story of the sea
And die in music with the tale untold.
5598 *Anna Katharine Green: Paul Isnam.*

WEAKNESS — *see* **Tears.**

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!
5599 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
5600 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act i. Sc. 2.

If weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness; that plea, therefore,
With God or man will gain thee no remission.
5601 *Milton: Sam. Agonistes.* Line 831

WEALTH — *see* **Gold, Income, Independence, Money Riches.**

If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.
5602 *Shaks.: M. for M.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

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Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil;
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the conjurer's devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou may'st safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.
5603 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 28

'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are so transported with:
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects.
5604 *Butler: Hudibras. Lady's Answer.* Line 65.

We frequently misplace esteem,
By judging men by what they seem,
To birth, wealth, power, we should allow
Precedence, and our lowest bow.
5605 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 3.

We know that wealth well understood,
Hath frequent power of doing good;
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the power and will were one;
Thus oft the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knaves that keep them poor.
5606 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 3.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
5607 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire v. Line 379.

To purchase heaven, has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life, can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No; all that's worth a wish — a thought —
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought;
Cease, then, on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
5608 *Dr. Johnson: To a Friend.*

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,
To build a college, or to found a race,
An hospital, a church — and leave behind
Some dome surmounted by his meagre face,
Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind
Even with the very ore which makes them base;
Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,
Or revel in the joys of calculation.
5609 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xii. St. 10.

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Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd;
In heaps, like ambergrise, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.
5610 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. iii. Line 233

These grains of gold are not grains of wheat!
These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
These jewels and pearls and precious stones
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower.
5611 *Longfellow: Tales of a Wayside Inn. Kambalu.*

WEEDS — *see* **Garden.**

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
5612 *Shaks.: 2 Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

WELCOME — *see* **Guests, Home, Hospitality, Meeting, Salutation.**

Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.
5613 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act v. Sc. 1.

A general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.
5614 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 4.

A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy: Welcome.
5615 *Shaks.: Coriolanus.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
5616 *Shaks.: Pericles.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

I am glad to see you well;
Horatio, — or I do forget myself.
5617 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2.

Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing.
5618 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

When Hamilton appears, then dawns the day,
And when she disappears, begins the night.
5619 *Lansdowne: To the Duchess.*

And kind the voice and glad the eyes
That welcome my return at night.
5620 *William Cullen Bryant: Hunter of the Prairies*

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The atmosphere
Breathes rest and comfort, and the many chambers
Seem full of welcomes.
5621 *Longfellow: Masque of Pandora* Pt. v

I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!
5622 *Longfellow: The Seaside and the Fireside.* Dedication.

Some hae meat that canna eat; [St. 11.
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.
5623 *Burns: Versicles. Graces before Meat.*

WHIGS — *see* **Politicians.**

Nought's permanent among the human race,
Except the Whigs *not* getting into place.
5624 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xi. St. 82.

But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum,
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.
5625 *Moore: Corruption.* Line 161

WHITTINGTON.

Be it fable or truth, about Whittington's youth,
Which the tale of the magical ding-dong imparts;
Yet the story that tells of the boy and the bells,
Has a purpose and meaning for many sad hearts.
That boy sat him down, and look'd back on the town,
Where merchants, and honors, and money were rife;
With his wallet and stick, little fortuneless Dick
Was desponding, till fairy chimes gave him new life,
Saying, "Turn again, Whittington!"

And up rose the boy, with the impulse of joy,
And a vision that saw not the dust at his feet;
And retracing his road, he was found, with his load,
In the city that gave him its loftiest seat.
Hope, patience, and will, made him bravely fulfil
What the eloquent tone of the chimes had foretold;
And that echo still came, breathing light on his name,
When by chance his hard fortune seemed rayless and cold,
Saying "Turn again, Whittington!"
5626 *Eliza Cook: Turn Again, Whittington.*

WIDOWS.

Why are those tears? why droops your head
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death applied?
5627 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 37

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May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man;
And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.
5628 *Dryden: Wife of Bath.* Line 543.

Thus, day by day, and month by month, we pass'd;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts,— as wretched widows must:
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did — not shed.
5629 *Pope: Wife of Bath.* Line 297.

WILFULNESS.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
5630 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act i. Sc. 3.

To wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters.
5631 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act ii. Sc. 4.

The star of the unconquered will.
5632 *Longfellow: Light of Stars.*

WILLOW — *see* **Trees.**

Tree of the gloom, o'erhanging the tomb,
Thou seem'st to love the churchyard sod;
Thou ever art found on the charnel ground,
Where the laughing and happy have rarely trod.
When thy branches trail to the wintry gale,
Thy wailing is sad to the hearts of men;
When the world is bright in a summer's light,
'Tis only the wretched that love thee then.
The golden moth and the shining bee
Will seldom rest on the Willow-tree.
5633 *Eliza Cook: Willow-Tree.*

WIND — *see* **Hurricane, Storm, Tempest.**

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.
5634 *Tusser: Moral Reflection on the Wind.*

What wind blew you hither, Pistol?
Not the ill wind which blows none to good.
5635 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 3.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
5636 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* Act ii. Sc. 5.

As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
Kissing, not ruffling the blue deep's serene.
5637 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto ii. St. 70.

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The morning wind the mead hath kissed;
It leads in narrow lines
The shadows of the silver mist,
To pause among the pines.
5638 *Ruskin: The Battle of Montenotte.* St. 5

I loved the Wind.
Whether it kissed my hair and pallid brow;
Whether with sweets my sense it fed, as now;
Whether it blew across the scudding main;
Whether it shrieked above a stretch of plain;
Whether, on autumn days, in solemn woods,
And barren solitudes,
Along the waste it whirled the withered leaves;
Whether it hummed around my cottage eaves,
And shook the rattling doors,
And died with long-drawn sighs, on bleak and dreary moors;
Whether in winter, when its trump did blow
Through desolate gorges dirges of despair,
It drove the snow-flakes slantly down the air,
And piled the drifts of snow;
Or whether it breathed soft in vernal hours,
And filled the trees with sap, and filled the grass with flowers.
5639 *R. H. Stoddard: Carmen Naturæ Triumphale.*

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent
Like keys of some great instrument.
5640 *Longfellow: A Day of Sunshine.*

The wind is rising; it seizes and shakes
The doors and window-blinds, and makes
Mysterious moanings in the halls;
The convent-chimneys seem almost
The trumpets of some heavenly host,
Setting its watch upon our walls!
5641 *Longfellow: Christus. Abbot Joachim.*

A gentle wind of western birth,
From some far summer sea,
Wakes daisies in the wintry earth.
5642 *George Macdonald: Songs of The Spring Days.*

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.
5643 *Hood: The Seasons.*

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The wind breathes not, and the wave
Walks softly as above a grave.
5644 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *The Surface.*

A melancholy sound is in the air,
A deep sigh in the distance, a shrill wail
Around my dwelling. 'Tis the Wind of night.
5645 *William Cullen Bryant: A Rain Dream*

Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
Softly ye played a few brief hours ago;
Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye tossed the air
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow;
Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths of blue;
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew;
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.
5646 *William Cullen Bryant: The Winds.*

Do not the bright June roses blow
To meet thy kiss at morning hours?
5647 *William Cullen Bryant: The West Wind.*

I hear the howl of the wind that brings
The long drear storm on its heavy wings.
5648 *William Cullen Bryant: Rispah.*

Full fast the leaves are dropping
Before that wandering breath.
5649 *William Cullen Bryant: My Autumn Walk.*

The hushed winds their sabbath keep.
5650 *William Cullen Bryant: Summer Ramble.*

Is not thy home among the flowers?
5651 *William Cullen Bryant: The West Wind.*

The bitter-sweet, the haunting air
Creepeth, bloweth everywhere;
It preys on all, all prey on it,
Blooms in beauty, thinks in wit,
Stings the strong with enterprise,
Makes travellers long for Indian skies.
5652 *Emerson: May-day.* Line 261

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south!
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth;
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod!
5653 *Whittier: April.*

WINDOWS.

Storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
5654 *Milton: Il Penseroso.* Line 159.

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WINE — *see* **Drinking, Spirits.**

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

5655 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 3

What cannot wine perform? It brings to light
The secret soul, it bids the coward fight:
Gives being to our hopes, and from our hearts
Drives the dull sorrow, and inspires new arts.
Is there a wretch whom bumpers have not taught
A flow of words, and loftiness of thought?
Even in th' oppressive grasp of poverty
It can enlarge, and bid the soul be free.

5656 *Francis's Horace.* Epis. i. v.

So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore,
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant, and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

5657 *Butler: Sat. upon Drunkenness.* Line 105

Wine makes Love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feast.

5658 *Parnell: Anacreontic, "Gay Bacchus, etc."* St. 2

From wine what sudden friendship springs!

5659 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. ii. Fable 6

I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor ev'ry trespass shun. The feverish strife
Rous'd by the rare debauch subdues, expels
The loit'ring crudities that burden life,
And like a torrent, full and rapid, clears
The obstructed tubes.

5660 *Armstrong: Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. ii. Line 460

Oh, seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, even sober cups
Weak with'ring Age no rigid law forbids
With frugal nectar smooth and slow, with balm,
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Glibl'er to play.

5661 *Armstrong: Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. ii. Line 482

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Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach
Who please — the more because they preach in vain —
Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.
5662 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 178

Which cheers the sad, revives the old, inspires
The young, makes weariness forget his toil,
And fear her danger: opens a new world
When this, the present, palls.
5663 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act i. Sc 2.

WINTER — *see* **December, January, Seasons.**

When icicles hang by the wall,
And *Dick* the shepherd blows his nail,
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who,
Tu-wit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
5664 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act v. Sc. 2. Song

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapors, and clouds, and storms.
5665 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 1

Now, when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day;
Faint are his gleams and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air.
5666 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 41.

All nature feels the renovating force
Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-contracted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigor for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire; and luculent along
The purer rivers flow: their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
5667 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 704.

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Miserable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun,
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible.

5668 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 920

Dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies:
How dumb the tuneful: Horror wide extends
His desolate domain.

5669 *Thomson: Seasons. Winter.* Line 1016

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

5670 *Longfellow: An Afternoon in February*

But Winter has yet brighter scenes — he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows.
Or Autumn with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering.

5671 *William Cullen Bryant: A Winter Piece.*

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May.

5672 *Goldsmith: Traveller.* Line 171.

I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening, know.

5673 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 139

O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet-like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art.

5674 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. iv. Line 120

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When winter stern his gloomy front uprears,
A sable void the barren earth appears;
The meads no more their former verdure boast,
Fast-bound their streams, and all their beauty lost;
The herds, the flocks, in icy garments mourn,
And wildly murmur for the Spring's return;
From snow-topp'd hills the whirlwinds keenly blow,
Howl through the woods, and pierce the vales below,
Through the sharp air a flaky torrent flies,
Mocks the slow sight, and hides the gloomy skies.
5675 *Crabbe: Inebriety.* Line 9

Every winter,
When the great sun has turned his face away,
The earth goes down into the vale of grief,
And fasts, and weeps, and shrouds herself in sables,
Leaving her wedding-garlands to decay —
Then leaps in spring to his returning kisses.
5676 *Charles Kingsley: Saint's Tragedy.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

WISDOM — *see* **Knowledge, Newton, Self-Knowledge.**

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.
5677 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act iii. Sc. 11

Let time that makes you homely, make you sage,
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.
5678 *Parnell: Elegy. To an Old Beauty.* Line 35

All foreign wisdom doth amount to this,
To take all that is given, whether wealth,
Or love, or language; nothing comes amiss:
A good digestion turneth all to health.
5679 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 60

What is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel your own.
5680 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 260

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive, —
What is she, but the means of happiness?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool.
5681 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ii. Line 500

The clouds may drop down titles and estates;
Wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought;
Sought before all; (but how unlike all else
We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.
5682 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 627

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Wisdom, awful wisdom, which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last:
How rare! In senates, synods, sought in vain;
Or, if there found, 'tis sacred to the few.
5683 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 1254

Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to wisdom.
5684 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night ix. Line 1314

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
5685 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire ii. Line 281.

Wisdom and Goodness are twin born, one heart
Must hold both sisters, never seen apart.
5686 *Cowper: Expostulation.* Line 636.

Few and precious are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.
To what shall their rarity be likened? What price shall count their worth?
Perfect and much to be desired, and giving joy with riches,
No lovely thing on earth can picture all their beauty.
5687 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Words of Wisdom.*

True wisdom, laboring to expound, heareth others readily;
False wisdom, sturdy to deny, closeth up her mind to argument.
5688 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Faith.*

The stream from Wisdom's well,
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible.
5689 *Bayard Taylor: Wisdom of All.*

The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom.
5690 *Tennyson: Princess.* Pt. v. Line 470.

WISHES — *see* **Desire.**

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
5691 *Shaks.: 2 Henry IV.* Act iv. Sc. 4.

Fate wings, with every wish, the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art.
5692 *Johnson: Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 15.

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst.
Philosophy's reverse; and health's decay!
5693 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iv. Line 71.

Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
5694 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night v. Line 662.

Every wish
Is like a prayer, with God.
5695 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. ii. Line 1001

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In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will, — and wisdom finds a way.
5696 *Crabbe: Birth of Flattery.* Line 194

WIT — *see* **Brevity, Jests, Knowledge, Learning, Nonsense, Vacuity.**

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike.
5697 *Shaks.: Tempest.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method.
5698 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act i. Sc. 2.

A hit, a very palpable hit.
5699 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act v. Sc. 2.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer;
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.
5700 *Herbert: Temple. Church Porch.* St. 41

By wit we search divine aspect above,
By wit we learn what secrets science yields,
By wit we speak, by wit the mind is rul'd,
By wit we govern all our actions;
Wit is the loadstar of each human thought,
Wit is the tool by which all things are wrought.
5701 *Robert Greene: From Alcida. Verses under a Carving [of Mercury.*

Wit, says an author that I do not know,
Is like *Time's* scythe — cuts down both friend and foe; —
Ready each object, tiger-like, to *leap on!*
"Lord! what a butcher this same *wit!*"
5702 *Peter Pindar: Lyric Odes.* Ode xvii. 1785

Great wits and valors, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights.
5703 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. ii. Canto i. Line 269

We grant, altho' he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
5704 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto i. Line 45

Too much or too little wit
Do only render th' owner fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they'd none.
5705 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 567

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All wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known.
5706 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 673

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
5707 *Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. i. Line 163

Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
5708 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. i. Line 80

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
5709 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 89

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd,
Something whose truth, convinc'd at sight, we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
5710 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 97

Modest plainness sets off sprightly wit,
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
5711 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 102

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
5712 *Pope: Dunciad.* Bk. iv. Line 90

The pride of nature would as soon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit;
Onward they rush at fame's imperious call,
And, less than greatest, would not be at all.
5713 *Churchill: Apology.* Line 29

Against their wills, what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone:
Nature has shown, by making it so rare,
That wit's a jewel which we need not wear.
5714 *Young: Epis. to Pope.* Epis. ii. Line 79

Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume,
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves.
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.
5715 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night vii. Line 1266

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Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste!
'Tis precious as the vehicle of sense;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease;
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare — wit abounds.
Passion can give it; sometimes wine inspires
The lucky flash, and madness rarely fails.

5716 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 1232

As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen:
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

5717 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire ii. Line 119

What though wit tickles? tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh;
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart.

5718 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire ii. Line 111

He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead;
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home.

5719 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 301

A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight;
Vig'rous in age as in the flush of youth,
'Tis always active on the side of truth.

5720 *Cowper: Conversation.* Line 599

Men famed for wit, of dangerous talents vain,
Treat those of common parts with proud disdain;
The powers that wisdom would, improving, hide,
They blaze abroad, with inconsid'rate pride;
While yet but mere probationers for fame,
They seize the honor they should then disclaim:
Honor so hurried to the light must fade,
The lasting laurels flourish in the shade.

5721 *Crabbe: Patron.* Line 229

True wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from the Indian mine,
Which boasts two different pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.

5722 *Notes and Queries. Aug.* 11*th*, 1866

WITCHES.

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't you do?

5723 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv Sc. 1

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What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't.
5724 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act i. Sc. 1

Midnight hags,
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
And conjurations, horrible to hear,
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell at work.
5725 *Rowe: Jane Shore.* Act iv. Sc. 1

WIVES — *see* **Love, Marriage.**

Happy in this, she is not yet so old,
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours, to be directed.
5726 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act iii. Sc. 2

What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright; being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
5727 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* Act iii. Sc. 1

She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
5728 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act ii. Sc. 4

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.
5729 *Shaks.: Mer. W. of W.* Act iv. Sc. 2

I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing.
5730 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act iii. Sc. 2

I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
5731 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* Act v. Sc. 2

Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves.
5732 *Shaks.: Wint. Tale.* Act i. Sc. 2

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You are my true and honorable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
5733 *Shaks.: Jul. Cæsar.* Act ii. Sc. 1

As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
5734 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act ii. Sc. 2

What thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey; so God ordains:
God is thy law; thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
5735 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. iv. Line 635.

Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish, exactly to thy heart's desire.
5736 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. viii. Line 450.

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
5737 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ix. Line 232

The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
5738 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ix. Line 267

The man to Jove his suit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife; his prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing:
For how precarious is the blessing!
5739 *Gay: Fables.* Pt. i. Fable 39

What so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair,
With matchless impudence they style a wife,
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil;
Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry living bard.
5740 *Pope: January and May.* Line 43

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy;
But wives, a random choice, untried they take;
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;
Then, nor till then, the veil's removed away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
5741 *Pope: Wife of Bath.* Line 100

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One word can charm all wrongs away, —
The sacred name of Wife.
5742 *Oliver Wendell Holmes: Agnes.* Pt. v

What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?
5743 *Cowper: Love Abused*

To no men are such cordial greetings given
As those whose wives have made them fit for heaven.
5744 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 154

Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life.
5745 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 8

The wife was pretty, trifling, childish, weak;
She could not think, but would not cease to speak.
5746 *Crabbe: Struggles of Conscience.* Line 343

Oh! 'tis a precious thing, when wives are dead,
To find such numbers who will serve instead;
And in whatever state a man be thrown,
'Tis that precisely they would wish their own.
5747 *Crabbe: Learned Boy.* Line 17

The world well tried — the sweetest thing in life
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife.
5748 *N. P. Willis: Lady Jane.* Canto ii. St. 11

A courage to endure and to obey —
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, through all her placid life,
The queen of marriage — a most perfect wife.
5749 *Tennyson: Isabel.* St. 2

A man may spare,
And still be bare,
If his wife be nowt, if his wife be nowt;
But a man may spend,
And have money to lend,
If his wife be owt, if his wife be owt.
5750 *Notes and Queries, Feb.* 10, 1866. *The Gypsy's Rhyme*

WOE — *see* **Adversity, Grief, Sorrow.**

So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
5751 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 4

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.
5752 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night iii. Line 63

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
And truth denies all eloquence to woe.
5753 *Byron: Corsair.* Canto iii. St. 22

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WOMAN — *see* **Anger, Coquette, Courtship, Frailty, Love, Ruling Passion, Secrecy, Vixen, Voice.**

How the best state to know? — it is found out
Like the best woman; — that least talked about.
5754 *Schiller: Votive Tablets. Best Governed State.*

Honor to women! to them it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of Heaven.
5755 *Schiller: Honor to Women.*

He bears an honorable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
5756 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* **Act v. Sc. 3.**

Women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
5757 *Shaks.: Tw. Night.* **Act ii. Sc. 4.**

Women are frail too.
Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them.
5758 *Shaks.: M. for M.* **Act ii. Sc. 4.**

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
5759 *Shaks.: Mid. N. Dream.* **Act ii. Sc. 2.**

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.
5760 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* **Act ii. Sc. 7.**

What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
5761 *Shaks.: Love's L. Lost.* **Act iv. Sc. 3.**

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts.
5762 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* **Act v. Sc. 2.**

'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.
5763 *Shaks.: Tam. of the S.* **Act v. Sc. 2.**

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
. . . . . .
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admired;
. . . . . .
'Tis government, that makes them seem divine.
5764 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* **Act i. Sc. 4**

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
5765 *Shaks.: 3 Henry VI.* **Act i. Sc. 4.**

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Two women plac'd together makes cold weather.
5766 *Shaks.: Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 4.

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action.
5767 *Shaks.: Troil. and Cress.* Act iii. Sc 3

O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?
5768 *Shaks.: Cymbeline.* Act v. Sc. 5

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.
5769 *Shaks.: King Lear.* Act iv. Sc. 2.

You are pictures out of door;
Bells in your parlors; wild cats in your kitchens;
Saints in your injuries; devils being offended;
Players in your huswifery; and huswives in your beds.
5770 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?
5771 *Shaks.: Pass. Pilgrim.* Line 19.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky:
And like the brook's low song, her voice,—
A sound which could not die.
5772 *Whittier: Gone.*

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book.
5773 *Whittier: Gone.*

Woman, they say, was only made of man:
Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike!
It may be all the best was cut away,
To make the woman, and the naught was left
Behind with him.
5774 *Beaumont and Fletcher: Coxcomb.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Who trusts himself to woman, or to waves,
Should never hazard what he fears to lose.
5775 *Oldmixon:* [*Governor of Cyprus*]

How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!
It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses.
5776 *Massinger; Old Law.* Act iv. Sc. 2

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O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
5777 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ix. Line 896

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
5778 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ix. Line 232.

Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete; so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
5779 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. viii. Line 546.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.
5780 *Tuke: Five Hours.* Act v. Sc. 3.

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe they've none at all;
Or, if they have, like cripples, still
They've but one faculty, the will.
5781 *Butler: Misc. Thoughts.* Line 387.

Women, like summer storms, awhile are cloudy,
Burst out in thunder and impetuous showers:
But straight the sun of beauty dawns abroad,
And all the fair horizon is serene.
5782 *Rowe: Tamerlane.* Act v. Sc. 1

Beshrew my heart, but it is wond'rous strange;
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them,
That masters ev'n the wisest of us all.
5783 *Rowe: Jane Shore.* Act iv. Sc. 1

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.
5784 *Otway: Venice Preserved.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.
5785 *Copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury.* [*Examiner: May* 31, 1829.]

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Women, with a mischief to their kind,
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he lived; and might have been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
For what the devil had their sex to do,
That, born to folly, they presumed to know,
And could not see the serpent in the grass?
But I myself presume, and let it pass.
5786 *Dryden: Cock and the Fox.* Line 555.

Men can be great when great occasions call:
In little duties women find their spheres,
The narrow cares that cluster round the hearth.
5787 *R. H. Stoddard: Florence Nightingale.*

A pretty woman's worth some pains to see,
Nor is she spoiled, I take it, if a crown
Completes the forehead pale and tresses pure.
5788 *Robert Browning: Colombe's Birthday.* Act i. Sc. 1.

Woman! thou loveliest gift that here below
Man can receive, or Providence bestow.
5789 *Praed: Woman.*

If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears.
5790 *Gay: Beggars' Opera.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
5791 *Pope: R. of the Lock.* Canto i. Line 51.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man.
5792 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 269.

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Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,
. . . . . .

Men, some to quiet, some to public strife,
But every lady would be queen for life.
5793 *Pope: Moral Essays.* Epis. ii. Line 215

Our grandsire, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and e'en in Paradise unblest,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade;
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.
5794 *Pope: January and May.* Line 59

Heaven gave to woman the peculiar grace
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
5795 *Pope: Wife of Bath.* Line 160

First, then, a woman will, or won't, depend on't;
If she will do't, she will; and there's an end on't.
But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.
5796 *Aaron Hill: Epilogue to Zara*

Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A female sloven is an odious sight.
5797 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire vi. Line 213.

If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.
5798 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire v. Line 407.

A shameless woman is the worst of men.
5799 *Young: Love of Fame.* Satire v. Line 454.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight.
5800 *Lord Lyttelton: Advice to a Lady.*

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.
5801 *James Russell Lowell: Irene.*

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.
5802 *Burns: Green Grow the Rashes.*

One moral's plain — without more fuss;
Man's social happiness all rests on us:
Through all the drama — whether damn'd or not —
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.
5803 *Sheridan: The Rivals.* Epilogue.

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A tigress robb'd of young, a lioness,
Or any interesting beast of prey,
Are similes at hand for the distress
Of ladies who cannot have their own way.
5804 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto v. St. 132

She was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,
Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions.
5805 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto vi. St. 53.

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.
5806 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto vi. St. 53

And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify
A woman; so she's good, what does it signify?
5807 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiv. St. 57.

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
Is woman! What a whirlwind is her head,
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her! Whether wed,
Or widow, maid or mother, she can change her
Mind like the wind; whatever she has said
Or done, is light to what she'll say or do; —
The oldest thing on record, and yet new!
5808 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ix. St. 64.

"Petticoat influence" is a great reproach,
Which e'en those who obey would fain be thought,
To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach;
But since beneath it upon earth we're brought
By various joltings of life's hackney coach,
I for one venerate a petticoat —
A garment of mystical sublimity,
No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity.
5809 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xiv. St. 26.

Some waltz; some draw; some fathom the abyss
Of metaphysics; others are content
With music; the most moderate shine as wits,
While others have a genius turn'd for fits.
5810 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto xii. St. 52.

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast:
Your first small words are taught you from her lips;
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breath'd out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.
5811 *Byron: Sardanapalus.* Act i. Sc. 2

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Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

5812 *Scott: Marmion.* Canto vi. St. 30.

The life of woman is full of woe!
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but of the whole
Not one quite happy, no, not one!

5813 *Longfellow: Christus. Golden Legend.* Pt. ii.

A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

5814 *Longfellow: Santa Filomena.* St. 11.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

5815 *Longfellow: Evangeline.* Pt. I. i. Line 62.

Thou art a woman,
And that is saying the best and worst of thee.

5816 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *The Drawing-Room.*

Three things a wise man will not trust,
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith. I have beheld
The weathercock upon the steeple-point
Steady from morn till eve; and I have seen
The bees go forth upon an April morn,
Secure the sunshine will not end in showers;
But when was woman true?

5817 *Southey: Madoc.* Pt. ii. *The Tidings.* Line 51.

What will not woman, gentle woman, dare,
When strong affection stirs her spirit up.

5818 *Southey: Madoc.* Pt. ii. *Caradoc and Senena.* Line 132.

Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man? — a world without a sun.

5819 *Campbell: Pl. of Hope.* Pt. ii. Line 22.

O woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.

5820 *Moore: Lines Written on Leaving Philadelphia.*

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My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.
5821 *Moore: The Time I've Lost in Wooing*

The man, who sets his heart upon a woman,
Is a chameleon, and doth feed on air:
From air he takes his colors, holds his life —
Changes with every wind — grows lean or fat —
Rosy with hope, or green with jealousy,
Or pallid with despair — just as the gale
Varies from north to south — from heat to cold.
Oh, woman! woman! thou should'st have few sins
Of thine own to answer for! Thou art the author
Of such a book of follies in a man,
That it would need the tears of all the angels
To blot the record out!
5822 *Bulwer-Lytton: Lady of Lyons.* Act v. Sc. 1.

Woman's grief is like a summer storm,
Short as it is violent.
5823 *Joanna Baillie: Basil.* Act v. Sc. 3

Woman's love is writ in water!
Woman's faith is traced on sand!
5824 *W. E. Aytoun: Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers. Charles [Edward at Versailles.* Line 201.

Woman may err, woman may give her mind
To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate;
But for one woman who affronts her kind
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends in age and youth,
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
By love, supremest in adversity.
5825 *Charles Mackay: Praise of Women.*

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.
5826 *Tennyson: The Princess.* Prologue.

Woman is the lesser man.
5827 *Tennyson: Locksley Hall.* St. 76.

A woman mixed of such fine elements
That were all virtue and religion dead
She'd make them newly, being what she was.
5828 *George Eliot: The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. ii

A woman's rank
Lies in the fulness of her womanhood:
Therein alone she is royal.
5829 *George Eliot: Armgart.* Sc. 2

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They the royal-hearted women are
Who nobly love the noblest, yet have grace
For needy suffering lives in lowliest place,
Carrying a choicer sunlight in their smile,
The heavenliest ray that pitieth the vile.
5830 *George Eliot: How Lisa Loved the Ki*

Her body was so slight,
It seemed she could have floated in the sky,
And with the angelic choir made symphony;
But in her cheek's rich tinge, and in the dark
Of darkest hair and eyes, she bore a mark
Of kinship to her generous Mother Earth,
The fervid land that gives the plumy palm-trees birth.
5831 *George Eliot: How Lisa Loved the King.*

Constant in love who tries a woman's mind,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth find.
5832 *Robert Greene: From Alcida. Written on Two Tables [at a Tomb.*

The sweetest noise on earth, a woman's tongue;
A string which hath no discord.
5833 *Barry Cornwall: Raffaelle and Fornarina.* Sc. 2.

Loveliest of women! heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Brightening each other! thou art all divine!
5834 *Addison: Cato.* Act iii. Sc. 1.

WOODMAN.

Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear;
From morn to eve his solitary task;
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him.
5835 *Cowper: Task.* Bk. v. Line 41

WOOING — *see* **Courtship.**

Woo the fair one when around
Early birds are singing:
When o'er all the fragrant ground
Early herbs are springing;
When the brookside, bank, and grove
All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love,
Woo the timid maiden.
5836 *William Cullen Bryant: Song.*

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WORDS —*see* **Calumny, Conversation, Eloquence, Heedlessness, Letter, Slander, Talking, Thought, Worship.**

One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
5837 *Shaks.: Much Ado.* Act iii. Sc. 1

Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.
5838 *Shaks.: Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 4

They say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
5839 *Shaks.: Richard II.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts, never to heaven go.
5840 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

Words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
5841 *Shaks.: Othello.* Act i. Sc. 3.

Some syllables are swords.
5842 *Henry Vaughan: Rules and Lessons.*

Apt words have power to 'suage
The tumors of a troubled mind;
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.
5843 *Milton: Samson Agonistes.* Line 184.

Words are but pictures, true or false design'd,
To draw the lines and features of the mind;
The characters and artificial draughts,
T' express the inward images of thoughts;
And artists say a picture may be good,
Although the moral be not understood;
Whence some infer they may admire a style,
Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile;
Applaud th' outsides of words, but never mind
With what fantastic tawdry they are lin'd.
5844 *Butler: Sat. upon the Abuse of H. Learning.* Line 223

What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But words once spoke can never be recall'd.
5845 *Roscommon: Art of Poetry.* Line 439

Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new words well suited to the age.
Words are like leaves, some wither every year,
And every year a younger race succeeds.
5846 *Roscommon: Art of Poetry.* Line 74

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My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.
5847 *Tennyson: In Memoriam.* Pt. li. St. 1

Our words have wings, but fly not where we would.
5848 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. iii.

Your words bring daylight with them when you speak.
5849 *George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. i.

Words, however, are things.
5850 *Owen Meredith: Lucile.* Pt. i. Canto ii. St. 6.

Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.
5851 *Waller: To Mr. Creech.*

Words are things; and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.
5852 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 88.

WORDSWORTH—*see* **Poets.**

Peddlers, and boats, and wagons! O ye shades
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
That trash of each sort not alone evades
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
Floats scum-like uppermost, and these Jack Cades,
Of sense and song above your graves may hiss —
The "Little Boatman," and his "Peter Bell,"
Can sneer at him who drew "Achitophel."
5853 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto iii. St. 100

WORK — *see* **Labor, Vocation.**

All service is the same with God —
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.
5854 *Robert Browning: Pippa Passes.* Last Lines.

Free men freely work:
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.
5855 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. viii. Line 752.

Beloved, let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both, commended, for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born.
5856 *Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.* Bk. ix. Line 950.

It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.
5857 *Hood: Song of the Shirt.*

We live not to ourselves, our work is life.
5858 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Home*

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Work is its own best earthly meed,
Else have we none more than the sea-born throng
Who wrought those marvellous isles that bloom afar.
5859 *Jean Ingelow: Work*

For hearts where wakened love doth lurk,
How fine, how blest a thing is work!
For work does good when reasons fail.
5860 *Jean Ingelow: Reflections*

Work is my recreation,
The play of faculty; a delight like that
Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish
In darting through the water, —
Nothing more.
5861 *Longfellow: Michael Angelo.* Pt. ii. 4.

WORLD — *see* **Age, Time.**

Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.
5862 *Shaks: Mer. W. of W.* Act ii. Sc. 2.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
5863 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 1

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
5864 *Shaks.: Mer. of Venice.* Act i. Sc. 1

O, how full of briars is this working-day world!
5865 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act i. Sc. 3.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely,
Envenoms him that bears it!
5866 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 3.

Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
5867 *Shaks.: As You Like It.* Act ii. Sc. 7.

This earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly.
5868 *Shaks.: Macbeth.* Act iv. Sc. 2

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fye on't! oh, fye! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely.
5869 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act i. Sc. 2

Fast by hanging in a golden chain,
This pendant world, in bigness as a star.
5870 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. ii. Line 1051

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There was an ancient sage philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.
5871 *Butler: Hudibras.* Pt. i. Canto ii. Line 1

Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
E'en kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the throne.
5872 *Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. iii. Line 2165

What is this world? — A term which men have got,
To signify not one in ten knows what;
A term, which with no more precision passes
To point out herds of men than herds of asses;
In common use no more it means, we find,
Than many fools in same opinions joined.
5873 *Churchill: Night.* Line 353.

Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
5874 *Young: Night Thoughts.* Night viii. Line 1279.

If all the world must see the world
As the world the world hath seen,
Then it were better for the world
That the world had never been.
5875 *C. G. Leland: The World and the World.*

How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are — what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other.
5876 *Byron: Manfred.* Act i. Sc. 2

Well — well, the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And as the veering winds shift, shift our sails;
The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
The priest instructs, and so our life exhales,
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust, — perhaps a name.
5877 *Byron: Don Juan.* Canto ii. St. 4

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This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —
There's nothing true but Heaven.
5878 *Moore: This World is all a Fleeting Show*

The world is a great poem, and the world's
The words it is writ in, and we souls the thoughts.
5879 *Bailey: Festus.* Sc. *Everywhere*

O world! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.
5880 *Longfellow: Coplas de Manrique.* St. 49

WORMS.

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king.
5881 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 3

WORSHIP — *see* **Sermons.**

There may be worship without words.
5882 *Longfellow: My Cathedral.*

WORTH — *see* **Courage, Misery, Poverty.**

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.
5883 *Pope: Essay on Man.* Epis. iv. Line 203.

WOUNDS.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
5884 *Shaks.: Rom. and Jul.* Act ii. Sc. 2

WRATH — *see* **Anger, Passion.**

Come not within the measure of my wrath.
5885 *Shaks.: Two Gent. of V.* Act v. Sc. 4

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls:
Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden show'rs,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon.
5886 *Rowe: The Fair Penitent.* Act ii. Sc. 1

WRETCH.

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man.
5887 *Shaks.: Com. of Errors.* Act v. Sc. 1

WRITING — *see* **Authors, Criticism, Pen, Poetry.**

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill.
5888 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. i. Line 1

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Sound judgment is the ground of writing well,
And when philosophy directs your choice,
To proper subjects rightly understood,
Words from your pen will naturally flow.
5889 *Roscommon: From Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* [Line 342.

You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's curs'd hard reading.
5890 *Sheridan: Clio's Prot.*

To be accurate, write; to remember, write; to know thine own mind, write.
And a written prayer is a prayer of faith, special, sure, and to be answered.
5891 *Tupper: Proverbial Phil. Of Writing.*

WRONG — *see* **Tenderness.**

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne.
5892 *James Russell Lowell: Present Crisis.* St. 8.

Y.

YEARS — *see* **Time.**

Jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hourglass.
5893 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act i. Chorus.

Years following years, steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.
5894 *Pope:* Satire vi. Line 72.

Years steal
Fire from the mind, as vigor from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
5895 *Byron: Ch. Harold.* Canto iii. St 8

I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.
Look, how they come, — a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days.
5896 *William Cullen Bryant: Lapse of Time*

The specious panorama of a year
But multiplies the image of a day, —
A belt of mirrors round a taper's flame;
And universal Nature, through her vast
And crowded whole, an infinite paroquet,
Repeats one note.
5897 *Emerson: Xenophanes*

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YEOMEN.

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
5898 *Shaks.: Henry V.* Act iii. Sc 1.

YESTERDAY — *see* **Day, The Past.**

What shall I bring to lay upon thy bier,
O Yesterday! thou day forever dead!
With what strange garlands shall I crown thy head,
Thou silent One.
5899 *Julia C. R. Dorr: Three Days*

YES AND NO — *see* **No.**

"Yes," I answered you last night;
"No," this morning, sir, I say:
Colors seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.
5900 *Mrs. Browning: The Lady's Yes.*

YEW-TREE — *see* **TREES.**

Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
5901 *Blair: Grave.* Line 22.

YOUTH — *see* **Age, Boyhood, Childhood, Disparity, Education, Home.**

For youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.
5902 *Shaks.: Hamlet.* Act iv. Sc. 7.

My salad days;
When I was green in judgment.
5903 *Shaks.: Ant. and Cleo.* Act i. Sc. 5.

I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by, —
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July.
5904 *Praed: I Remember, I Remember*

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
5905 *Pope: E. on Criticism.* Pt. ii. Line 238

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Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

5906 *Gray: Bard.* Pt. ii. St. 2

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days.
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.

5907 *Cowper: Tirocinium.* Line 296

I can remember, with unsteady feet,
Tottering from room to room, and finding pleasure
In flowers, and toys, and sweetmeats, things which long
Have lost their power to please; which when I see them,
Raise only now a melancholy wish
I were the little trifler once again,
Who could be pleas'd so lightly.

5908 *Southey: Thalaba.* Bk. x. St. 13.

Youth! youth! how buoyant are thy hopes! they turn,
Like marigolds, toward the sunny side.

5909 *Jean Ingelow: Four Bridges.* St. 56.

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

5910 *Longfellow: Maidenhood.*

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!

. . . . . .

All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
"Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

5911 *Longfellow: Morituri Salutamus.*

There is nothing can equal the tender hours
When life is first in bloom,
When the heart like a bee, in a wild of flowers,
Finds everywhere perfume;
When the present is all and it questions not
If those flowers shall pass away,
But pleased with its own delightful lot,
Dreams never of decay.

5912 *Bohn: Ms*

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Z.

ZEAL—*see* **Bigotry, Faith, Saints, Schismatics.**

Zeal and duty are not slow;
But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait.
5913 *Milton: Par. Regained.* Bk. iii. Line 172

His zeal
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash.
5914 *Milton: Par. Lost.* Bk. v. Line 849

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Faber, Frederick William. b. Durham, Eng., 1814; d. Brompton, Eng., 1863. — 2057.

Fairholt, Frederick William. b. London, Eng., 1813; d. 1866. — 5280.

Falconer, William. b. Edinburgh, Scot., 1732; shipwrecked near Cape Good Hope, 1769. — 2647, 4505, 4577, 4578, 4661.

Farquhar, George. b. Londonderry, Eng., 1678; d. London, Eng., 1707. — 853, 2894, 3310, 5068.

Fenner, Cornelius G. b. 1822; d 1847. — 4485.

Fielding, Henry. b. Sharpham

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Park, Eng., 1707; d. Lisbon, Spain, 1754. — 1328.

Fields, James Thomas. b. Portsmouth, N. H., 1817; d. Boston, Mass., 1881. — 702, 868, 3014, 5414.

Ford, John. b. Islington, Eng., 1586; d. *circa* 1639. — 557, 3117, 3176, 4499, 5276.

Franklin, Benjamin ["Richard Saunders"]. b. Boston, Mass., 1706; d. Philadelphia, Pa., 1790. — 553.

Francis, Phillip. b. Dublin, Ireland; d. 1773. — 5656.

Gallagher, William D. b. Philadelphia, Pa., 1808; d. 1894. — 226.

Gardiner. — 5011.

Garrick, David. b. Lichfield, Eng., 1716; d. London, Eng., 1779. — 810, 1673, 4045.

Garth, Sir Samuel. b. Bolam, Eng., *circa* 1670; d. London, Eng., 1718. — 1266, 1973.

Gay, John. b. near Barnstaple, Eng., 1688; d. London, Eng., 1732. — 121, 173, 194, 236, 367, 428, 828, 900, 918, 1057, 1349, 1401, 1402, 1403, 1404, 1405, 1647, 1693, 1712, 1719, 1737, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1881, 1882, 1963, 2115, 2124, 2225, 2251, 2291, 2333, 2401, 2592, 2625, 2639, 2687, 2703, 2763, 3015, 3052, 3053, 3239, 3281, 3367, 3384, 3459, 3519, 3695, 3926, 4022, 4037, 4089, 4136, 4329, 4416, 4522, 4523, 4545, 4581, 4736, 4744, 4784, 5048, 5101, 5315, 5323, 5356, 5370, 5399, 5453, 5506, 5507, 5541, 5605, 5606, 5627, 5659, 5739, 5790.

Gifford, Richard. b. 1725; d. North Okendon, Eng., 1807. — 3546, 3547, 3819, 5469.

Gilman, Caroline Howard. b. Boston, Mass., 1794; d. 1888. — 5009.

Goldsmith, Oliver. b. Pallis, Ireland, 1728; d. London, Eng., 1774. — 11, 98, 106, 198, 199, 207, 208, 370, 509, 585, 586, 635, 682, 683, 684, 794, 886, 931, 974, 977, 1229, 1271, 1367, 1369, 1385, 1439, 1474, 1669, 1694, 1715, 1786, 1794, 1852, 1853, 1888, 1889, 1986, 2123, 2173, 2259, 2260, 2275, 2443, 2456, 2596, 2629, 3016, 3069, 3165, 3189, 3190, 3252, 3296, 3380, 3785, 3786, 3787, 3929, 4027, 4028, 4029, 4291, 4377, 4455, 4604, 4704, 4745, 4760, 5312, 5464, 5543, 5672.

Gould, Hannah Flagg. b. Lancaster, Vermont, 1789; d. Newburyport, Mass., 1865. — 4400.

Grafton, Richard. d. *circa* 1573. — 3313.

Grahame, James. b. Glasgow, Scotland, 1765; d. Glasgow, Scotland, 1811. — 4383.

Gray, Thomas. b. London, Eng., 1716; d. Cambridge, Eng., 1771. — 163, 1075, 1076, 1417, 1418, 1438, 1936, 2353, 2713, 3068, 3359, 3590, 4453, 4454, 4818, 5192, 5208, 5906.

Green, Anna Katherine. b. New York city, 1846; living. — 1331, 1725, 2243, 2589, 2772, 3613, 4551, 4906, 5084, 5598.

Green, Matthew. b. London (?), Eng., 1696; d. 1737. — 1488.

Greene, Robert. b. Norwich (?), *circa* 1560; d. near Dowgate, Eng., 1592. — 1507, 1508, 1509, 2083, 2137, 2276, 2338, 2765, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 3588, 3857, 5701, 5832.

Hale, Sarah Josepha. b. Newport, N. H., 1795; d. 1879. — 450, 462.

Halleck, Fitz-Greene. b. Guilford, Conn., 1790; d. Guilford, Conn., 1867. — 1054, 2156, 3754.

Harrington, Sir John. b. near Bath, Eng., *circa* 1561; d. 1612. — 5330.

Harte, Francis Bret. b. Albany, N.Y., 1839; d. London, Eng., 1902. — 372, 910, 3783, 4123, 4710, 5350, 5409.

Heber, Reginald. b. Malpas, Eng., 1783; d. Trichinopoly, India, 1826. — 2097, 4492.

Hemans, Felicia Dorothea. b. Liverpool, Eng., 1793; d. Dublin, Ireland, 1835. — 358, 1096, 2182, 2183, 2459, 4831.

Herbert, George. b. in Montgomery Castle, Wales, 1593; d. Bemerton, Wales, 1632. — 44, 195, 439, 510, 1399, 1880, 2308, 2481, 2688, 3045, 3681, 3878, 4005, 5064, 5308, 5363, 5603, 5679, 5700.

Herrick, Robert. b. London, Eng., 1591; d. Dean Prior, Eng., 1674. — 16, 65, 288, 289, 497, 533, 547, 792, 793, 935, 1363, 1374, 1412, 1675, 2547, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 3312, 3806, 4266, 4354, 4365, 4398, 4575, 4576, 4603, 4892, 5075, 5135, 5136, 5156, 5244, 5424, 5442.

Hill, Aaron. b. London, Eng., 1685; d. Plaistow, Eng., 1750. — 3479, 5139, 5338, 5796.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell. b. Cambridge, Mass., 1809; d. 1894. — 248, 495, 647, 1524, 1699, 3318, 3369, 3756, 3896, 4145, 4390, 4391, 4882, 5022, 5742.

Hood, Thomas. b. London, Eng., 1798-9; d. London, Eng., 1845. — 266, 267, 268, 374, 375, 695, 975, 1099,

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1100, 1192, 1296, 1452, 1883, 1965, 2094, 2185, 2196, 2337, 2744, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 3144, 3145, 3161, 3179, 3279, 3362, 3386, 3649, 3720, 3821, 4227, 4381, 4382, 4835, 4866, 4948, 5012, 5082, 5152, 5401, 5643, 5857.

Howe, Julia Ward. b. New York city, 1819; d. 1910. — 656.

Humphreys, David. b. Derby, Conn., 1753; d. New Haven, Conn., 1818. — 4751.

Hunt, Helen [Mrs. Jackson]. b. Amherst, Mass., 1831; d. 1885. — 262, 2489, 2995, 2996, 2997, 3095, 3155, 3163, 3232, 3629, 3731, 4083.

Ingelow, Jean, b. Ipswich, Eng., *circa* 1830; d. 1897. — 13, 117, 227, 411, 648, 731, 736, 1535, 1574, 1767, 2100, 2101, 2361, 2491, 2865, 2866, 3238, 3254, 3255, 3411, 3595, 3624, 3625, 4179, 4187, 4696, 4697, 4780, 4865, 5085, 5210, 5406, 5859, 5860, 5909.

Johnson, Rossiter. b. New York, 1840; living. — 4119.

Johnson, Dr. Samuel. b. Lichfield, Eng., 1709; d. London, Eng., 1784. — 99, 242, 243, 278, 820, 823, 824, 865, 1189, 1286, 1319, 1575, 2071, 2147, 2444, 2482, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2767, 2768, 2769, 3428, 3592, 3778, 3848, 3958, 4156, 4563, 5200, 5259, 5303, 5608, 5692.

Jones, Sir William. b. London, Eng., 1746; d. India, 1794. — 2632.

Jonson, Ben. b. London, Eng., 1573–4; d. London, Eng., 1637. — 273, 326, 530, 848, 1206, 1710, 1789, 1839, 1902, 1981, 2510, 2555, 2617, 2618, 3305, 3306, 4362, 4500, 4553, 4554, 4555, 4594, 4916, 4923, 5278, 5281, 5322, 5353, 5445.

Keats, John. b. London, Eng., 1796; d. Rome, Italy, 1821. — 254, 328, 1089, 2931, 3237, 3401, 3402, 3442, 3531, 3566, 3609, 3682, 3913, 3914, 4112, 4351, 4682, 4683, 5003, 5110, 5392.

Keble, John. b. Coln-St.-Aldwynds, Eng., *circa* 1792; d. Bournemouth, Eng., 1866. — 4776.

Kemble, Frances Anne. b. London, Eng., *circa* 1811; d. 1893. — 2743.

King, William. b. London, Eng., 1663; d. Lambeth, Eng., 1712. — 3831.

Kingsley, Charles. b. Dartmoor, Eng., 1819; d. Eversley, Eng., 1875. — 22, 230, 570, 708, 776, 790, 1144, 1884, 1975, 2599, 2742, 3125, 3541, 3542, 3950, 4341, 5584, 5676.

Lansdowne, Lord [George Granville]. b. Bideford, Eng., 1667; d London, Eng., 1735. — 1622, 2000 2471, 2553, 2917, 2918, 4312, 5619

Larcom, Lucy. b. Beverly Farms Mass., 1826; d. 1892. — 2031, 2056 2391, 2493, 2494, 3615.

Lee, Nathaniel. b. Eng., 1655; d London, Eng., 1692. — 297, 5585.

Leland, Charles Godfrey. b. Phila., Pa., Aug. 15, 1824; d. Mar. 20, 1903, Italy. — 4887, 5209, 5875.

Linley, George. b. London, Eng., 1798; d. France, 1865. — 6.

Lofft, Capel. b. 1751; d. 1824. — 85.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. b. Portland, Me., 1807; d. Cambridge, Mass., 1882. — 184, 212, 213, 235, 263, 378, 380, 381, 382, 383, 403, 404, 409, 460, 461, 589, 630, 657, 709, 710, 711, 735, 778, 857, 858, 1017, 1018, 1104, 1105, 1106, 1107, 1108, 1109, 1110, 1111, 1112, 1141, 1213, 1338, 1345, 1373, 1375, 1436, 1437, 1459, 1512, 1513, 1537, 1587, 1588, 1633, 1634, 1635, 1674, 1727, 1728, 1759, 1878, 1915, 1955, 1997, 2009, 2010, 2081, 2163, 2164, 2277, 2418, 2516, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2657, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2773, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 3203, 3204, 3329, 3330, 3331, 3352, 3364, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3515, 3516, 3537, 3538, 3539, 3589, 3606, 3607, 3650, 3651, 3652, 3707, 3743, 3744, 3745, 3746, 3747, 3759, 3760, 3761, 3762, 3826, 3827, 3961, 3983, 4075, 4120, 4144, 4221, 4222, 4223, 4271, 4272, 4342, 4394, 4475, 4476, 4529, 4530, 4624, 4625, 4692, 4693, 4712, 4723, 4782, 4804, 4805, 4806, 4807, 4808, 4825, 4881, 4903, 4904, 4905, 4947, 4989, 5040, 5041, 5077, 5078, 5079, 5207, 5229, 5249, 5250, 5300, 5385, 5586, 5611, 5621, 5622, 5632, 5640, 5641, 5670, 5813, 5814, 5815, 5861, 5880, 5910, 5911.

Lovelace, Richard. b. Woolwich, Eng., 1618; d. London, Eng., 1658. — 1996, 4036.

Lovell, Maria. b. d. — 5432.

Lowell, James Russell. b. Cambridge, Mass., 1819; d. 1891. — 371, 618, 917, 1014, 1139, 1140, 1332, 1451, 1550, 1593, 1947, 2029, 2282, 2496, 2598, 2930, 3051, 3335, 3368, 3543, 3617, 3729, 3749, 4333, 5021, 5083, 5567, 5801, 5892.

Lyttelton, Lord George. b

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Hagley, Eng., 1708–9; d. Hagley, Eng., 1773.—347, 2257, 2258, 3135, 5800.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington. b. Rothley Temple, 1800; d. Kensington, London, Eng., 1859.—1092.

Macdonald, George. b. Huntley, Scotland, 1824; died Sept. 18, 1905.—4880, 5412, 5642.

Mackay, Charles. b. Perth, Eng., 1814; d. 1889.—4460, 4461, 5023, 5390, 5825.

Mallet, David. b. Crieff. Scotland; d. London, Eng., 1765.—4513.

Marlowe, Christopher. b. Canterbury, Eng., 1565; d. Deptford, Eng., 1593.—2141, 2778.

Martialis, Marcus Valerius. b. Bilbilis, Spain, 43; d. Bilbilis, Spain, 104.—1114.

Marvell, Andrew. b. Winestead, Eng., 1620; d. London, Eng., 1678.—646, 1215.

Massinger, Philip. b. near Wilton, Eng., 1584; d. on the Bankside, 1639–40.—2279, 2304, 2373, 3118, 3220, 3439, 3689, 3811, 4091, 4543, 4918, 4975, 5776.

Maturin, Charles Robert. b. Dublin, Ireland, 1782; d. Dublin, Ireland, 1824.—2064, 2065, 2413, 2414, 4537, 4777.

"Meredith, Owen" [Lord Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton]. b. Herts, Eng., 1831; d. 1891.—483, 649, 1199, 1517, 1518, 1624, 1994, 2082, 2082, 2086, 2422, 2469, 2628, 2914, 2915, 3454, 4084, 4273, 4274, 4602, 5168, 5169, 5206, 5850.

Miller, "Joaquin" Cincinnatus Hiner. b. Indiana, 1840; living.—704, 903, 1001, 1113, 1522, 1586, 2550, 2577, 2741, 3240, 3608, 4600, 4924, 5019, 5020.

Milton, John. b. London, Eng., 1608; d. London, Eng., 1674.—17, 119, 120, 158, 295, 329, 330, 331, 332, 416, 417, 418, 419, 537, 556, 574, 629, 651, 669, 681, 756, 757, 809, 821, 833, 850, 851, 979, 1050, 1051, 1129, 1130, 1147, 1149, 1187, 1188, 1198, 1219, 1257, 1258, 1279, 1311, 1362, 1421, 1429, 1433, 1450, 1468, 1469, 1475, 1476, 1540, 1563, 1564, 1683, 1684, 1685, 1700, 1756, 1762, 1913, 1926, 1945, 1948, 1969, 1991, 2023, 2024, 2054, 2103, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2135, 2142, 2145, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2323, 2324, 2453, 2531, 2565, 2566, 2602, 2603, 2607, 2666, 2667, 2697, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2779, 3046, 3119, 3120, 3121, 3160, 3177, 3236, 3246, 3261, 3262, 3263, 3264, 3265, 3285, 3320, 3342, 3343, 3403, 3440, 3475, 3484, 3506, 3507, 3508, 3533, 3534, 3584, 3585, 3666, 3685, 3739, 3772, 3795, 3809, 3813, 3988, 4062, 4067, 4068, 4088, 4142, 4176, 4283, 4284, 4310, 4326, 4327, 4419, 4420, 4440, 4467, 4468, 4556, 4726, 4753, 4754, 4946, 5047, 5060, 5137, 5160, 5161, 5162, 5226, 5364, 5477, 5505, 5540, 5601, 5654, 5735, 5736, 5737, 5738, 5777, 5778, 5779, 5843, 5870, 5913, 5914.

Miscellaneous.—2927, 3314, 3315, 3316, 3489, 4856, 5785.

Moir, David Macbeth.—5542.

Montague, Lady Mary Wortley. b. London, Eng., *circa* 1690; d. London, Eng., 1762.—540, 550, 1302, 4260, 4426.

Montgomery, James. b. Irvine, Scot., 1771; d. Sheffield, Eng., 1854.—365, 1103, 1217, 1478, 1724, 2007, 2008, 2184, 3087, 3366, 4002, 4582, 4912, 5004, 5025, 5026.

Moore, Thomas. b. Dublin, Ireland, 1779; d. near Devizes, Eng., 1852.—15, 376, 399, 400, 408, 518, 526, 777, 912, 990, 1101, 1120, 1214, 1231, 1232, 1265, 1295, 1442, 1443, 1505, 1690, 1952, 2286, 2417, 2646, 2678, 2733, 2734, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 3143, 3337, 3363, 3417, 3418, 3721, 3722, 3728, 4095, 4171, 4219, 4261, 4352, 4775, 4994, 4995, 5000, 5001, 5080, 5081, 5340, 5625, 5820, 5821, 5878.

More, Hannah. b. Stapleton, Eng., 1745; d. Clifton, Eng., 1833.—593, 641, 1095, 1142, 1541, 1666, 1716, 1790, 1791, 2076, 2231, 2478, 2538, 3801, 3996, 4086, 4535, 4536.

Morris, George P. b. Philadelphia, Pa., 1802; d. New York City, 1864.—1698, 4226, 5347.

Mulock, Dinah Maria [Mrs. Craik]. b. Stoke-upon-Trent, Eng., 1826; d. 1887.—1091.

Norton, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan. b. London, Eng., 1808; d. 1877.—604, 3852, 5417.

"Notes and Queries."—2754, 2758, 5722, 5750.

Oldmixon.—5775.

Otway, Thomas. b. Tottington Eng., 1651; d. London, Eng., 1685.—3013, 3047, 3740, 5784.

Overbury, Sir Thomas. b. Compton Scorfen, Eng., 1581; d. London Eng., 1613.—3006.

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Parnell, Thomas. b. Dublin, Ireland, 1679; d. Chester, Eng., 1717-18. — 2150, 3347, 3518, 4285, 4755, 5658, 5678.

Payne, John Howard. b. New York City, 1792; d. Tunis, Africa, 1852. — 2181.

Peele, George. b. Devonshire, Eng., 1552–8; d. 1598. — 1636, 2919.

Percival, James Gates. b. Berlin, Conn., 1795; d. Hazelgreen, Wis., 1856. — 1731.

Percy, Bishop Thomas. b. Bridgenorth, Eng., 1728; d. Drosnore, Eng., 1811. — 1795.

Philips, Katherine. b. 1631; d. 1664. — 1840, 1841.

Phillips, John. b. Bampton, Eng., 1676; d. Hereford, Eng., 1708. — 253.

Pike, Albert. b. Boston, Mass., 1809; d. 1891. — 4877.

"Pindar, Peter" [Dr. John Walcot]. b. Dodbrook, Eng., 1738; d. Somers' Town, Eng., 1819. — 132, 532, 767, 1242, 2552, 3140, 3158, 3863, 3864, 4137, 4141, 5055, 5269, 5394, 5395, 5396, 5397, 5702.

Pollok, Robert. b. Eaglesham, Scotland, 1799; d. Shirley Common, Eng., 1827. — 393, 639, 1585, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2348, 4655.

Pomfret, John. b. Luton, Eng., 1667; d. London, Eng., 1703. — 4258.

Pope, Alexander. b. London, Eng., 1688; d. Twickenham, Eng., 1744. — 7, 8, 9, 10, 29, 40, 68, 95, 105, 109, 123, 124, 137, 140, 155, 196, 197, 200, 237, 274, 275, 276, 277, 339, 340, 341, 388, 397, 407, 415, 420, 426, 429, 441, 498, 504, 525, 539, 549, 565, 566, 576, 582, 583, 584, 607, 608, 619, 632, 633, 634, 671, 679, 717, 759, 760, 781, 802, 804, 813, 814, 815, 816, 822, 881, 908, 911, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 1059, 1060, 1061, 1062, 1063, 1064, 1138, 1207, 1222, 1252, 1253, 1278, 1317, 1324, 1351, 1352, 1353, 1359, 1364, 1394, 1406, 1414, 1415, 1416, 1479, 1480, 1492, 1495, 1496, 1497, 1528, 1543, 1566, 1567, 1568, 1569, 1612, 1629, 1630, 1678, 1711, 1733, 1734, 1749, 1750, 1751, 1752, 1753, 1765, 1784, 1785, 1848, 1886, 1896, 1932, 1933, 1950, 1951, 1961, 1970, 1983, 1984, 2025, 2026, 2068, 2078, 2079, 2090, 2122, 2125, 2127, 2140, 2146, 2152, 2160, 2161, 2193, 2226, 2227, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2272, 2297, 2327, 2341, 2351, 2376, 2384, 2390, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2475, 2485, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2593, 2597, 2608, 2626, 2662, 2705, 2706, 2910, 2911, 2912, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3090, 3091, 3130, 3131, 3132, 3178, 3223, 3225, 3226, 3231, 3248, 3269, 3272, 3294, 3307, 3308, 3309, 3317, 3324, 3375, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3490, 3491, 3520, 3553, 3591, 3636, 3668, 3674, 3675, 3680, 3696, 3697, 3698, 3725, 3751, 3789, 3816, 3824, 3842, 3847, 3879, 3880, 3881, 3882, 3883, 3884, 3885, 3886, 3887, 3888, 3889, 3890, 3891, 3892, 3977, 3978, 3979, 3980, 3990, 3991, 4009, 4023, 4024, 4025, 4026, 4071, 4072, 4073, 4104, 4110, 4118, 4150, 4151, 4152, 4153, 4181, 4248, 4286, 4319, 4320, 4330, 4334, 4347, 4369, 4370, 4371, 4374, 4376, 4386, 4407, 4408, 4409, 4424, 4425, 4457, 4473, 4504, 4506, 4512, 4528, 4531, 4539, 4561, 4584, 4596, 4597, 4678, 4679, 4709, 4727, 4728, 4756, 4757, 4849, 4850, 4857, 4859, 4864, 4920, 5049, 5056, 5057, 5105, 5106, 5159, 5183, 5188, 5193, 5248, 5354, 5368, 5369, 5402, 5403, 5441, 5468, 5479, 5480, 5481, 5498, 5508, 5509, 5510, 5511, 5512, 5513, 5514, 5544, 5565, 5566, 5610, 5629, 5680, 5708, 5709, 5710, 5711, 5712, 5740, 5741, 5791, 5792, 5793, 5794, 5795, 5883, 5888, 5894, 5905.

Pope, Dr. Walter. — 4515.

Praed, Winthrop Macworth. b. London, Eng., 1802; d. London, Eng., 1839. — 284, 644, 775, 1097, 2967, 2968, 3150, 3199, 3323, 3923, 4207, 4208, 5443, 5789, 5904.

Preston, Margaret Junkin. b. Lexington, Va., 1835; d. 1897. — 2165, 3453, 3687, 4711, 5033, 5296, 5349.

Prior, Matthew. b. near Wimborne-Minster(?), 1664; d. Wimpole, Eng., 1721. — 396, 1310, 1420, 1426, 1754, 2250, 2352, 2383, 2446, 2519, 2532, 2638, 2904, 3128, 3358, 3406, 3443, 3667, 3791, 3846, 4117, 5100, 5478.

Procter, Bryan Waller ["Barry Cornwall"]. b. London, Eng., 1787; d. 1874. — 3092, 3159, 3449, 3497, 3839, 4483, 4936, 5833.

Rabelais, Francois. b. Chinon, France, 1483–95; d. Paris, France, 1553. — 1210.

Raleigh, Sir Walter. b. Budleigh, Eng., 1552; d. London, Eng., 1618. — 110, 899, 2875, 4592.

Read, Thomas Buchanan. b. Chester, Pa., 1822; d. New York City, 1872. — 260, 261.

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Rochester, Earl of (John Wilmot). b. Ditchley, Eng., 1647; d. 1680. — 2533.

Rogers, Samuel. b. Stoke Newington, Eng., 1763; d. London, Eng., 1855. — 56, 379, 1670, 1972, 2362, 3146, 3196, 3197, 3198, 3419, 3856, 4380.

Roscommon, Earl of (Wentworth Dillon). b. , Ireland, 1633; d. London, Eng., 1684. — 2030, 3295, 3902, 4030, 5845, 5846, 5889.

Rossetti, Christina Georgiana. b. London, Eng., 1830; d. 1894. — 701, 1726, 2246, 2283, 3202, 3532, 4353, 4593, 5413.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel. b. London, Eng., 1828; d. London, Eng., 1882. — 265, 2549, 3169.

Rowe, Nicholas. b. Little Barford, Eng., 1673–4; d. London, Eng., 1718. — 337, 405, 427, 588, 606, 1052, 1053, 1628, 2099, 2192, 2326, 2432, 2470, 2534, 3127, 3222, 3648, 3712, 3724, 4168, 4196, 4243, 4311, 4647, 4648, 5275, 5317, 5562, 5725, 5782, 5783.

Ruskin, John. b. London, Eng., 1819; d. 1900. — 228, 2460, 3559, 3628, 4572, 5638.

Sangster, Margaret E. b. New Rochelle, N. Y., 1838; living. — 259, 665, 5039, 5345.

Saxe, John Godfrey. b. Highgate, Vt., 1816; d. 1887. — 252, 336, 465, 534, 1346, 2080, 2546, 2680, 3012, 3647, 3906, 3907.

Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedrich von. b. Marbach, Germany, 1759; d. Weimar, Germany, 1805. — 181, 210, 1002, 1102, 2492, 2876, 2877, 2878, 3586, 3587, 4195, 4241, 4526, 4628, 4629, 5042, 5045, 5246, 5247, 5297, 5388, 5754, 5755.

Scott, Sir Walter. b. Edinburgh, Scotland, 1771; d. Abbotsford, Scotland, 1832. — 73, 357, 394, 430, 517, 666, 849, 999, 1094, 1133, 1157, 1530, 1595, 1643, 1676, 1858, 1937, 1980, 1993, 2138, 2179, 2261, 2325, 2539, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 3184, 3205, 3288, 3289, 3563, 3727, 3779, 3829, 3921, 3922, 4129, 4228, 4316, 4357, 4470, 4507, 4569, 4686, 4939, 4984, 5140, 5141, 5262, 5812.

Sewell, Dr. George. b. Windsor, Eng.; d. Hampstead, Eng., 1726. — 4976.

Shakespeare, William. b. Stratford-on-Avon, Eng., 1564; d. Stratford-on-Avon, Eng., 1616. — 1, 2, 4, 5, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 26, 27, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 41, 42, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 67, 70, 71, 72, 75, 82, 83, 84, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 102, 104, 107, 108, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 139, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 153, 154, 156, 157, 160, 161, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 175, 176, 177, 179, 180, 191, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 214, 215, 216, 218, 224, 225, 231, 232, 285, 287, 292, 293, 294, 307, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 366, 368, 369, 384, 385, 386, 387, 401, 414, 423, 424, 425, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 440, 442, 443, 444, 445, 464, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 472, 473, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 493, 496, 500, 511, 513, 514, 519, 520, 521, 522, 524, 527, 528, 529, 535, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 554, 555, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 575, 577, 578, 579, 580, 600, 601, 602, 603, 612, 616, 617, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 654, 655, 677, 713, 714, 715, 716, 720, 721, 723, 724, 725, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 744, 746, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 768, 769, 770, 773, 774, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 811, 830, 831, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 867, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 906, 907, 909, 913, 915, 916, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 943, 944, 945, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 964, 965, 966, 967, 972, 976, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007, 1008, 1009, 1010, 1011, 1012, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1024, 1025, 1026, 1027, 1028, 1029, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, 1040, 1041, 1042, 1043, 1044, 1045, 1046, 1047, 1048, 1115, 1118, 1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126, 1127, 1128, 1135, 1136 1137, 1146, 1148, 1151, 1152, 1153, 1154, 1155, 1156, 1163, 1164, 1165, 1166, 1167, 1170, 1171, 1175, 1177, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1211, 1212, 1218, 1220, 1221, 1227, 1228, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1238, 1239, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1250, 1251, 1256, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1264, 1269, 1270, 1272, 1276, 1277, 1280, 1281, 1284, 1285, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1325, 1326, 1334, 1336, 1339, 1340, 1341, 1342, 1360, 1361, 1371, 1376, 1377, 1378, 1379, 1380, 1381, 1382, 1383, 1391, 1397, 1398, 1411, 1423, 1446, 1447, 1448, 1449, 1454

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Sheffield, John [Duke of Buckingham]. b. 1649; d. 1720. — 246, 2187.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe. b. near Horsham, 1792; drowned in the gulf of Spezia, Italy, 1822. — 1419, 1444, 2149, 3074, 3427, 3474, 3962, 3966, 4323, 4999, 5304.

Shenstone, William. b. Leasowes, Eng., 1714; d. Leasowes, Eng., 1763. — 2439, 4701.

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley Butler. b. Dublin, Ireland, 1751; d. London, Eng., 1816. — 3837, 4109, 4173, 5279, 5803, 5890.

Shirley, James. b. London, Eng., *circa* 1594; d. St. Giles, Eng., 1667 — 31.

Sidney, Sir Philip. b. Penshurst, Eng., 1554; d. Arnheim, Holland, 1586. — 4668.

Sigourney, Lydia Huntley. b. Norwich, Conn., 1791; d. Hartford, Conn., 1863. — 3498.

Sill, Edward Rowland. b. 1848; d. 1887. — 1079.

Smith, Alexander. b. Kilmarnock, Scotland, 1830; d. Wardie, Scotland, 1867. — 187, 458, 484, 1275, 1386, 1434, 3148, 3334, 3511, 3616, 3901, 5027, 5028, 5029, 5348.

Smith, Elizabeth Oakes. b. Yarmouth, Maine, 1806; d. 1893. — 1548, 4848.

Smith, James and Horace.
James Smith, b. London, Eng., 1775; d. London, Eng., 1839.
Horace Smith, b. London, Eng., 1779; d. Tunbridge Wells, Eng., 1849.
3424, 4033, 4883, 4884.

Smith, Samuel Francis. b. Boston, Mass., 1808; d. 1895. — 3758.

Smollett, Tobias George. b. near Renton, Eng., 1721; d. Leghorn, Italy, 1771. — 2386, 4968.

Somerville, William. b. Edston, Warwickshire, Eng., 1677; d. Wotten, Eng., 1742. — 2292, 2293, 2294, 2671, 3802, 5426.

Southern, Thomas. b. Dublin, Ireland, 1659–60; d. Westminster, Eng., 1746. — 122, 3835.

Southey, Robert. b. Bristol, Eng., 1774; d. near Keswick, Eng., 1843. — 306, 1098, 2166, 2285, 2381, 2969, 3328, 3529, 4687, 5051, 5817, 5818, 5908.

Spenser, Edmund. b. London, Eng., 1553; d. London, Eng., 1599. — 234, 869, 1237, 2599, 2780, 3245, 3282, 3355, 3952, 3969, 4364, 4635, 5164, 5178, 5260.

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Sprague, Charles. b. Boston, Mass., 1791; d. Boston, Mass., 1875. — 3487, 3488.

Stedman, Edmund Clarence. b. Hartford, Conn., 1833; d. 1908. — 523, 594, 1358, 1422, 1625, 1874, 2752, 4074, 4538, 4621, 4874, 4988, 5583.

Stoddard, Richard Henry. b. July 2, 1825; died May 12, 1903. — 141, 255, 256, 360, 645, 650, 797, 1016, 1049, 1390, 1758, 2364, 2761, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 3458, 3560, 3620, 3621, 3622, 3623, 3899, 4363, 4601, 4630, 4778, 4812, 4813, 4814, 4879, 5639, 5787.

Suckling, Sir John. b. Whitton, Eng., 1608–9; d. Paris, France, 1641–2. — 978, 2873, 2874.

Swift, Jonathan. b. Dublin, Ireland, 1667; d. Dublin, Ireland, 1745. — 1208, 1713, 2155, 2913, 3893, 4649, 5389, 5535.

Taylor, Bayard. b. Kennett Sq., Pa., 1825; d. Berlin, Germany, 1878. — 229, 640, 703, 1489, 1519, 1763, 2551, 2679, 2732, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 3126, 3618, 3619, 3773, 3905, 4220, 4269, 4611, 4627, 4933, 4965, 5018, 5185, 5596.

Tennyson, Alfred. b. Somersby, Eng., 1810; d. 1892. — 377, 499, 572, 661, 678, 734, 783, 1283, 1333, 1347, 1425, 1490, 1523, 1544, 1545, 1770, 1876, 1905, 2232, 2307, 2419, 2554, 2634, 2652, 2750, 2751, 2777, 2925, 3049, 3050, 3370, 3495, 3548, 3718, 3732, 3845, 4003, 4044, 4186, 4209, 4210, 4514, 4623, 4626, 4809, 4810, 4811, 4829, 5008, 5037, 5153, 5215, 5217, 5486, 5558, 5559, 5690, 5749, 5826, 5827, 5847.

Thaxter, Celia Laighton. b. Portsmouth, N. H., 1835; d. 1894. — 705, 3555, 4552, 5407, 5408, 5597.

Thomson, James. b. Ednam, Scot., 1700; d. Kew, Eng., 1748. — 515, 680, 696, 864, 1158, 1159, 1160, 1268, 1301, 1354, 1384, 1407, 1435, 1483, 1940, 2126, 2170, 2262, 2385, 2472, 2473, 2594, 2605, 2627, 2707, 2760, 2916, 2920, 3133, 3134, 3157, 3325, 3348, 3460, 3461, 3492, 3535, 3753, 3774, 3775, 3817, 3849, 3859, 4124, 4128, 4246, 4259, 4287, 4288, 4289, 4331, 4375, 4448, 4491, 4650, 4660, 4680, 4700, 4732, 4847, 4861, 4867, 4868, 4869, 4870, 4893, 4894, 4929, 4930, 4985, 4998, 5014, 5015, 5016, 5059, 5061, 5070, 5138, 5171, 5172, 5173, 5290, 5398, 5404, 5449, 5515, 5516, 5517, 5665, 5666, 5667, 5668, 5669.

Tickell, Thomas. b. near Carlisle, Eng., 1686; d. Bath, Eng., 1740. — 1058, 3782.

Tobin, John. b. Salisbury, Eng., 1770; d. at sea, 1804. — 902.

Trowbridge, John Townsend, b. Ogden, N. Y., 1827; living. — 4717, 4718.

Trumbull, John. b. Lebanon, Conn., 1750; d. New York City, 1831. — 2633.

Tuke. — 5780.

Tupper, Martin Farquhar. b. London, Eng., 1810; d. 1889. — 240, 241, 363, 449, 747, 1090, 1348, 1365, 1427, 1493, 1953, 2114, 2405, 2591, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2731, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3188, 3251, 3433, 4335, 4615, 4779, 4840, 4841, 5284, 5299, 5324, 5687, 5688, 5891.

Tusser, Thomas. b. Rivenhall, Eng., 1515–23; d. London, Eng., 1580. — 573, 659, 5634.

Vaughan, Henry. b. Newton, South Wales, 1621; d. Newton, South Wales, 1695. — 451, 452, 668, 1015, 1687, 2681, 3072, 3073, 3201, 3346, 3517, 3776, 3900, 3976, 3998, 3999, 4000, 4122, 4127, 4197, 4385, 4387, 4388, 4616, 4817, 4913, 4914, 4915, 5346.

Waller, Edmund. b. Coleshill, Eng., 1605; d. Beaconsfield, Eng., 1687. — 134, 333, 1925, 2698, 3221, 3871, 4355, 5851.

Watts, Isaac. b. South Hampton, Eng., 1674; d. Theobalds, Eng., 1748. — 2402, 2689, 4702.

Webster, John. b. *circa* 1570; d. 1638. — 1929, 4061, 4278, 4917.

Welby, Amelia B. b. St. Michaels, Maryland, 1821; d. Lexington, Ky., 1852. — 4135.

White, Henry Kirke. b. Nottingham, Eng., 1785; d. Cambridge, Eng., 1806. — 531.

Whittier, John Greenleaf. b. Haverhill, Mass., 1807; d. 1892. — 183, 209, 272, 587, 660, 737, 989, 1174, 1197, 1200, 1458, 1623, 1730, 1760, 1863, 1864, 1995, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2497, 2509, 2747, 2748, 2903, 3075, 3076, 3170, 3194, 3206, 3448, 3496, 3752, 4012, 4078, 4079, 4080, 4081, 4188, 4198, 4279, 4935, 4986, 4987, 5030, 5031, 5032, 5261, 5321, 5622, 5772, 5773.

Wilde, Richard Henry. b. Dublin, Ireland, 1789; d. New Orleans, La., 1847. — 3291.

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Willis, Nathaniel Parker. b. Portland, Me., 1807; d. Idlewild, N. Y., 1867. — 839, 2984, 5748.
Willson, Byron Forceythe. b. Little Genesee, N. Y., 1837; d. Alfred Centre, N. Y., 1867. — 257, 3904.
Winter, William. b. Gloucester, Mass., 1836; living. — 118, 1875, 2745, 2746, 4802.
Wither, George. b. Brentworth, Eng., 1588; d. London, Eng., 1667. — 663, 2396, 5005.
Wolfe, Charles. b. Dublin, 1791; d. Cove of Cork, 1823. — 5589.
Woodworth, Samuel. b. Scituate, Mass., 1785; d. New York City, 1842. — 2180.
Wordsworth, William. b. Cockermouth, Eng., 1770; d. Rydal Mount, Eng., 1850. — 457, 642, 1323, 1644, 1729, 1802, 1974, 2395, 3924, 3967, 4134, 4633, 4852, 4900, 5151.

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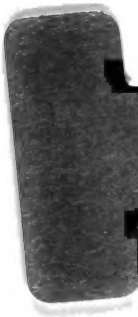

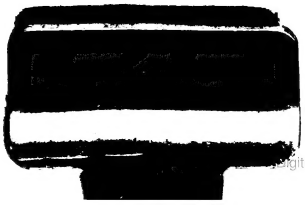

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